

GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE...BUY NO LESS!

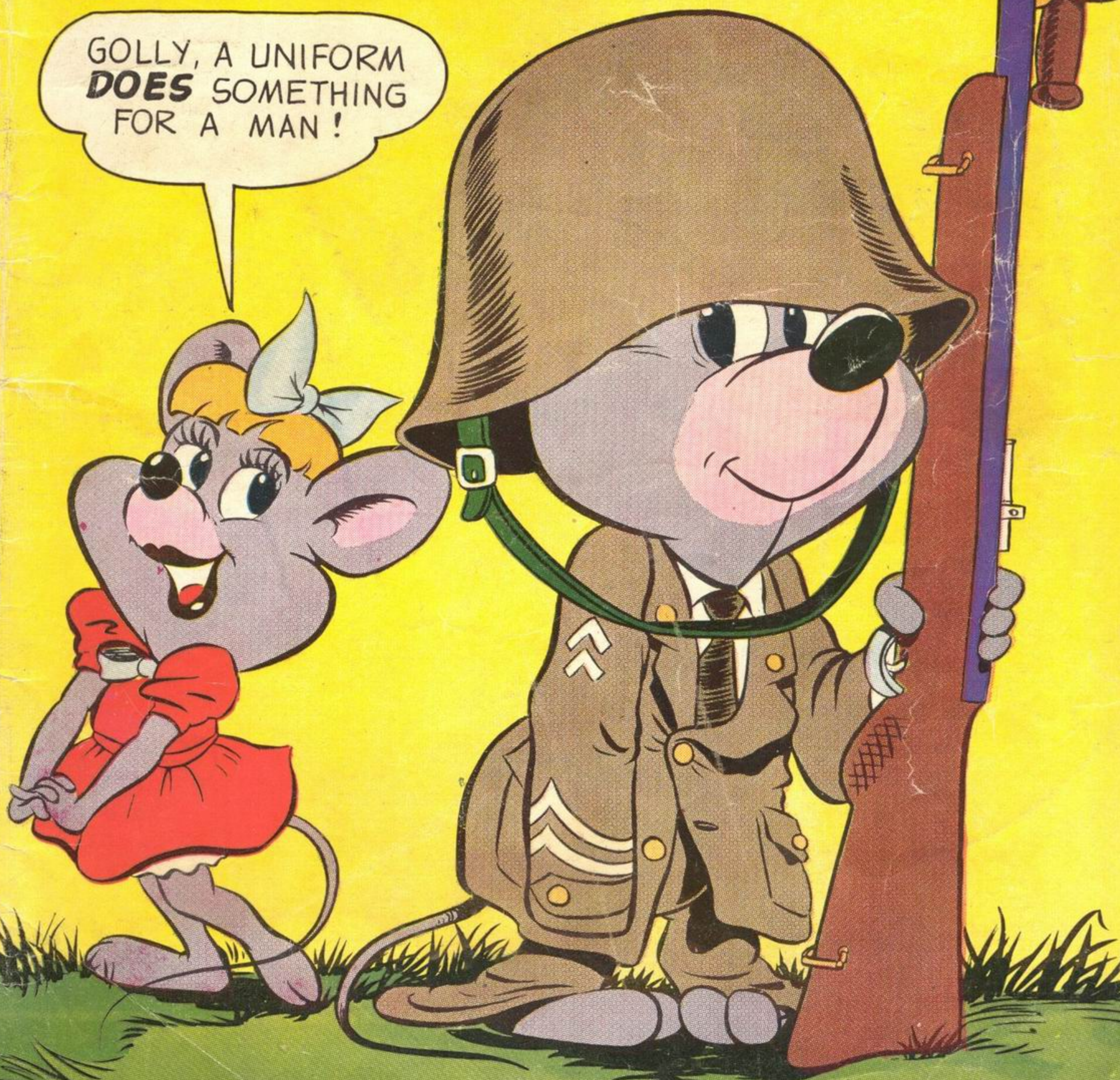


No 79 SEPT.-  
OCT.

# GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

GOLLY, A UNIFORM  
**DOES** SOMETHING  
FOR A MAN!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



*The Magazine*

that's

**MAKING AMERICA**

**ROAR!**

HERE IT IS ---  
A BOMBSHELL OF  
BELLY-LAFFS --- A  
SALVO OF SMILES  
--- THE GREATEST  
GLOOM-CHASER  
THAT EVER HIT  
THE STANDS!

THERE'S A SHRIEK  
A SECOND WAITING  
FOR YOU --- AND  
YOU'LL LOVE IT!  
SO RUN --- DO NOT  
WALK --- TO YOUR  
NEAREST NEWS-  
STAND, AND  
SAY:



*I want*

**HA HA  
COMICS**

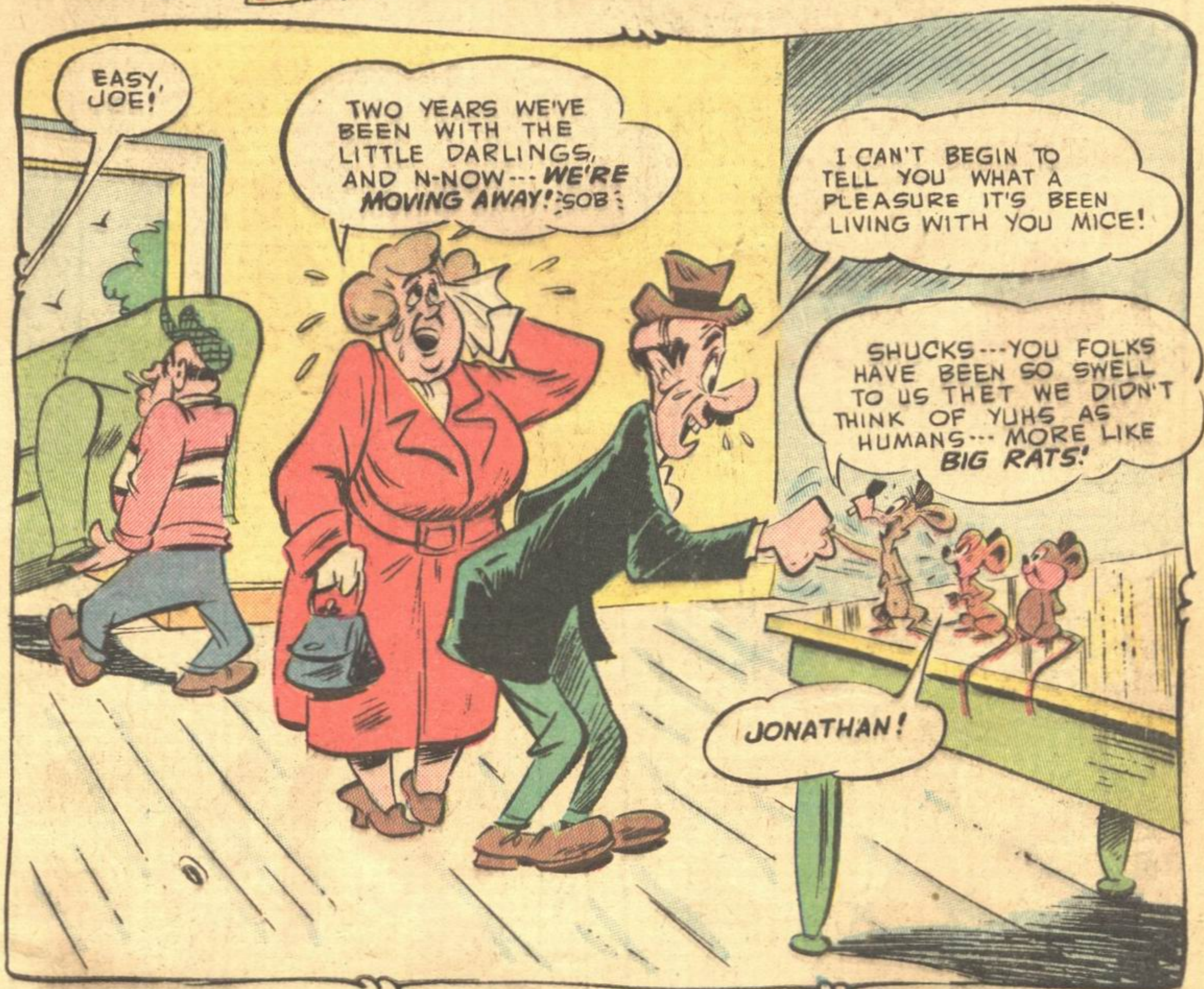
*only*  
**10¢**



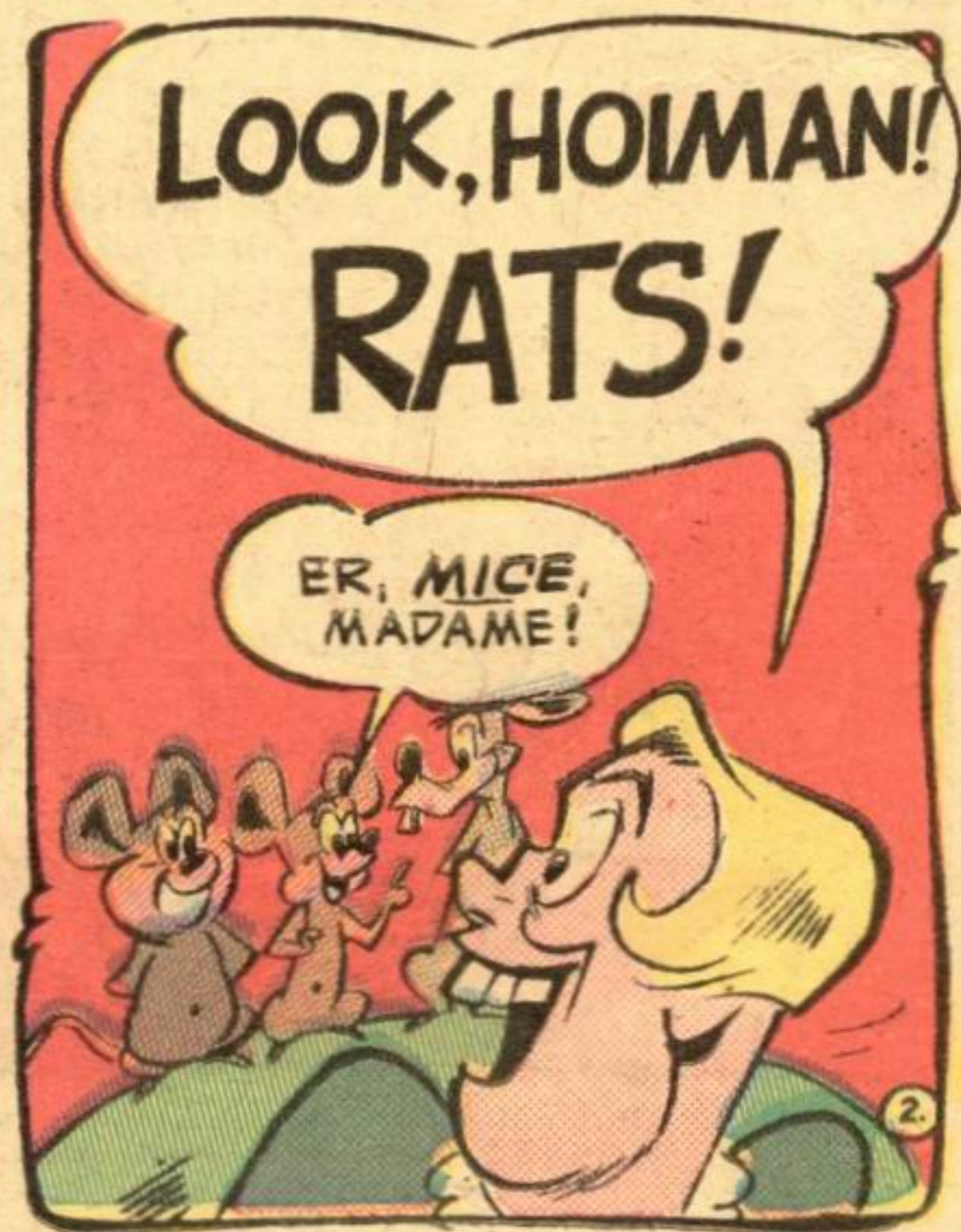
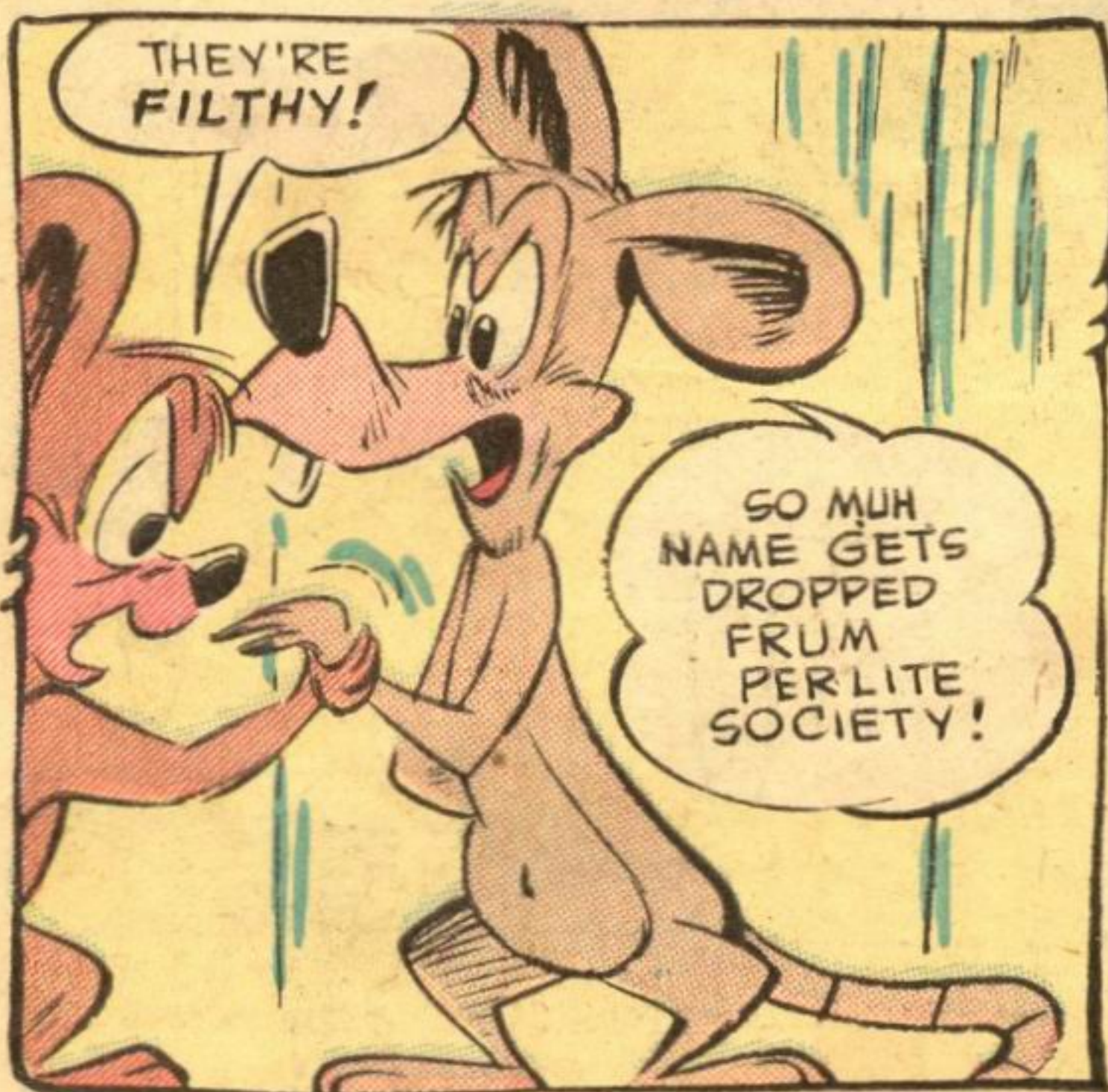
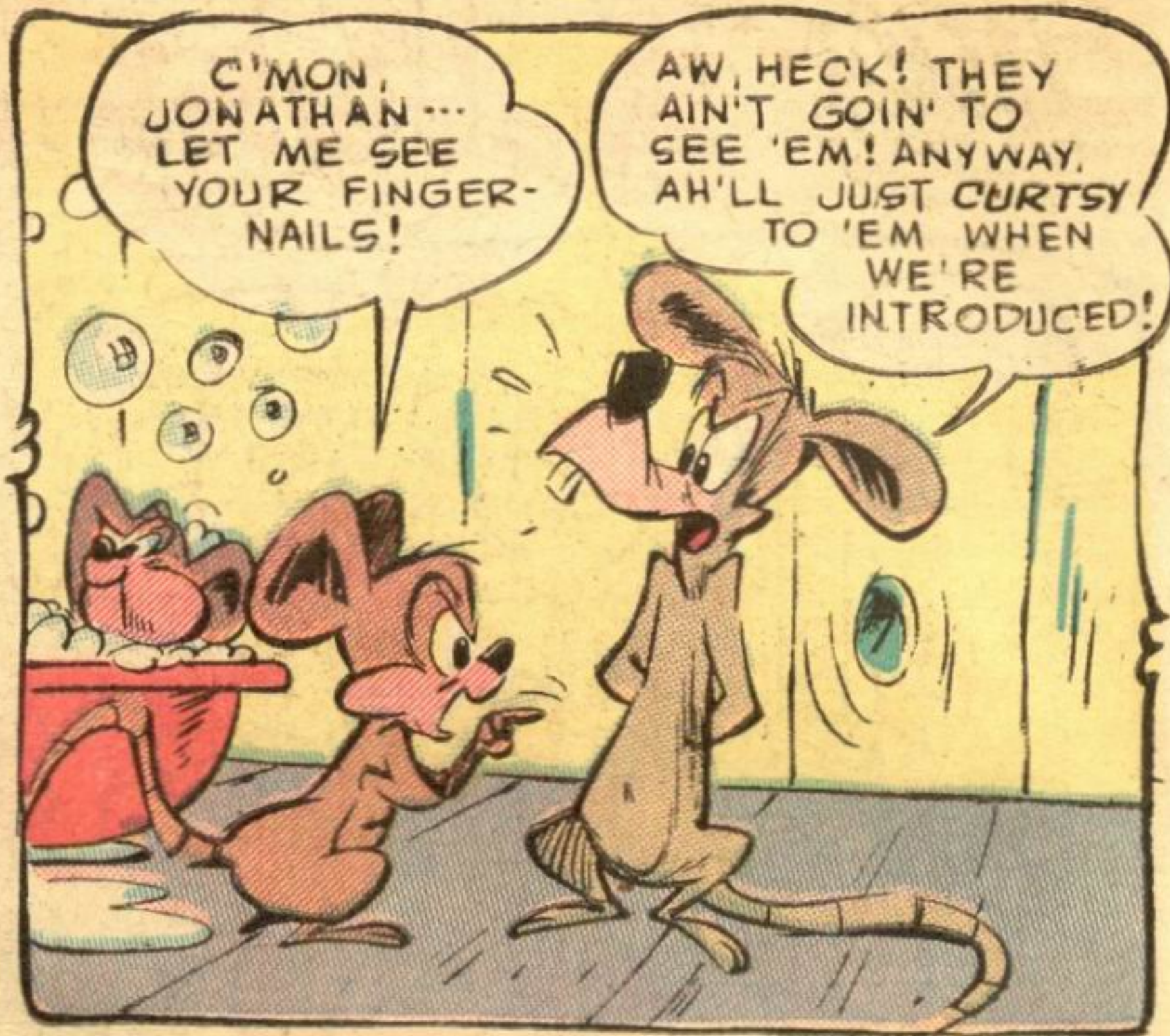
**ON ALL STANDS**



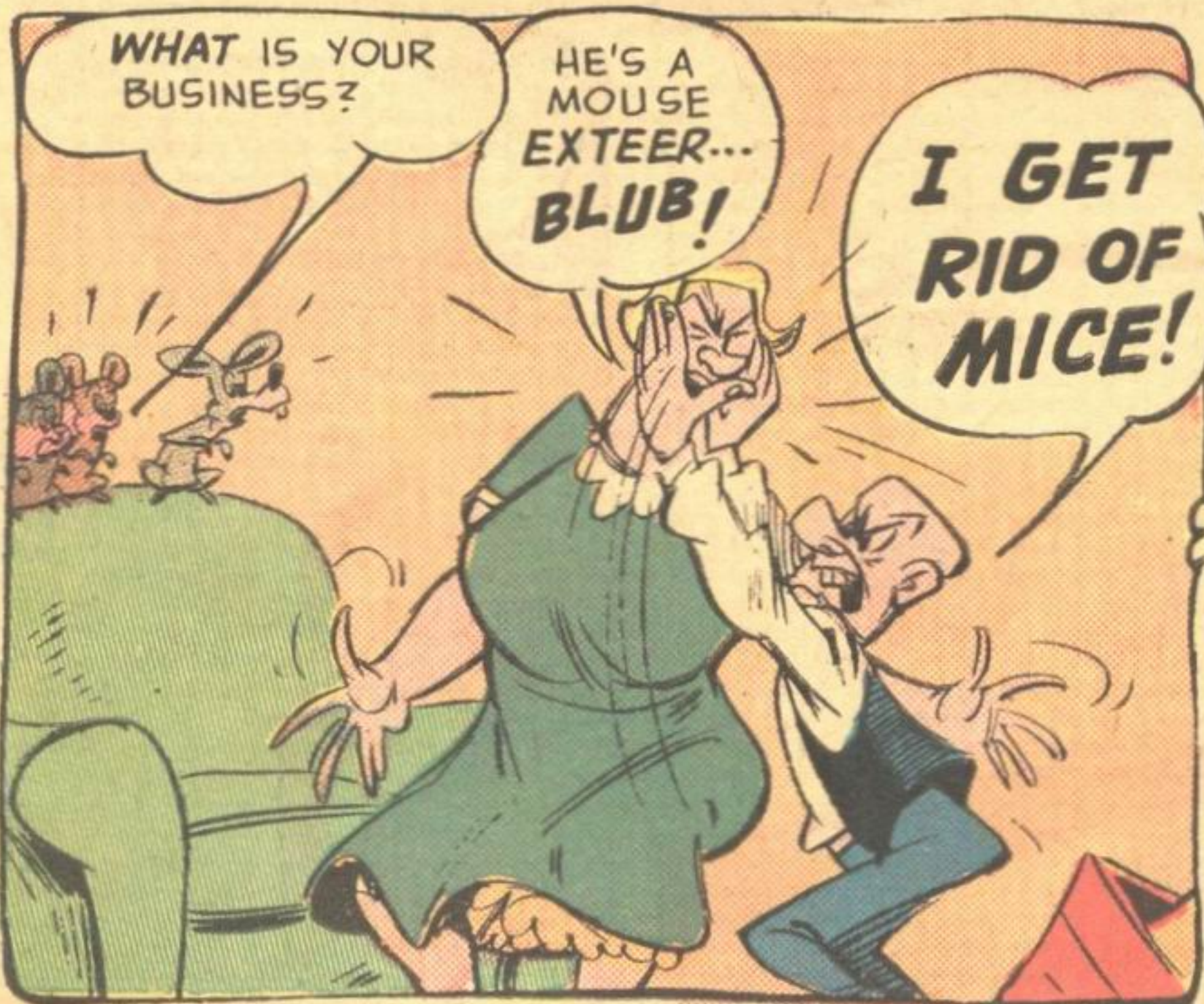
# The MICEKETEERS



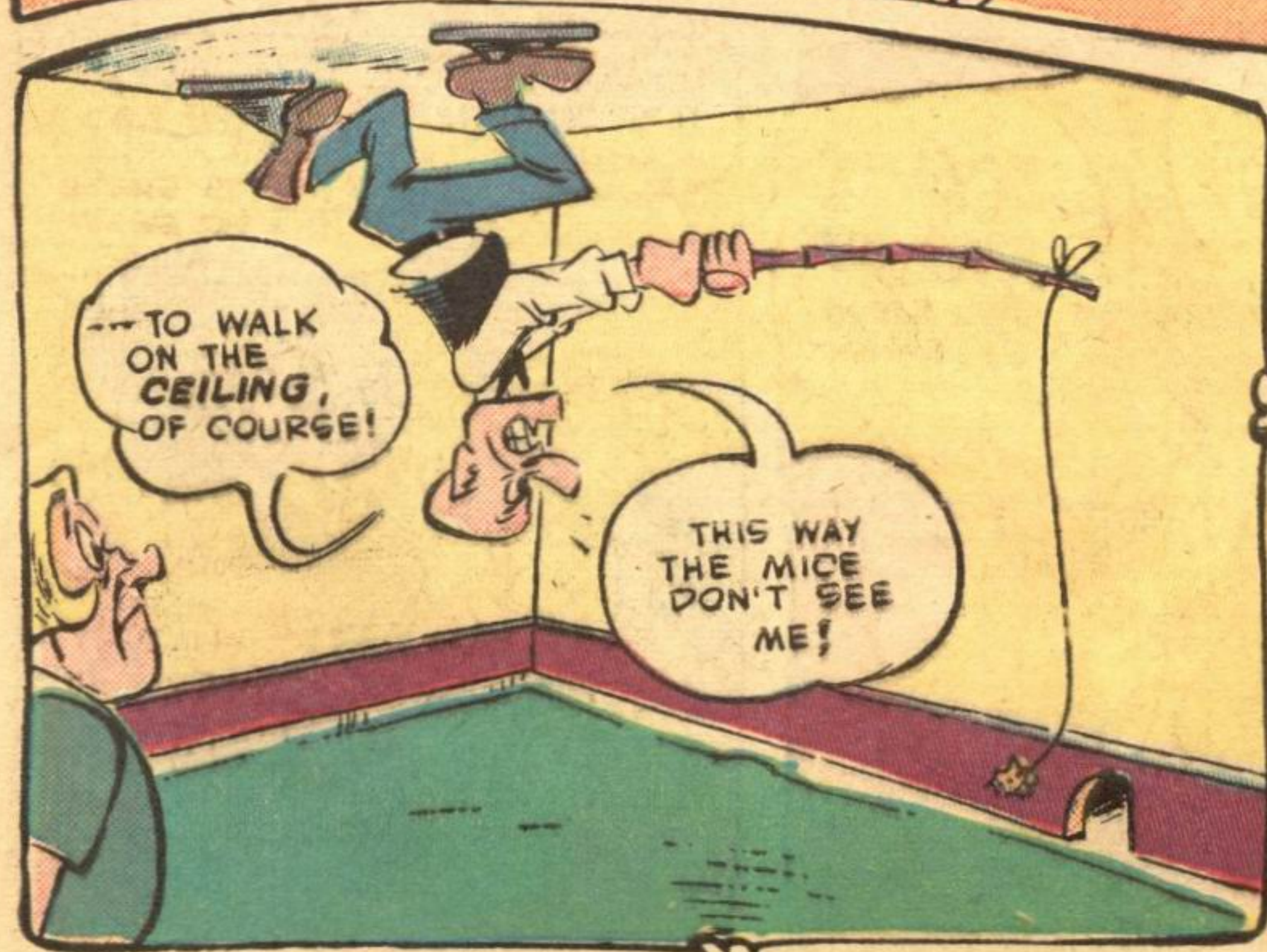
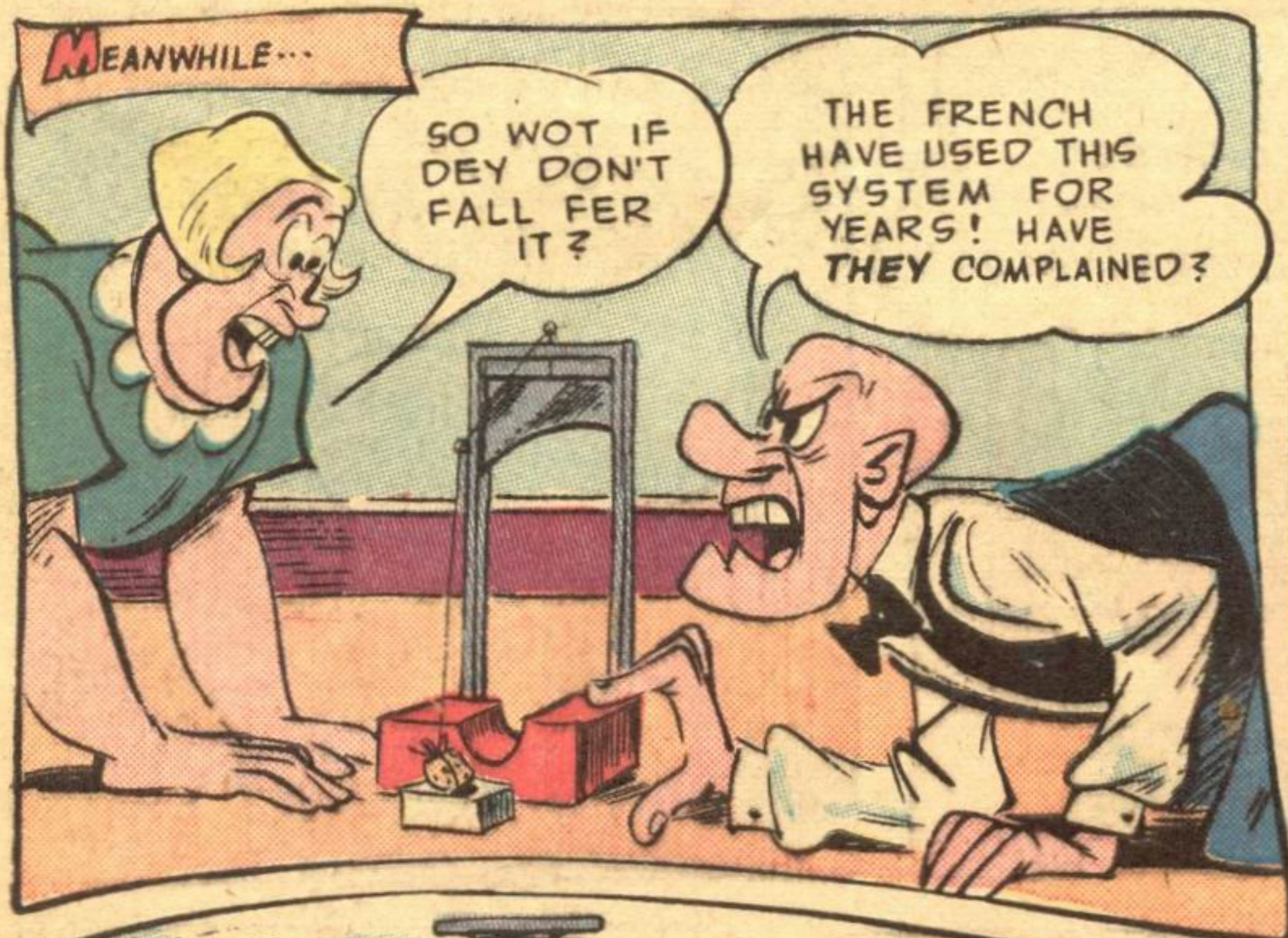




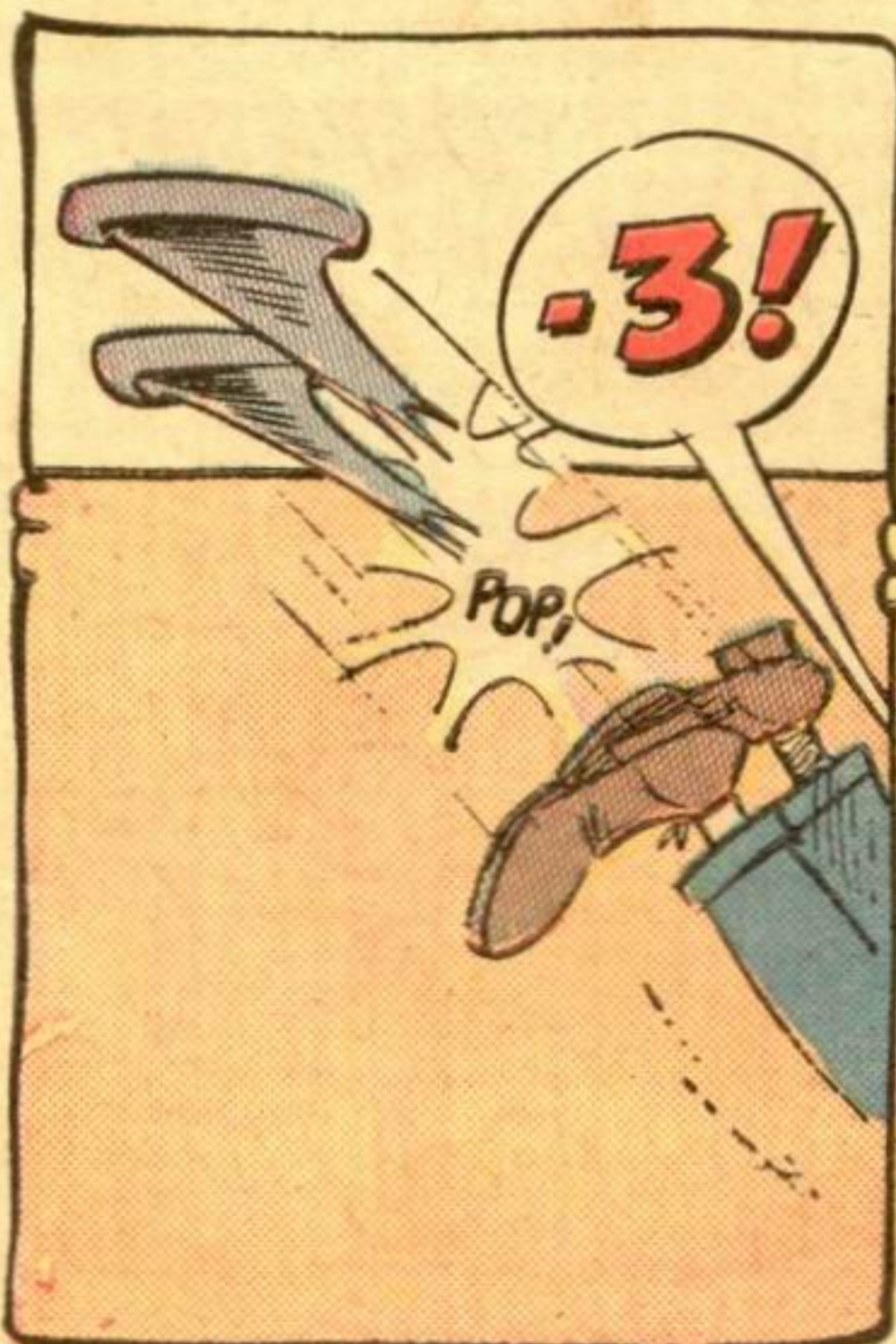
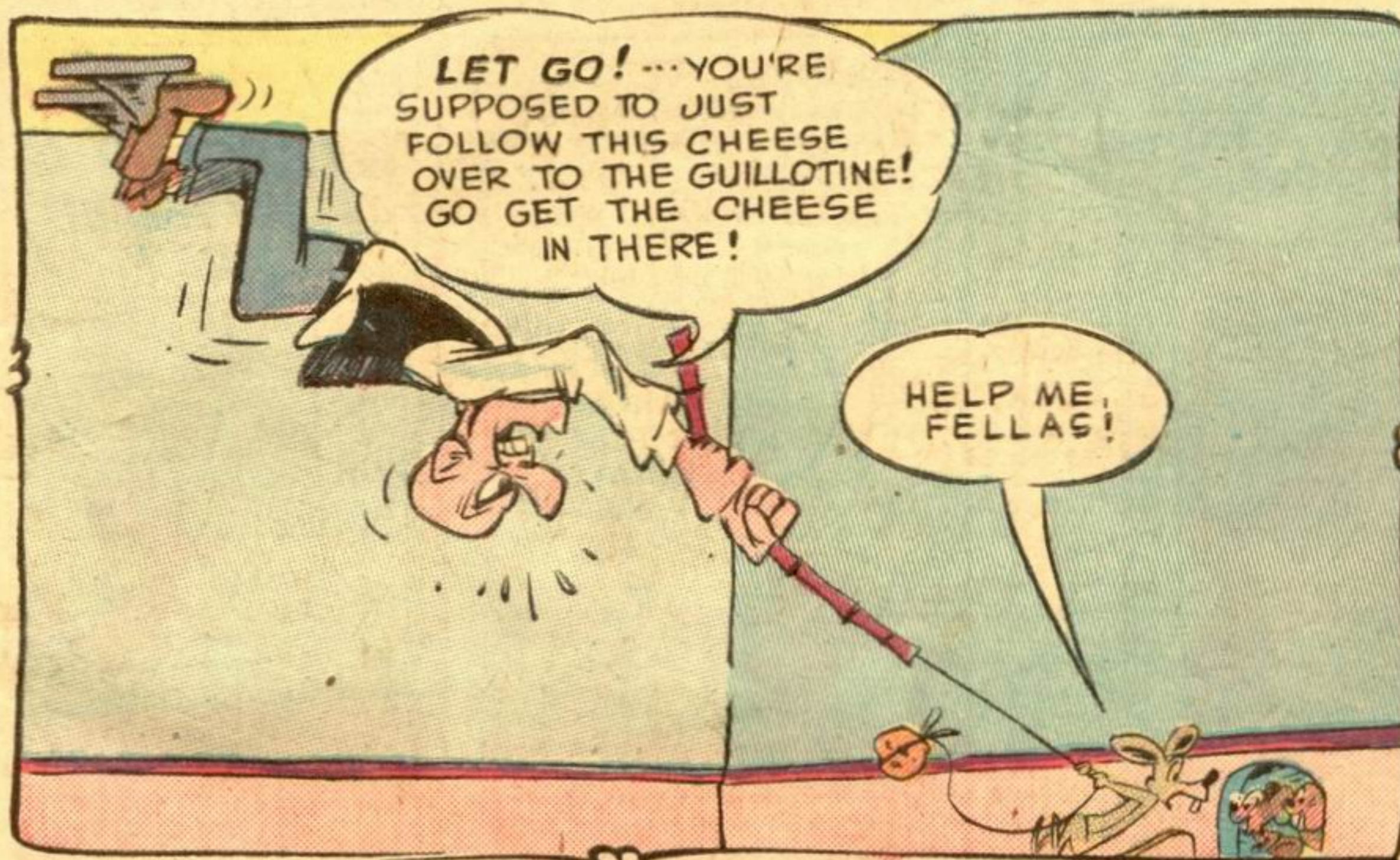
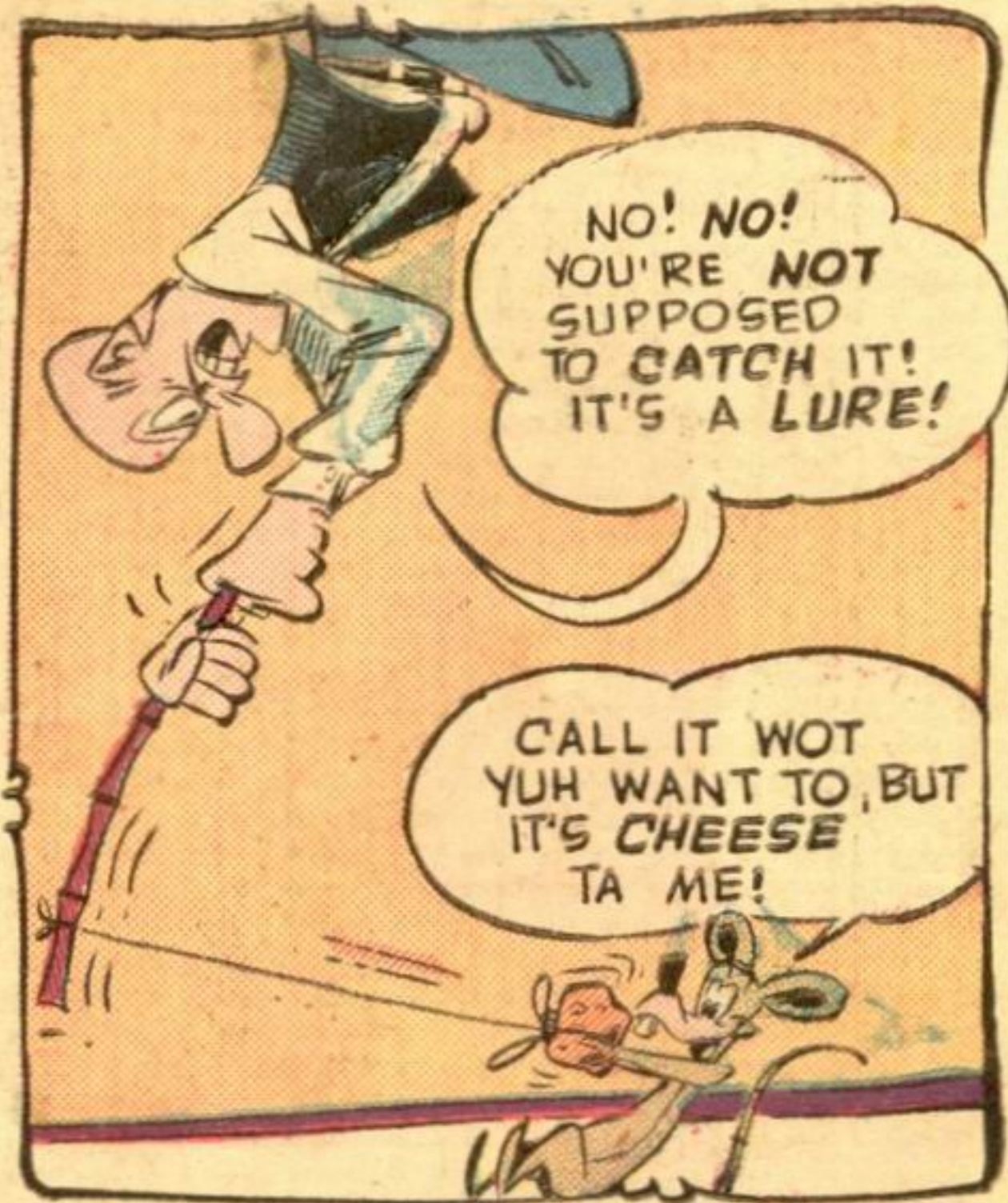
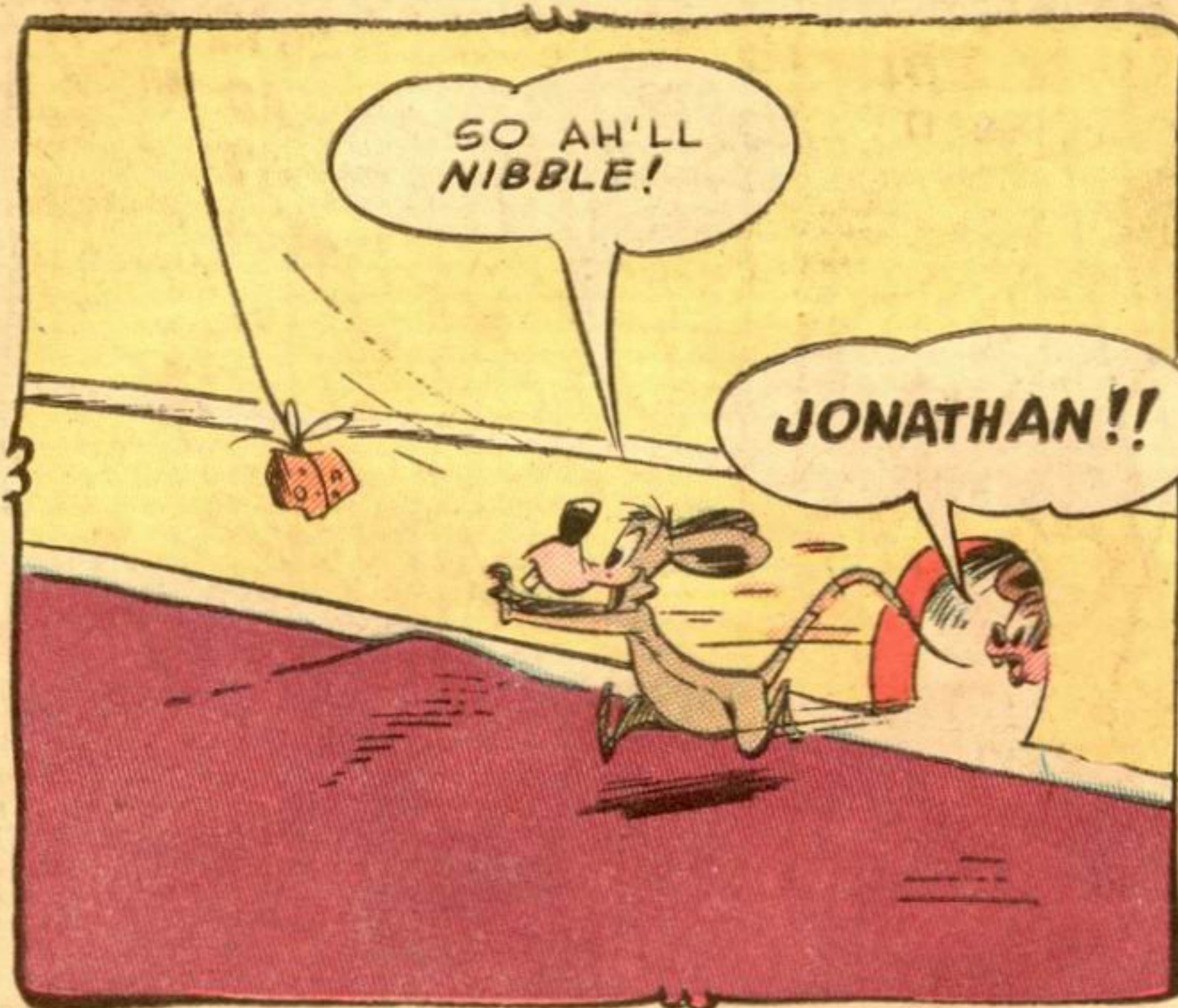




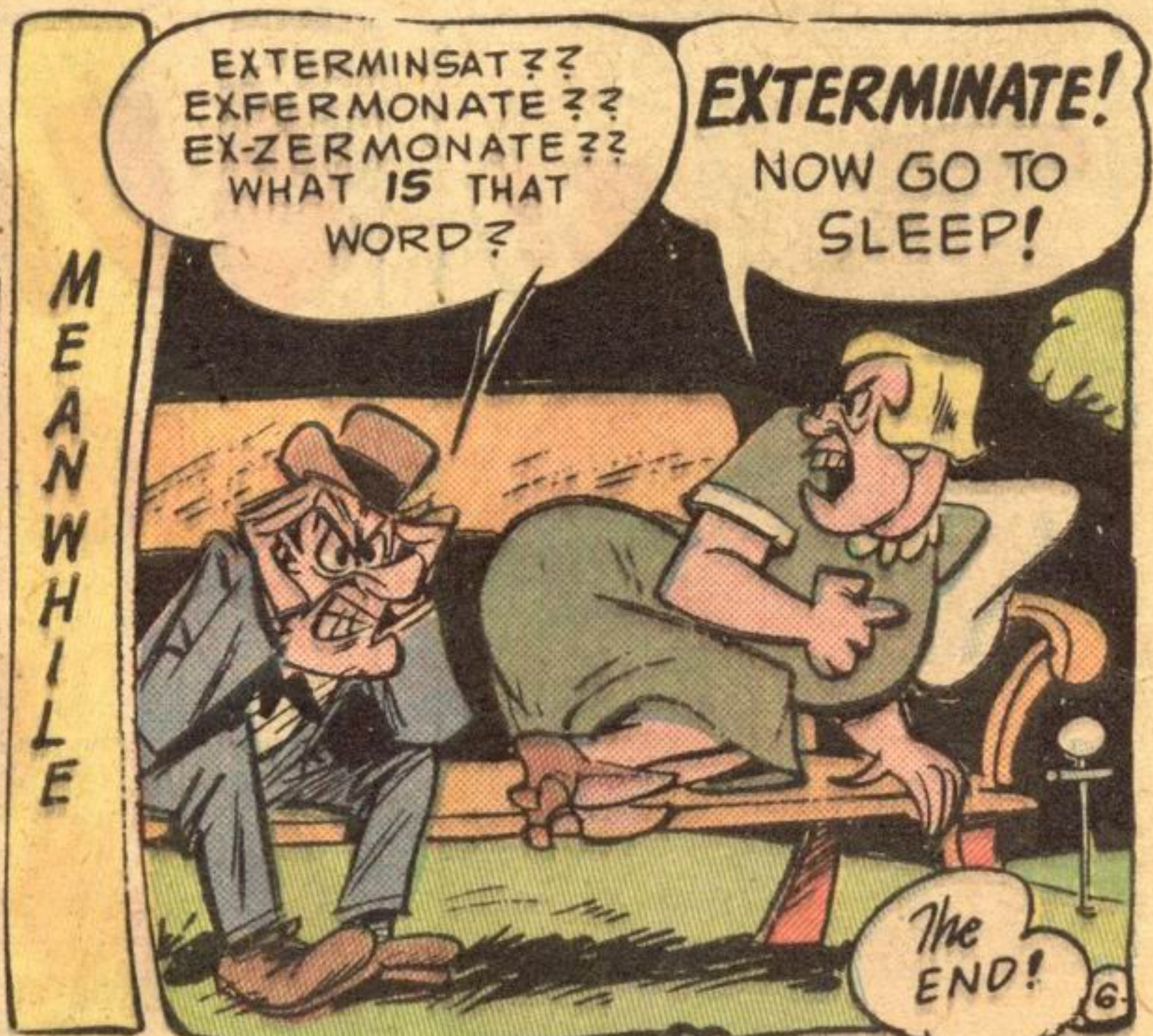
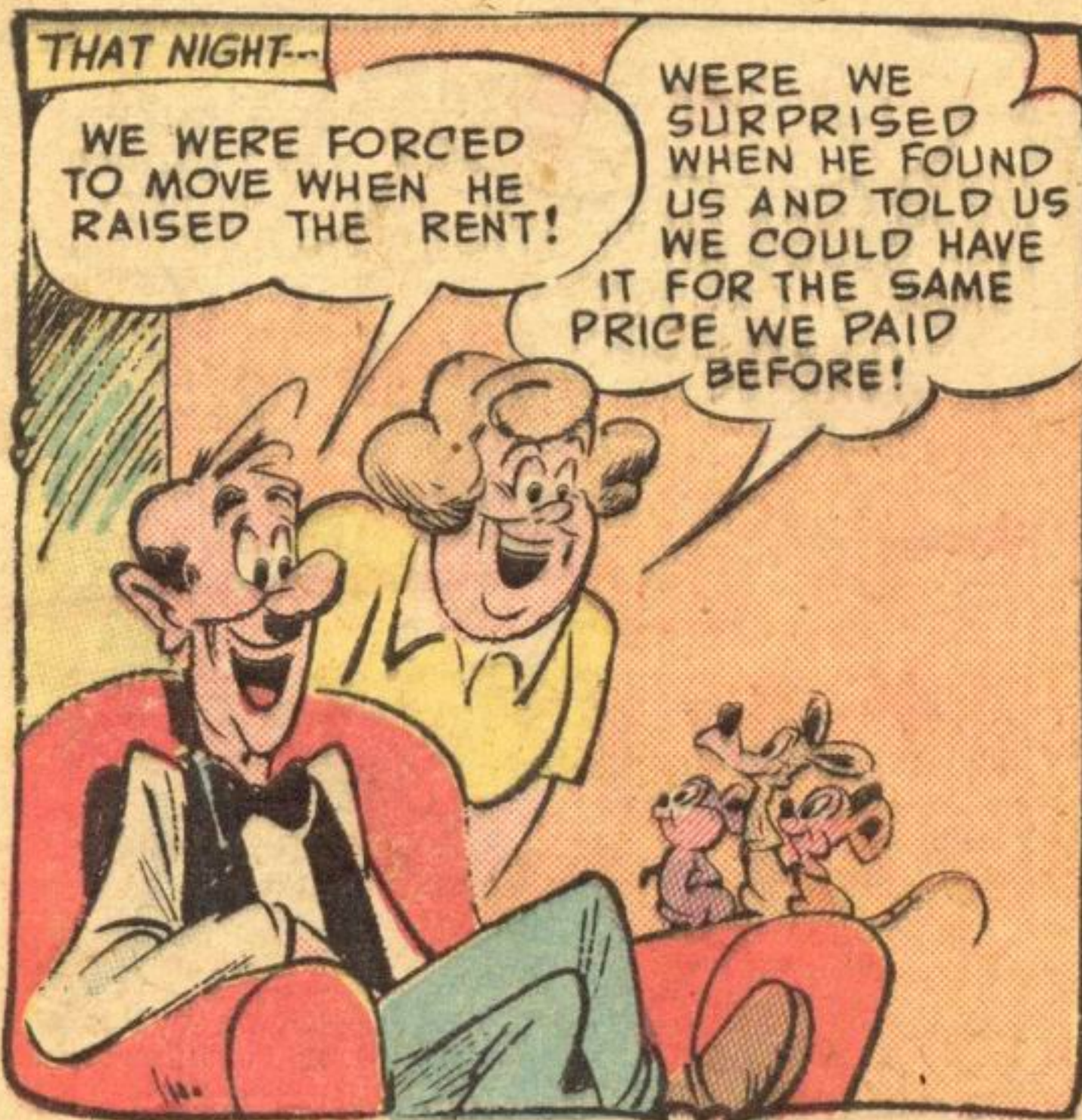
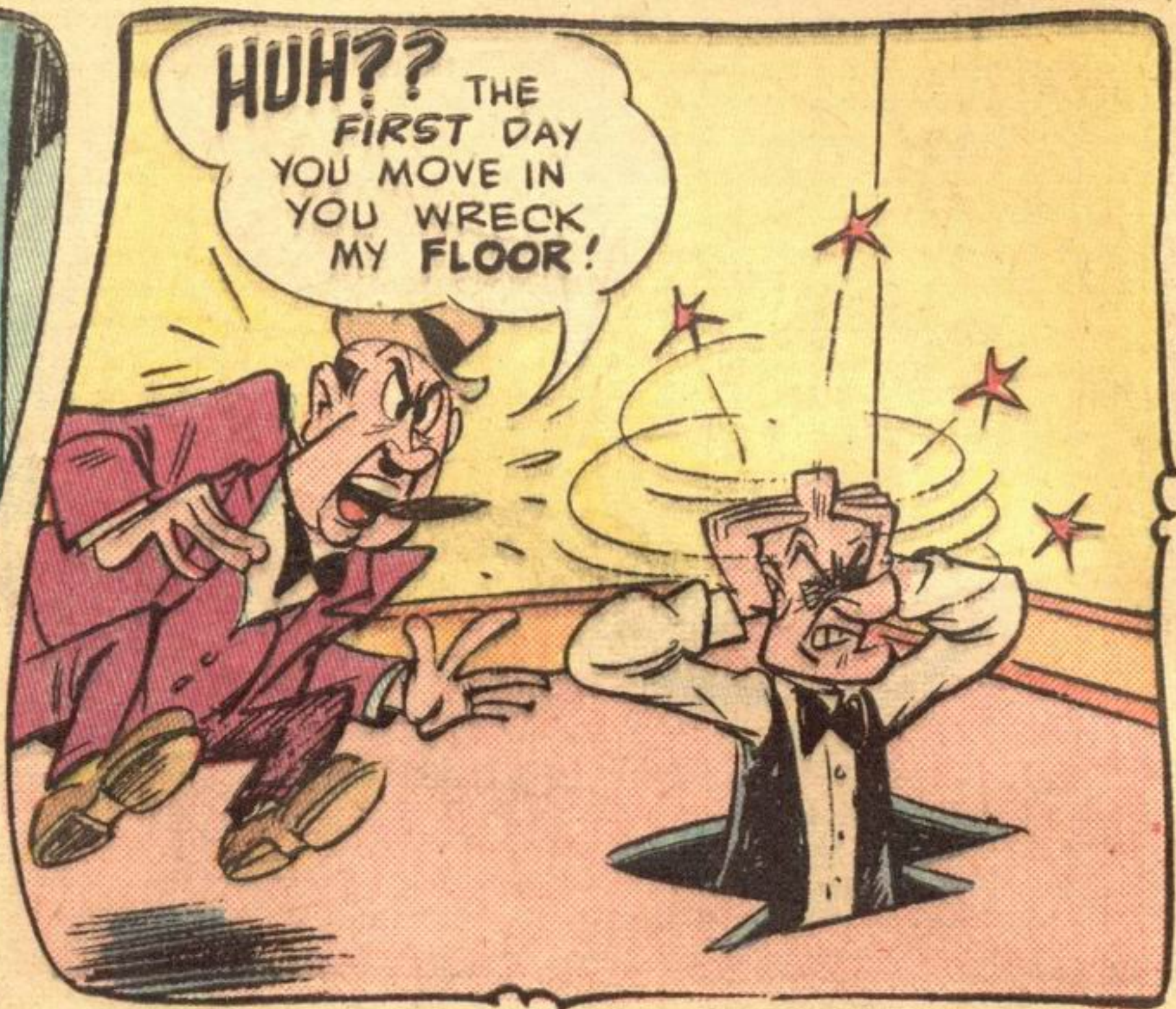














**PHIL RIZZUTO**  
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE



THAT'S AN  
IMPORTANT  
TRAINING  
FACT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF  
WHEAT KERNEL

THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic  
power? There's one of those in every  
WHEATIES flake—already to spark you  
every day.



IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS

**BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**

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ALL FOR 15¢ AND 1 WHEATIES BOXTOP

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address and  
order blank  
right on  
Wheaties box!





# "WHO'S to KNOW?"

PINKY PIG'S MAMMA had just baked an enormous batch of cookies with plump, juicy raisins inside and rich chocolate icing all over the tops! There they were, right on the kitchen table, set out to cool in two big cookie sheets, smelling so delicious that Pinky could hardly stand it!

"Hmmm.." he said thoughtfully, looking at the beautiful cookies. Then he said, "Gosh!" Then he said "Whillikers!" Now, although that doesn't seem to make much sense, it was perfectly plain what Pinky Pig was thinking. He was thinking, "Hmmm...they're the nicest cookies I've ever seen! Gosh, wouldn't it be swell to eat 'em? Whillikers, I'm not *supposed* to!"

Indeed, he had been forbidden to stuff himself on sweets, for Pinky was as fat as a pig need be. Fatter! His mamma had been very strict with him and told him he must never help himself to goodies. "I'll give you all the food I think is proper!" she had said.

"Well, she *won't* let me eat those," Pinky thought. "And they *do* look so keen! If...if I took just one an' ate it... who's to know?" He thought about this for a little while, for he knew that what he was planning was not honest. But the smell of the cookies and the gleam of the icing were too much for him. "There're so many that just one won't matter!" he said.

Reaching out a hand, Pinky snatched a cookie from a tray and gulped it down in one bite!

"That went too fast," he thought, when the cookie was down. "Why, I hardly had time to *taste* it! Maybe I ought to try another one and eat it bit by bit, so I can really taste it! All those cookies! So many of 'em! If I just take another one, a teentsy-weentsy one...who's to know?"

Again Pinky's hand went out to a cookie tray and again a cookie was popped into his mouth. Crunch-crunch-crunch, and the cookie was no more!

"I *almost* tasted that one!" Pinky thought. "And I think it was pretty good! Maybe I'd better have just *one* more, to make sure!" And down went another cookie!

"It *was* good!" Pinky smiled. "It was so good, that I'm gonna have another one!" And so it went, with Pinky finding excuse after excuse to help himself to the forbidden cookies. And after eating each cookie, he would look around to make certain that no one was watching him and say, "If I have another one...*who's to know!*"

Now, even the biggest batch of cookies will disappear if enough of them are eaten and so, in a short time, one of the cookie sheets had not a single crumb remaining! As for the other cookie sheet, that was well on its way to being emptied, too!

"Since I've had so many," Pinky said, "I might as well *finish* 'em all! Mom can bake some more and who's to know I ate 'em?"

But as he started to pop another into his mouth, Pinky felt a pain in his tummy! First it was a little pain and then it grew bigger and bigger and sharper and sharper, till Pinky was doubled up with the biggest tummy-ache he'd ever had! He felt so sick, he couldn't stand it, and his face was green! "Oh-oh-oh!" he groaned.

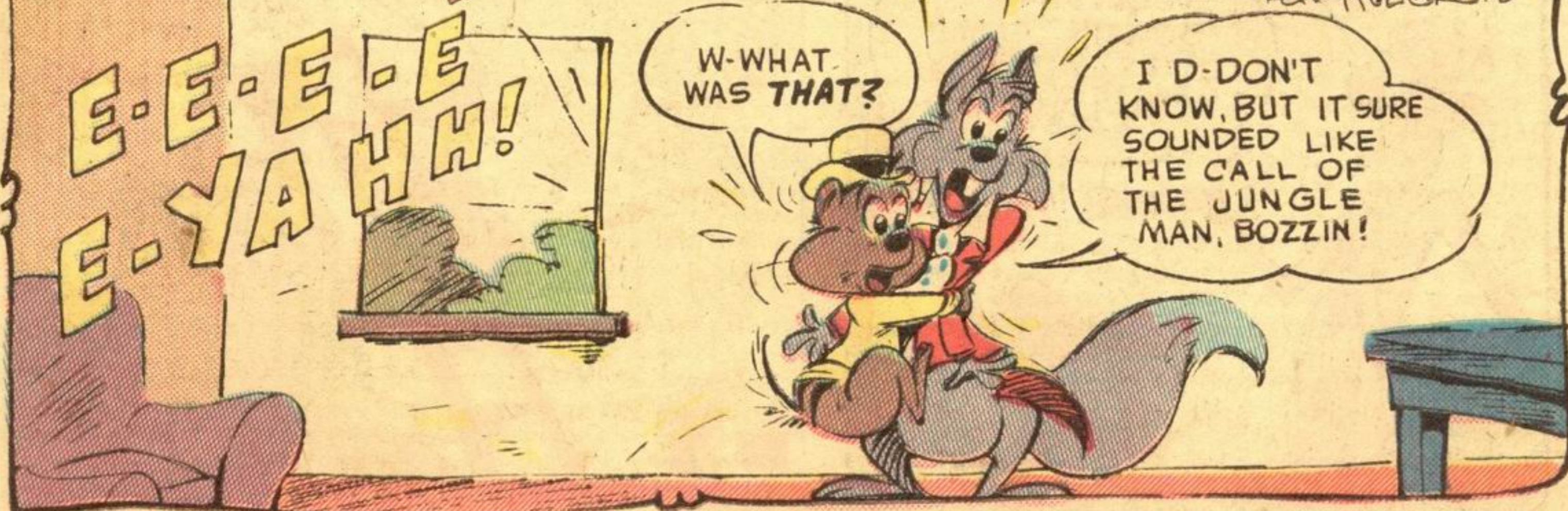
Just then, Pinky's mamma came into the kitchen. "Now you know the answer to your question, Pinky," she said. "If you take another and another cookie, *who's to know?*"

And Pinky, ashamed and sorry, groaned miserably, "I...I guess...I'm to know!"



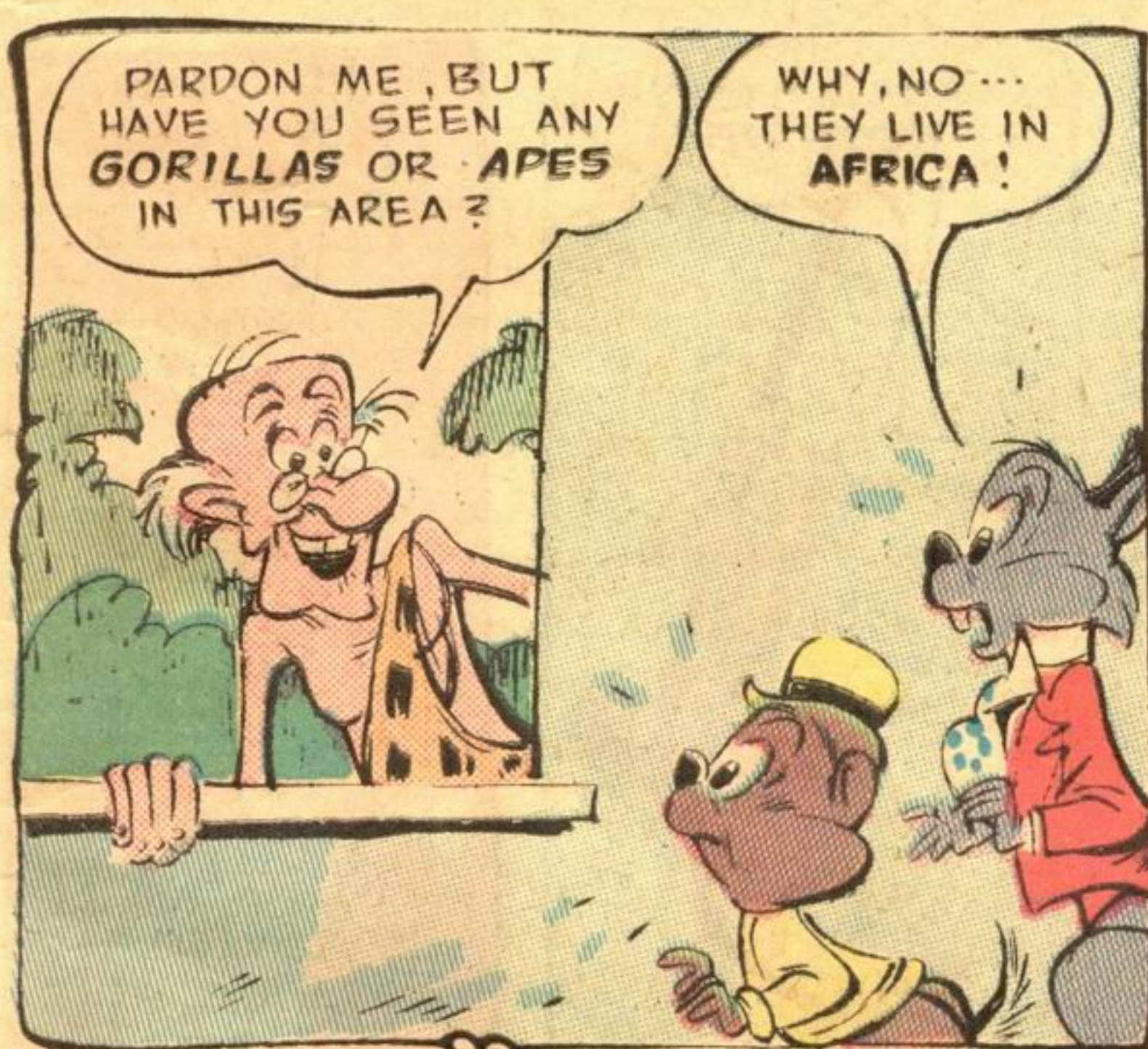
# The SQUIRE and the CHIP

KEN HOLTGREEN



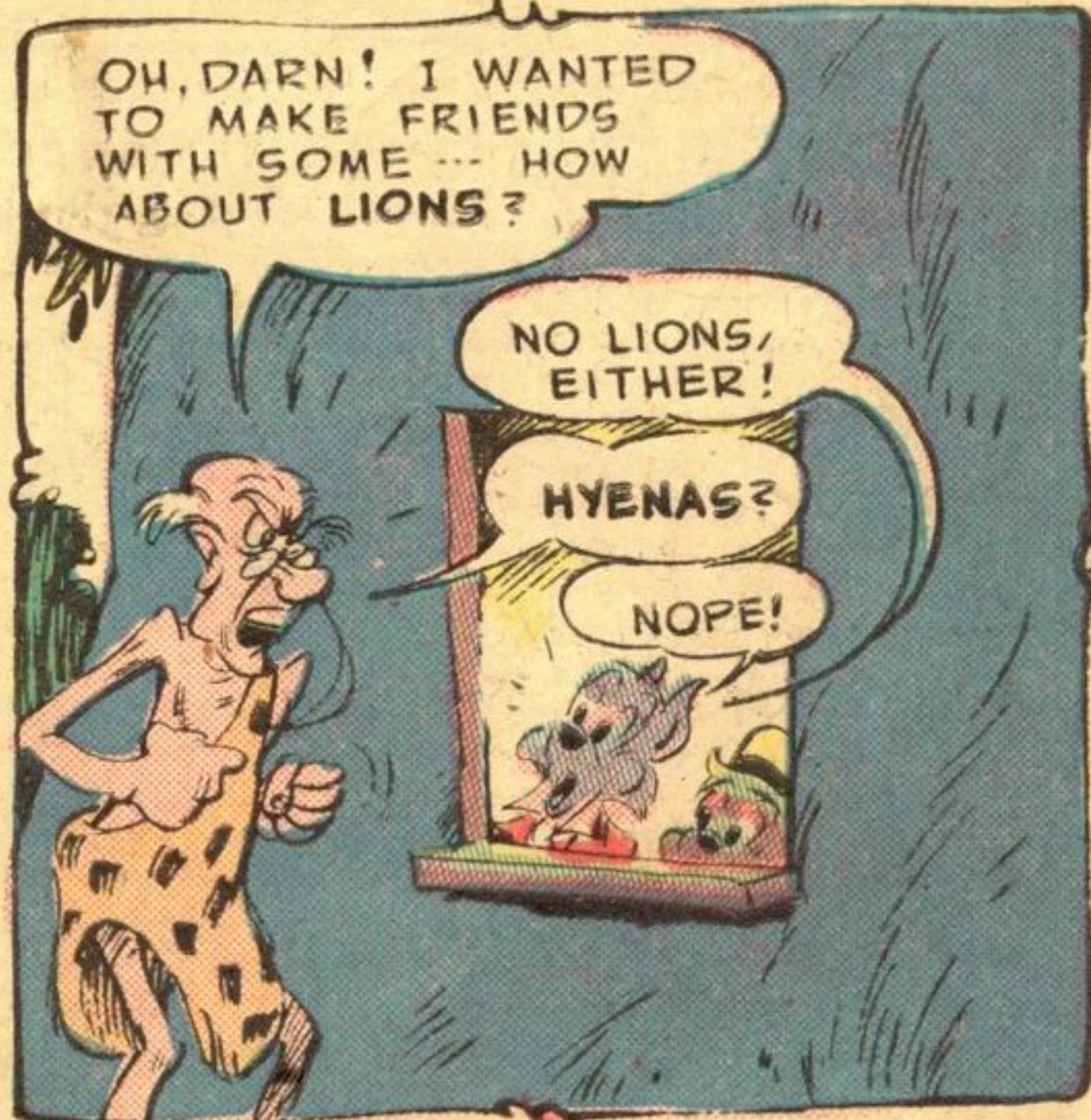
W-WHAT WAS THAT?

I D-DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SURE SOUNDED LIKE THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE MAN, BOZZIN!



PARDON ME, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN ANY GORILLAS OR APES IN THIS AREA?

WHY, NO... THEY LIVE IN AFRICA!



OH, DARN! I WANTED TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH SOME... HOW ABOUT LIONS?

NO LIONS, EITHER!

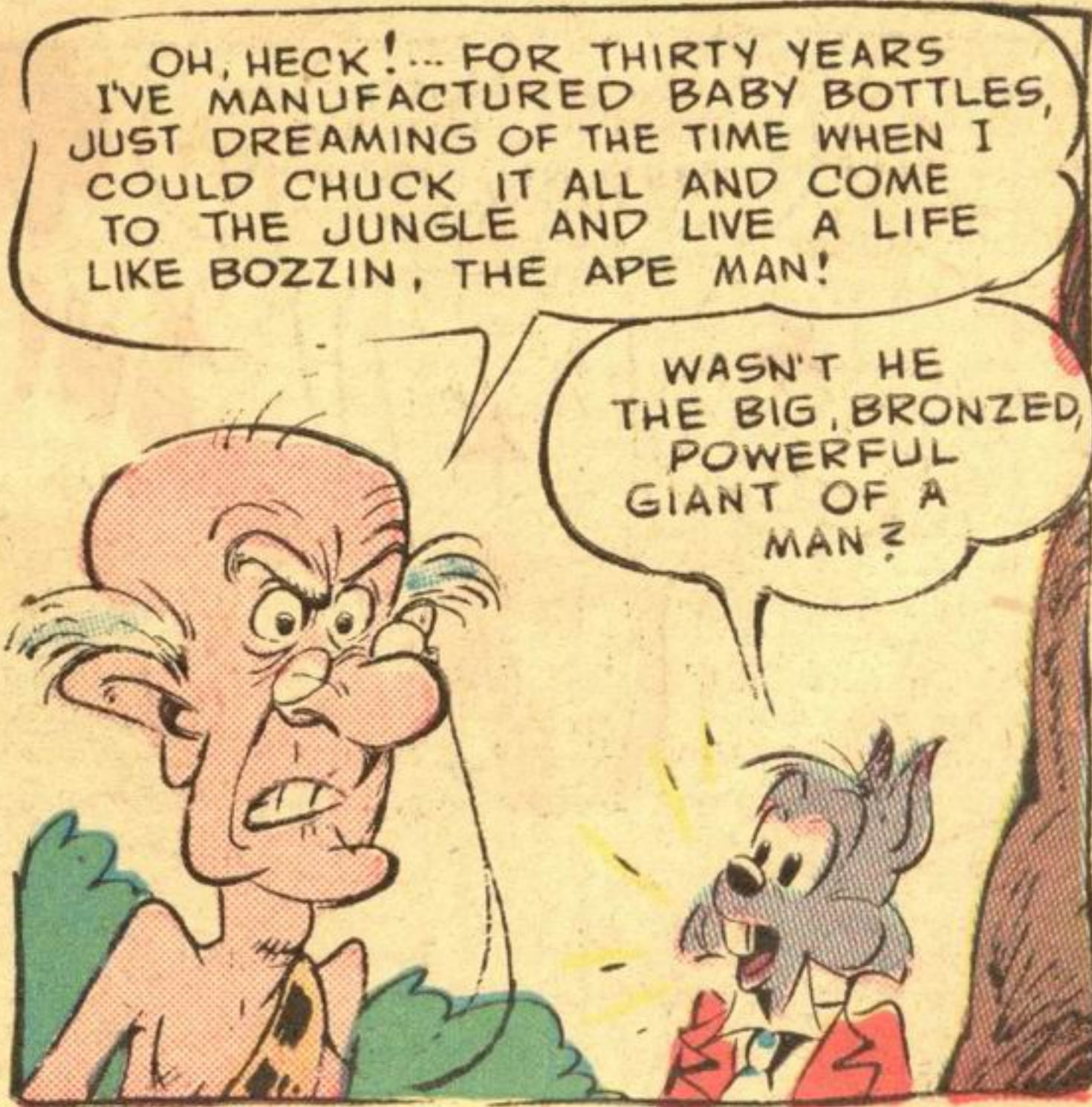
HYENAS?

NOPE!



WELL, DO YOU KNOW OF ANY FAIR DAMSELS IN DISTRESS... OR PERHAPS YOU KNOW OF SOME CRUEL, WICKED KING WHO NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON?

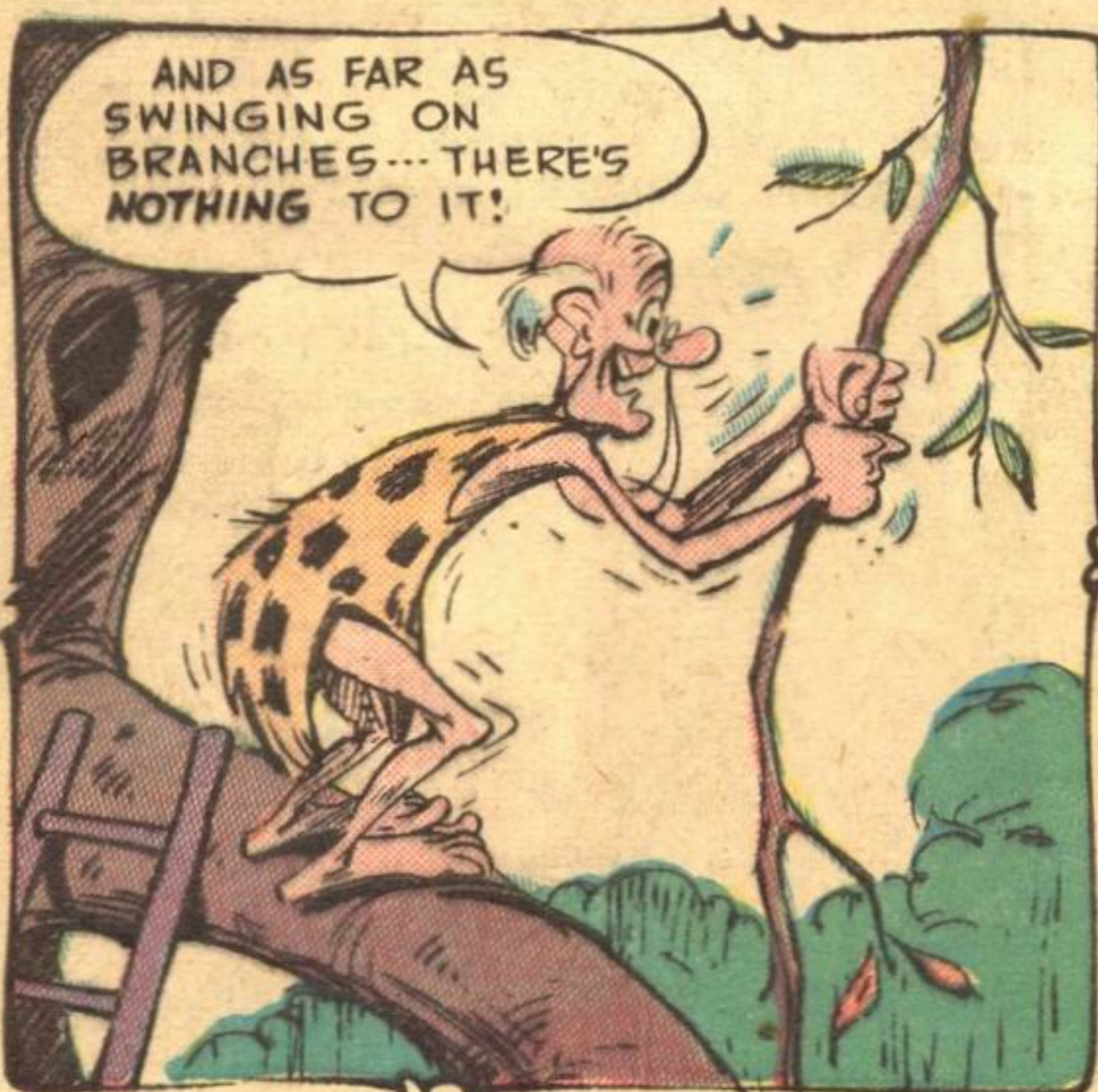
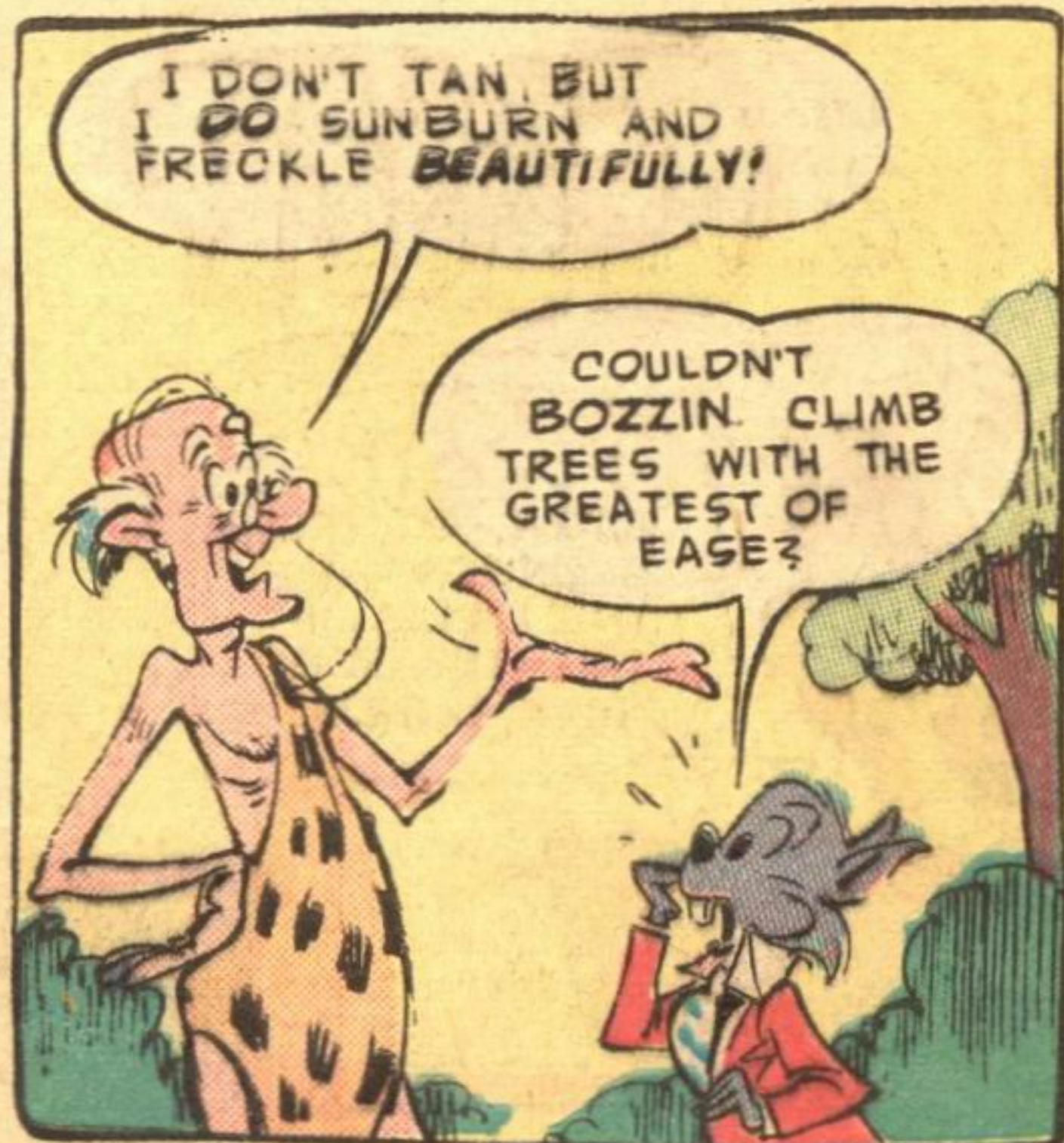
NOPE!



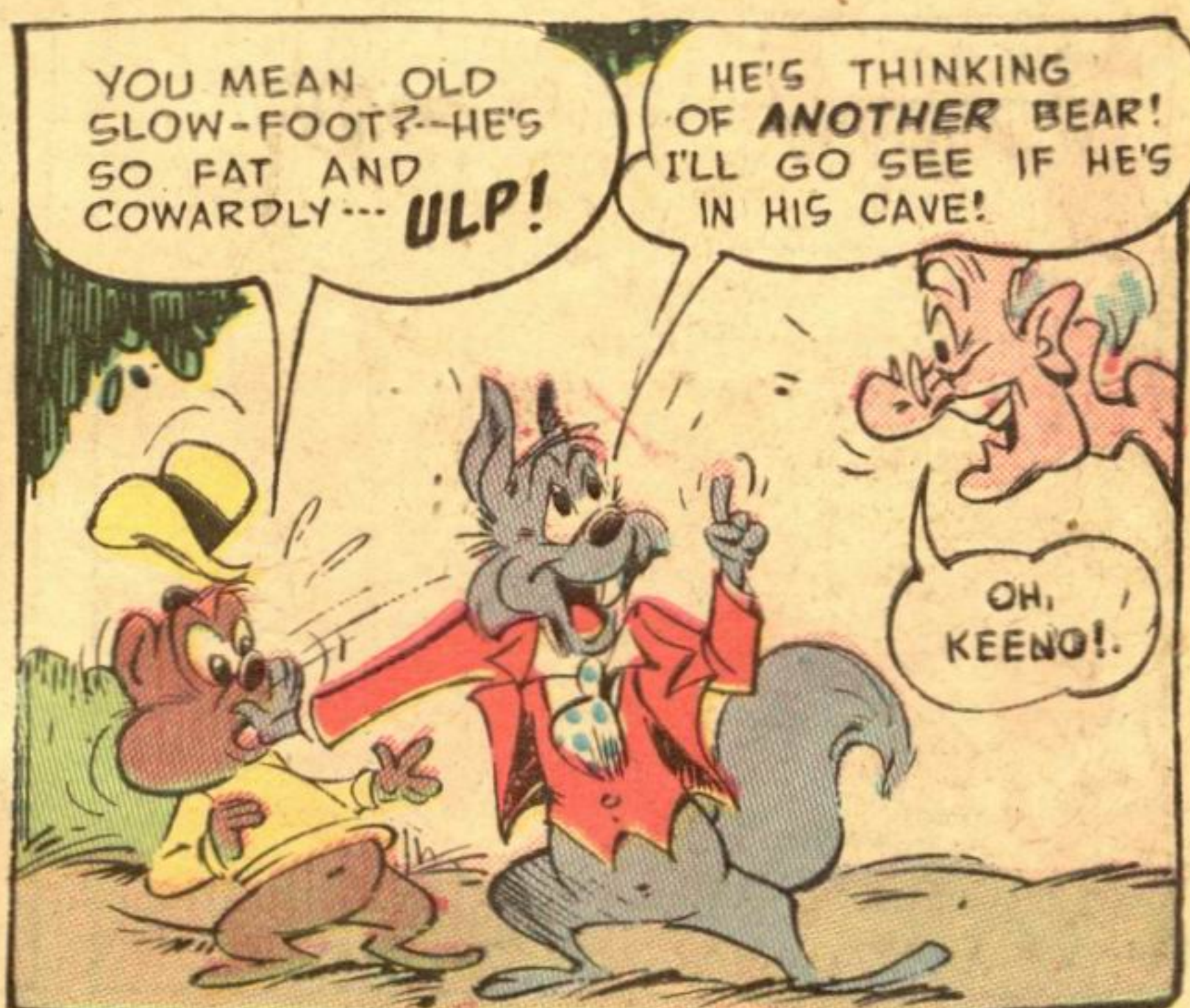
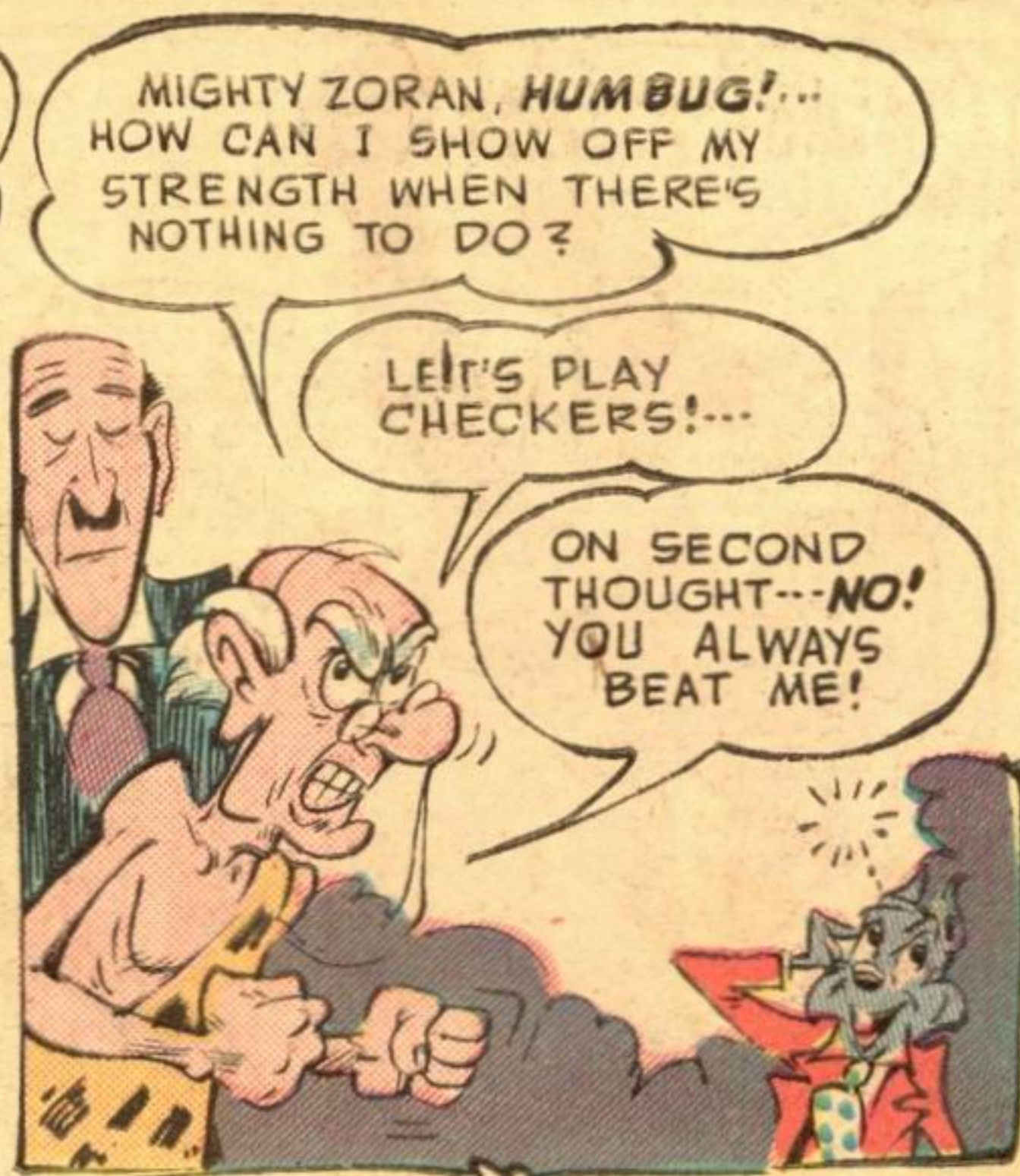
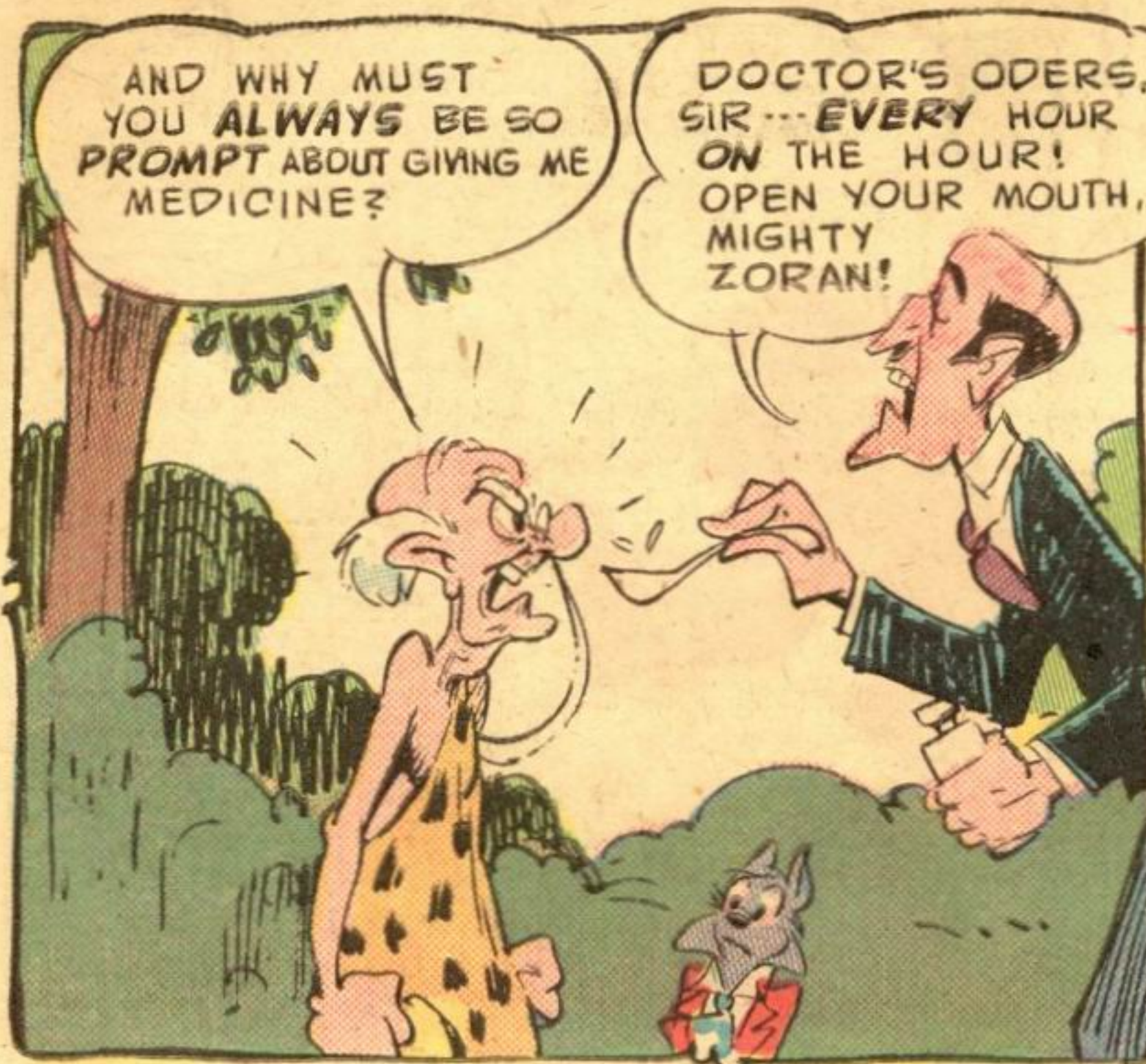
OH, HECK!... FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE MANUFACTURED BABY BOTTLES, JUST DREAMING OF THE TIME WHEN I COULD CHUCK IT ALL AND COME TO THE JUNGLE AND LIVE A LIFE LIKE BOZZIN, THE APE MAN!

WASN'T HE THE BIG, BRONZED, POWERFUL GIANT OF A MAN?













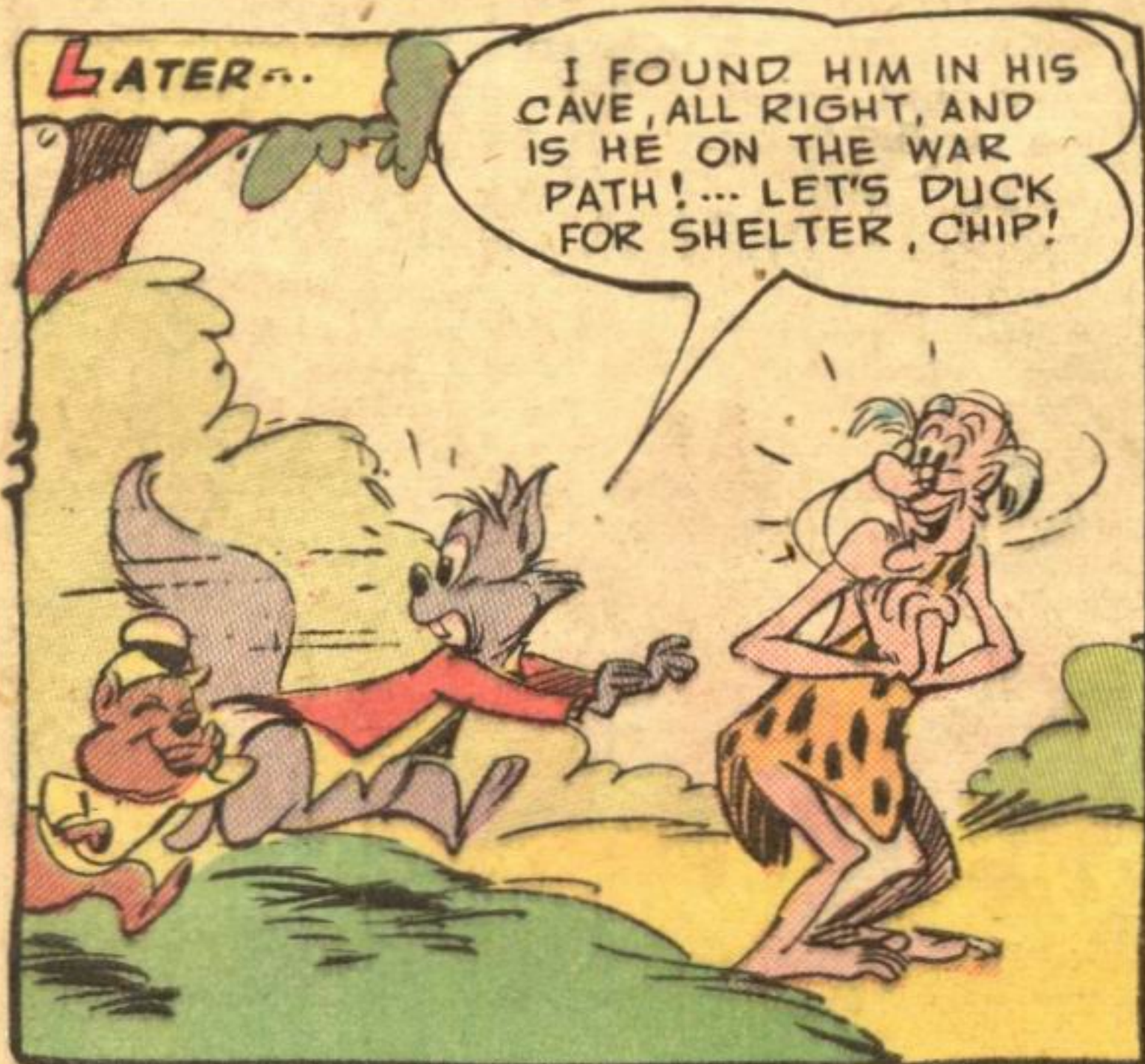
WOT DO YUH  
WANTS?  
HO-HUM!

PREPARE  
YOURSELF!  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO ENGAGE  
IN MORTAL  
COMBAT!



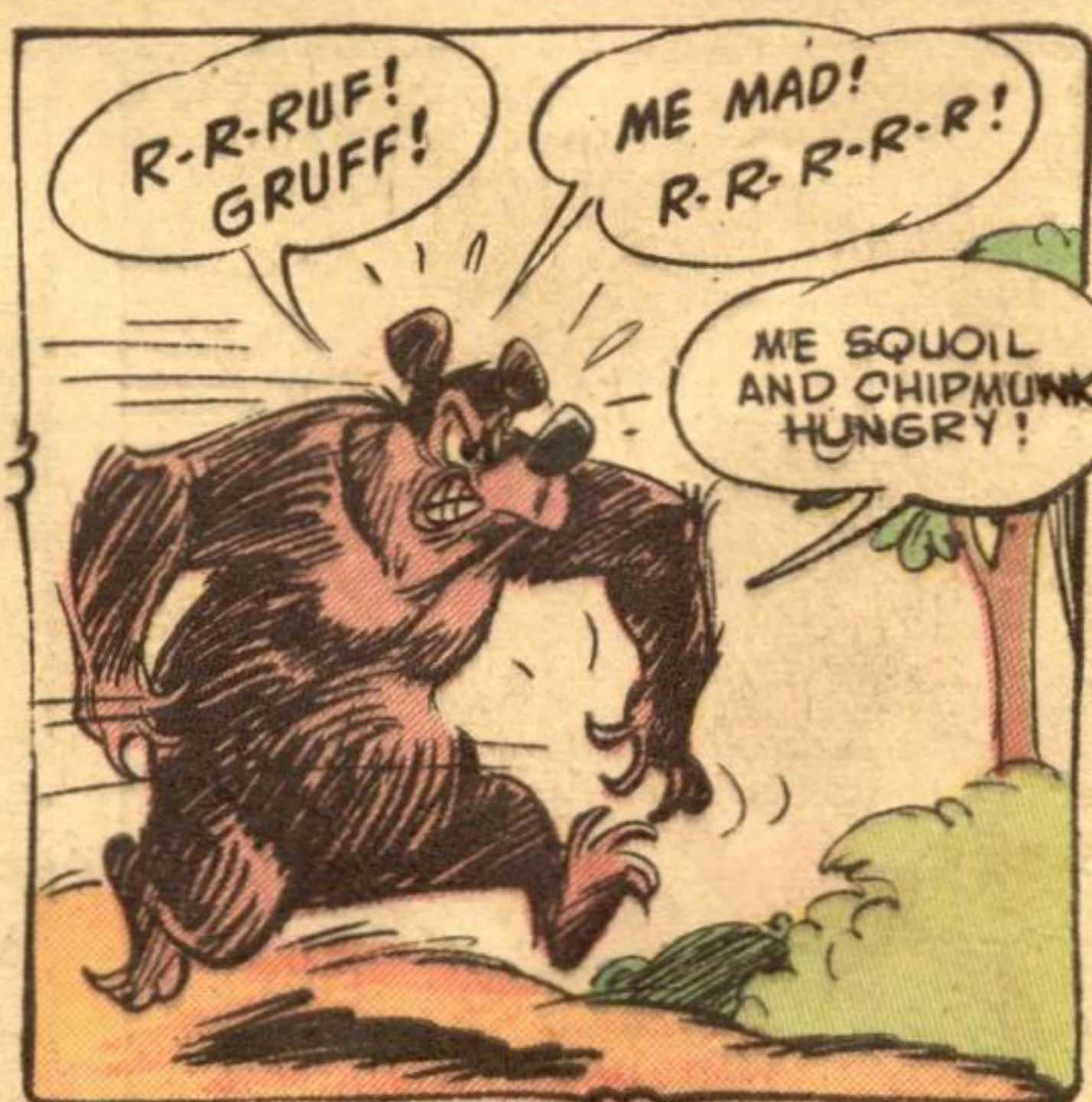
WHO'S DIS MORTAL  
COMBATS?... A GURL BEAR,  
I HOPES!

I'LL EXPLAIN--  
THERE'S AN OLD  
MAN WHO FANCIES  
HIMSELF LIKE  
BOZZIN, THE APE  
MAN!... NOW  
HERES MY PLAN!...



LATER...

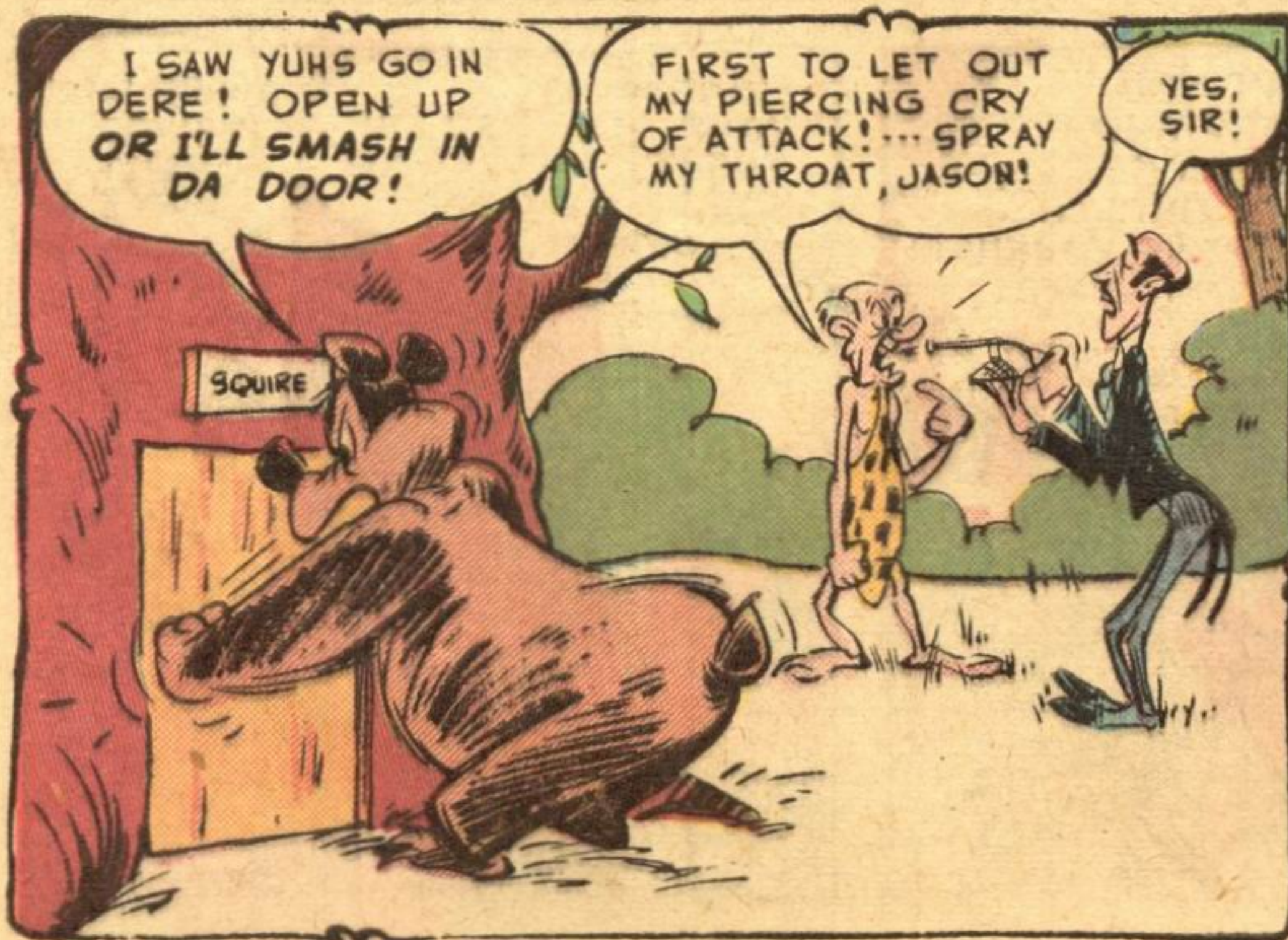
I FOUND HIM IN HIS  
CAVE, ALL RIGHT, AND  
IS HE ON THE WAR  
PATH!... LET'S DUCK  
FOR SHELTER, CHIP!



R-R-RUF!  
GRUFF!

ME MAD!  
R-R-R-R-R!

ME SQUOIL  
AND CHIPMUNK  
HUNGRY!



I SAW YUHS GO IN  
DERE! OPEN UP  
OR I'LL SMASH IN  
DA DOOR!

FIRST TO LET OUT  
MY PIERCING CRY  
OF ATTACK!... SPRAY  
MY THROAT, JASON!

YES,  
SIR!



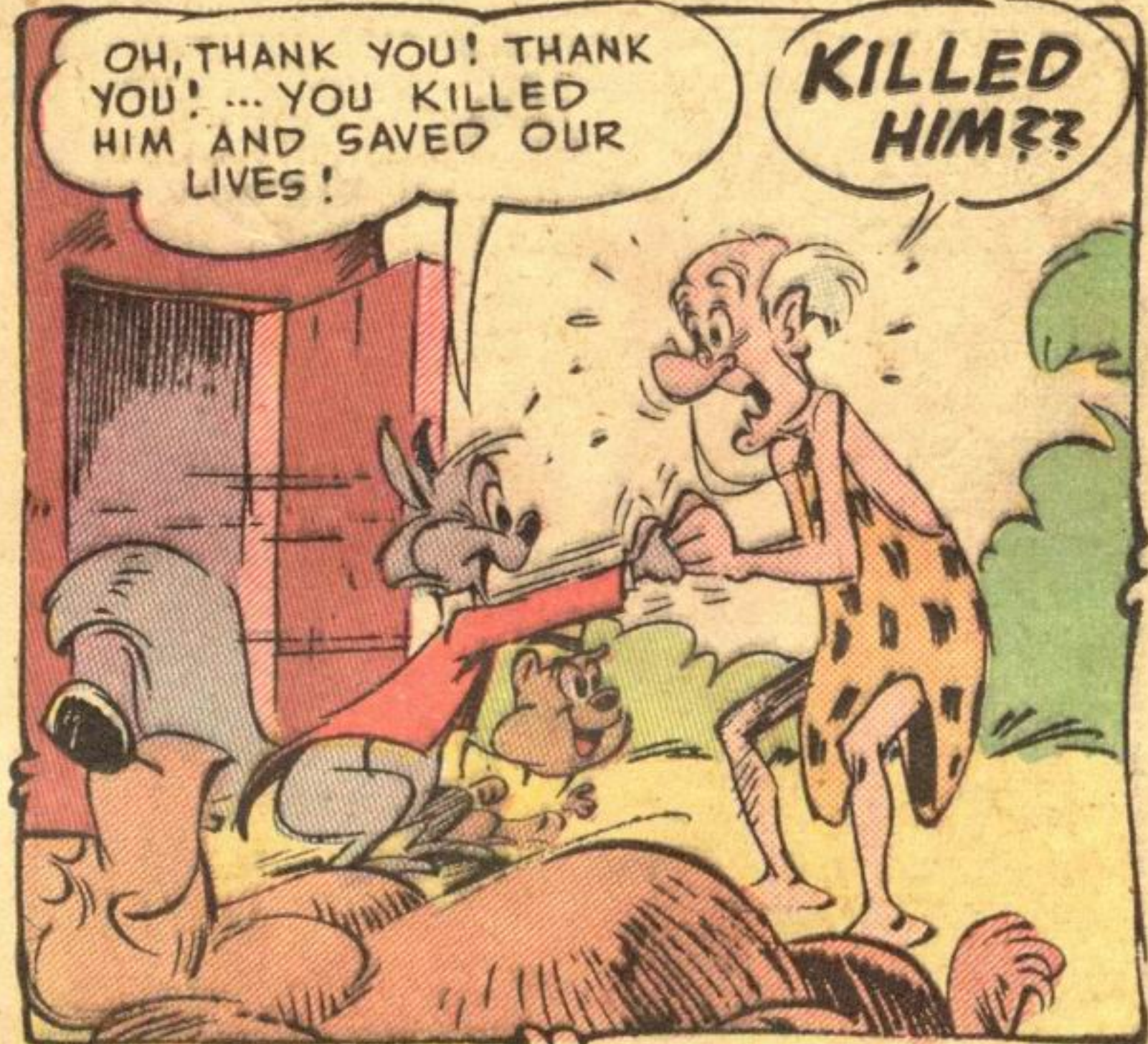
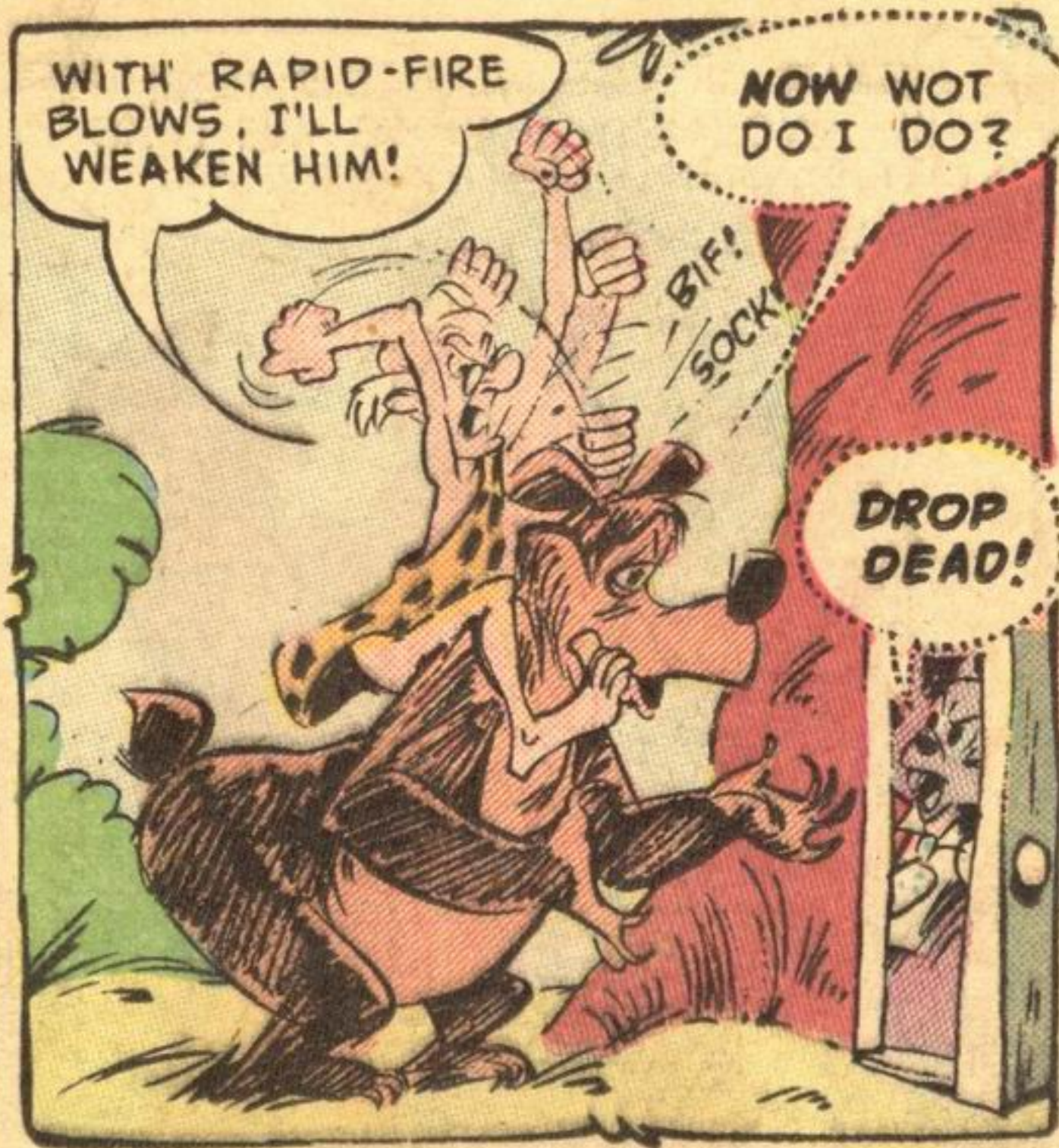
NOW  
THEN!

E-E-E

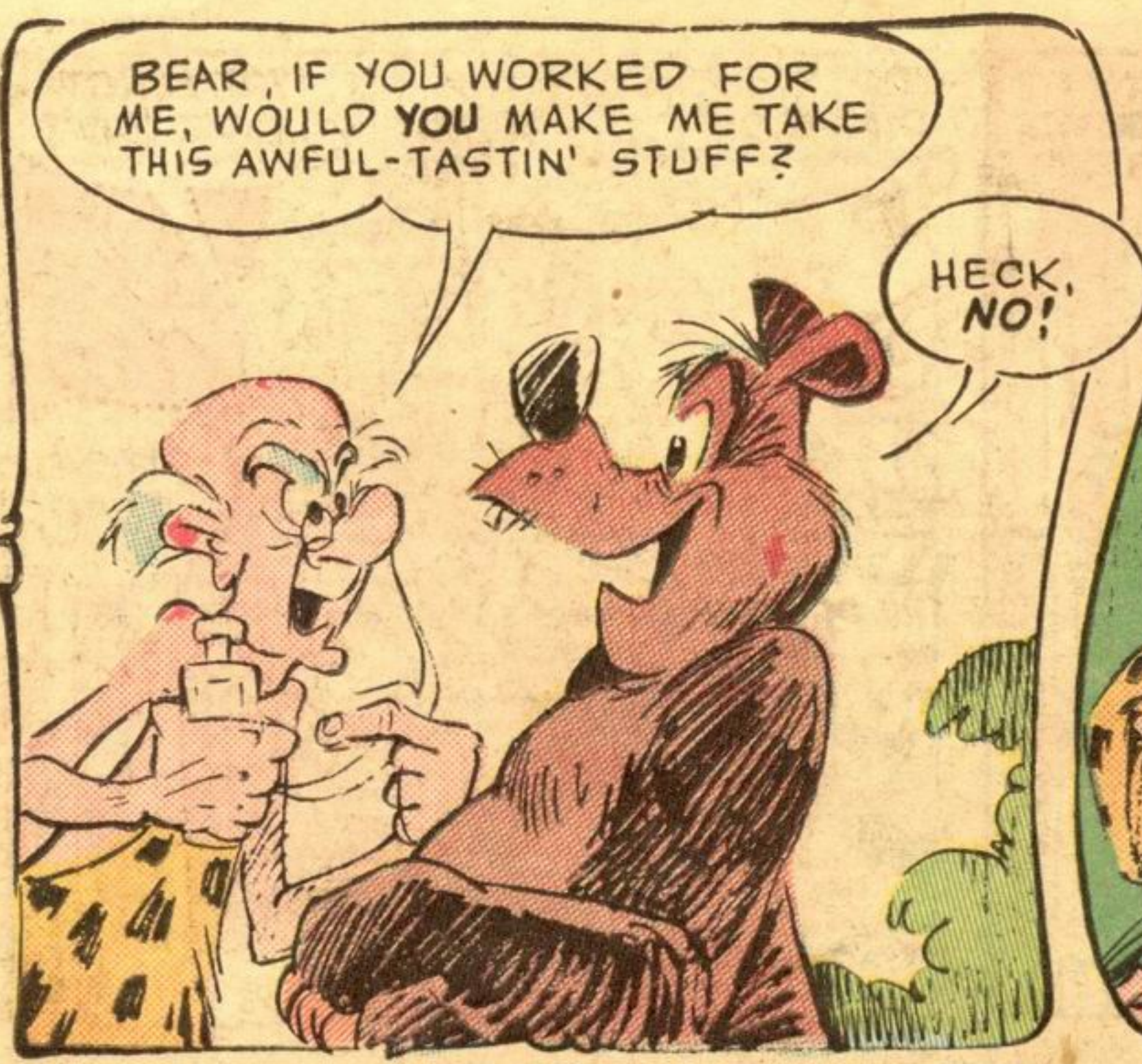
GLUP!

OH, MY GOODNESS!!  
I SWALLOWED MY  
UPPER FALSE TEETH!









BEAR, IF YOU WORKED FOR ME, WOULD YOU MAKE ME TAKE THIS AWFUL-TASTIN' STUFF?

HECK, NO!



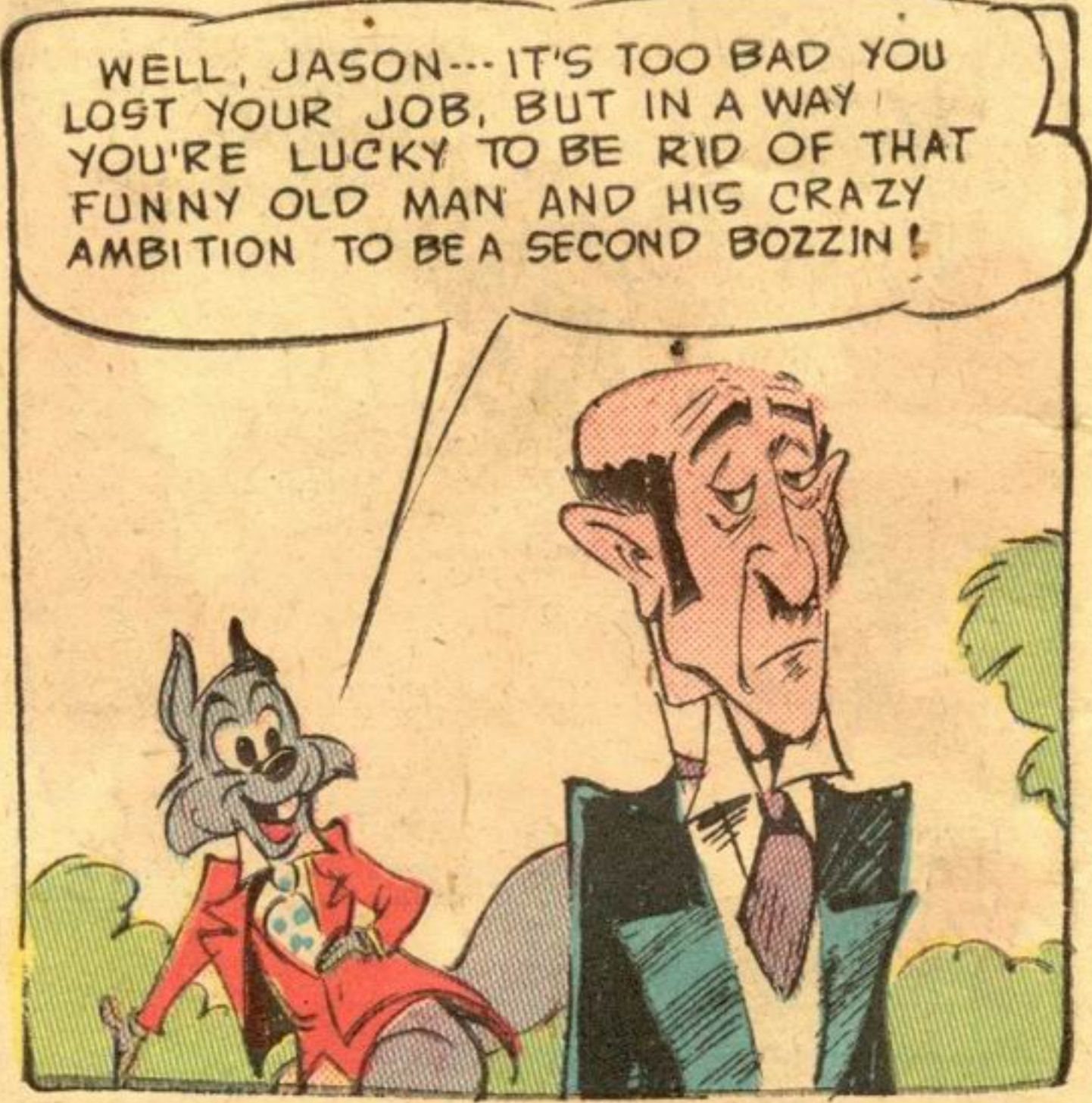
AND WOULD YOU LET ME WIN AT CHECKERS NOW AND THEN?

SHUCKS! I'M DUMB ON ALL GAMES!



YOU ARE NOW MY VALET! ... JASON, YOU'RE FIRED!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



WELL, JASON---IT'S TOO BAD YOU LOST YOUR JOB, BUT IN A WAY YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE RID OF THAT FUNNY OLD MAN AND HIS CRAZY AMBITION TO BE A SECOND BOZZIN!



AS FAR AS LOSING MY POSITION AS VALET, I DON'T MIND---I WAS GOING TO RETIRE SOON ANYWAY---

OH!



---AND AS FOR MY FORMER MASTER'S VIEWS ON BEING A BOZZIN-LIKE MAN, I APPROVE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

REMOVING MY GARMENTS, AS YOU SEE!



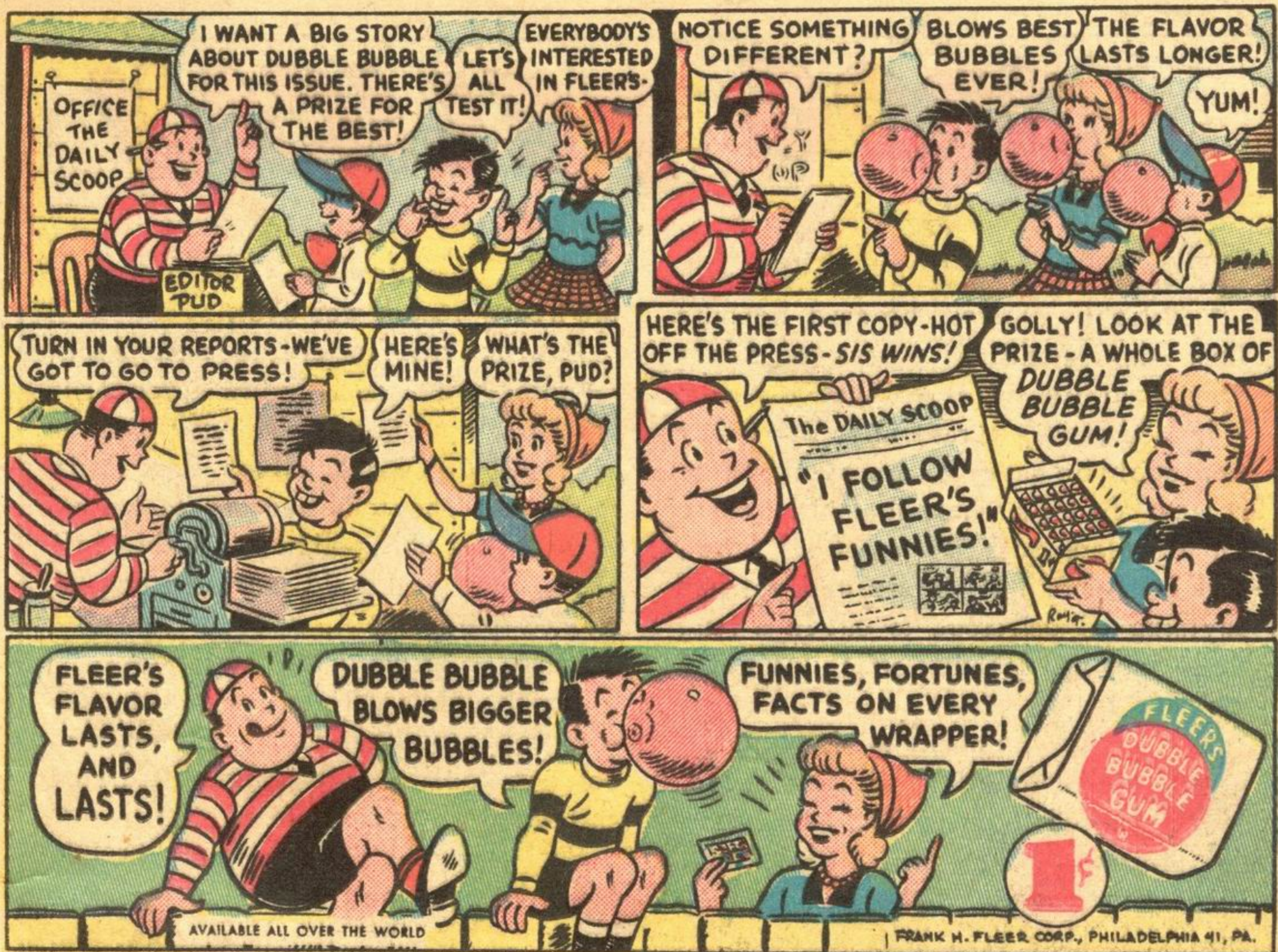
I'VE WORN THIS LEOPARD SKIN UNDER MY CLOTHES FOR YEARS, JUST WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS MYSELF!

E-E-E-YA!

OHH-H!

The End!





For recommended reading...



# AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



Packed with Laughs and Thrills...  
THE GREATEST GROUP  
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL  
.. REGULARLY ..  
Read **AMERICAN!**



# THE **FROG** *and the* **PELICAN**

FELIX FROG'S EYES popped with delight. "Wow!" he said, hopping from the sparkling waters of Silver Stream to its edge. "What a find!"

Indeed it was a rare find, which any frog would be happy to discover! There it was, almost a whole loaf of luscious white bread, with its crust all brown and crisp-looking! Felix had not had anything so delicious to eat in a long time, and he couldn't wait to have a glorious feast.

Just as he was about to bite into the bread, Felix heard a sobbing sound, which seemed to come from some nearby place. "Oh," cried a mournful voice, "I'm *hungry!* So hungry! So *very* hungry!" Then there was the sound of crying and the sad voice continued, "I wish I had something to eat! I'm half-starved!"

Now Felix was a good-hearted fellow and he couldn't imagine keeping the beautiful loaf of bread to himself when someone else was starving. Hopping about to see who had cried, he found a sad-eyed pelican drying his tearful eyes on a leaf and sniffing.

"If you're the bird who's so hungry," Felix smiled, "I believe I can help you! Come with me!"

He led the pelican right to the loaf of bread and said, "I'm going to share this with you, half-and-half!" With a sharp-edged stone, Felix divided the bread into two equal parts and invited the pelican to start eating.

And what a hungry pelican he was! He ate every morsel of the bread, down to the very last tiny crumb, and then he daintily picked up all the stray bits that had fallen around. Felix rather ex-

pected the pelican to thank him after the hearty repast was over.

But the pelican did no such thing! Instead, he opened his large bill, bent his head...and scooped *Felix* into his mouth! It was horrible! Poor Felix cried and shouted, begging to be released, but the pelican kept his bill shut tight and paid no attention to Felix's pleas.

"What a mean, ungrateful pelican!" Felix thought. "He wasn't contented with the bread I gave him. He wants to eat *me*, too!" And again he shouted and pleaded to be set free.

But still the pelican kept his bill clamped shut and would not release Felix. "No one will know what has happened to me," poor Felix cried, "and all the fish and frogs in Silver Stream will call my name and search for me...in vain! What a sad ending for me!"

It was no use pleading for mercy, that was plain. With a sorrowful sigh, Felix told himself that his end had come! And at that very moment, the pelican opened wide his bill and let Felix hop out.

"That was a mean, bad thing to do!" Felix said angrily.

"I'm sorry I didn't have time to explain," the pelican replied. "You see, there was a vicious-looking hawk flying right above your head, ready to come down and kill you! All I was doing was...*hiding* you!"

"Oh!" Felix smiled. "I guess it's I who ought to be grateful to *you*, instead of the other way around! And you can just bet your tailfeathers...I *am!*"



# SPENCER SPOOK

YEE-AH-HA-HA-HA!  
HA-HA-HA!

YIPE!

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A  
STORMY, WIND-SWEPT  
NIGHT NEAR AN  
ANCIENT MANSION  
THAT'S BEEN HAUNTED  
FOR OVER 300 YEARS!

HALP! HALP!

WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS  
ABOUT THIS!

BOSS!  
BOSS! COME UP  
QUICK! I HAVE TO  
TALK TO YOU!

DOGGONE! WHO IS IT? I'M  
NOT COMIN' UP THERE IF I  
DON'T HAVE TO! IT'S RAINING  
PITCHFORKS, AND I MIGHT  
CATCH MY LIFE OF  
COLD!

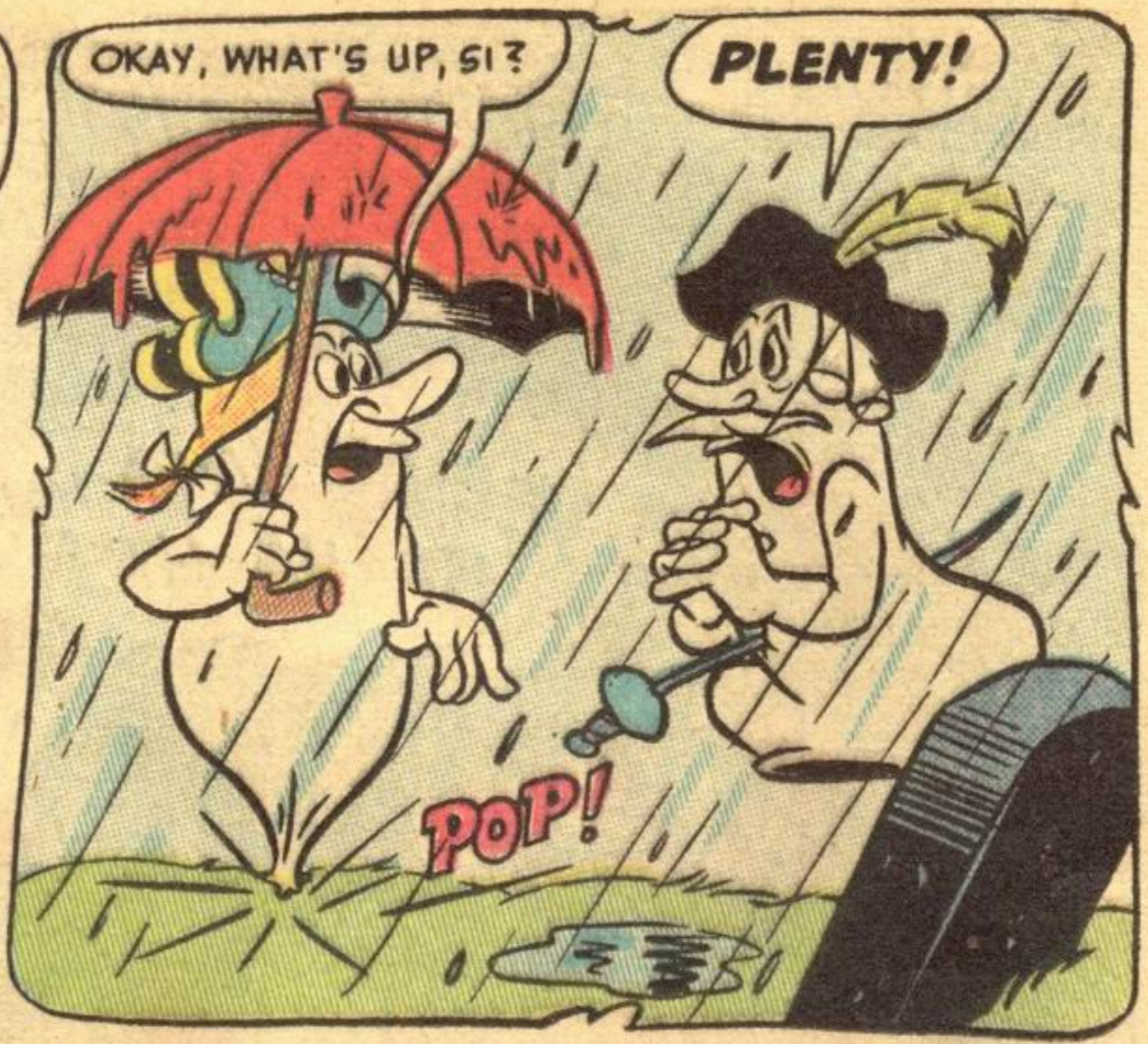
THE  
BOSS  
1652-  
1739





IT'S SILAS BRADBUNGER FROM THE OLD MANSION!...IT'S **IMPORTANT**, BOSS!

WHAT? IT'S **SILAS??** WHY, YOU HAVEN'T LEFT THAT PLACE IN **300 YEARS!** IT **MUST BE IMPORTANT!** OKAY, COMING UP!



OKAY, WHAT'S UP, SI?

**PLENTY!**

**POP!**



SOME **STRANGE GHOST** HAS MOVED INTO MY MANSION! IT'S NOT ONE OF OUR BOYS, I'M SURE OF THAT! BOSS, THIS SPOOK IS AWFUL! HE SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH AND HE'S TAKEN OVER MY BELOVED MANSION! :SOB:

THIS IS SERIOUS! THAT MANSION HAS BEEN OUR EXCLUSIVE HAUNTING PROPERTY FOR 300 YEARS...AND NOW SOME UNKNOWN SPECTRE WITH THE ABILITY TO SCARE ANOTHER GHOST HAS MOVED IN!



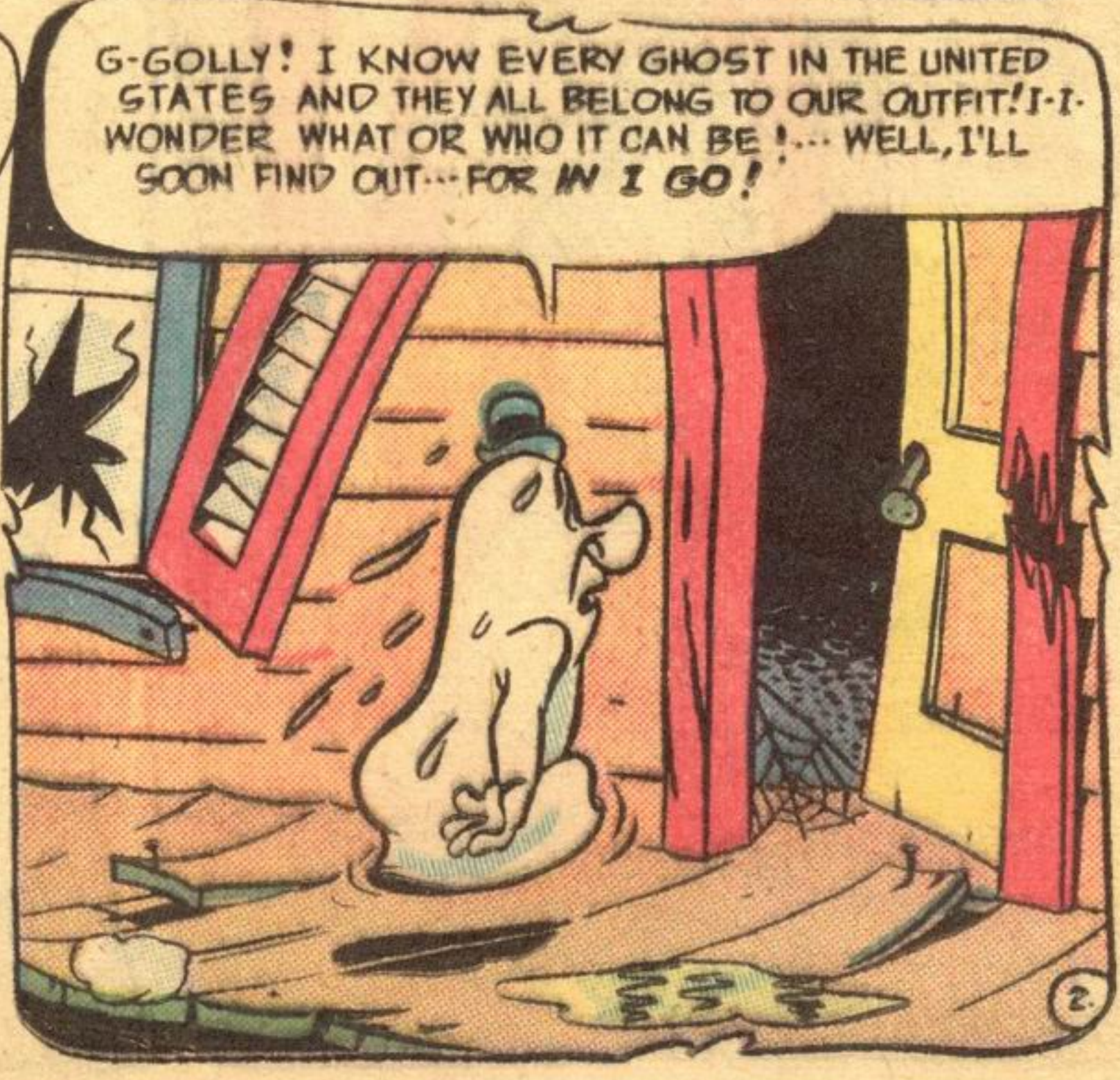
BOSS, THAT SPOOK DOES THINGS WE BOYS DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO DO... AND I WOULDN'T GO BACK THERE FOR ANYTHING!

WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO, AND THE GHOST TO DO IT IS **SPENCER SPOOK!**



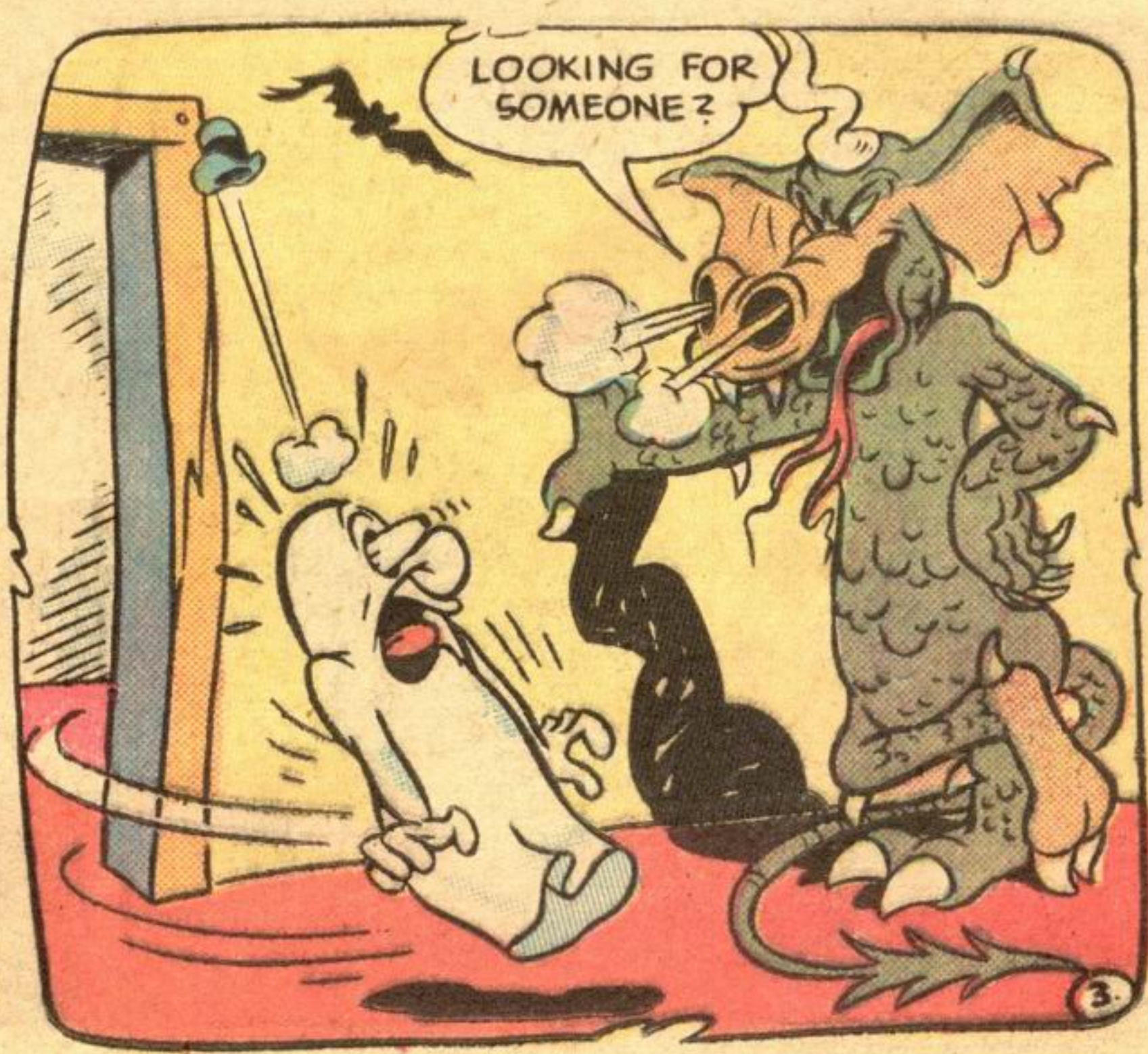
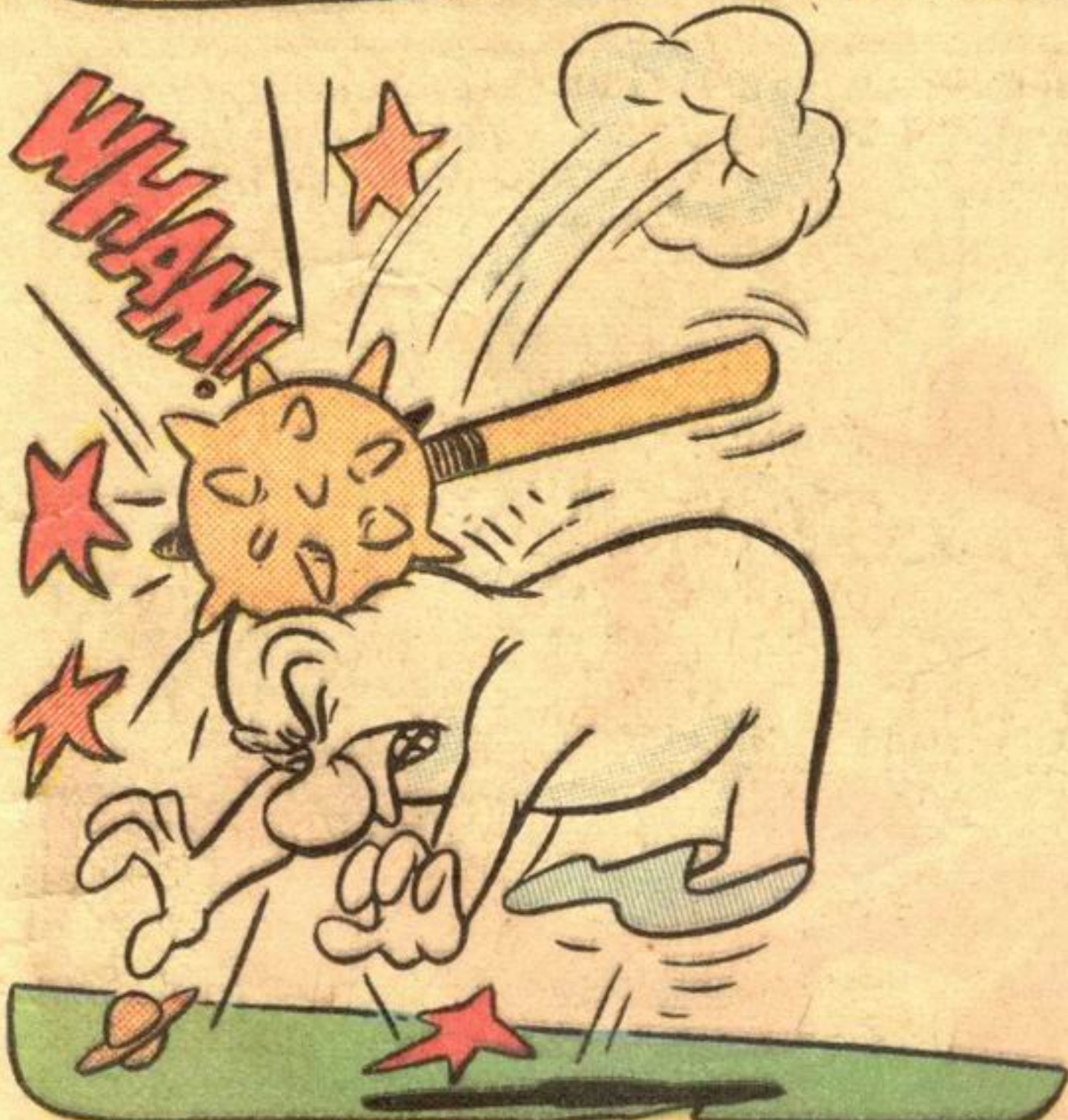
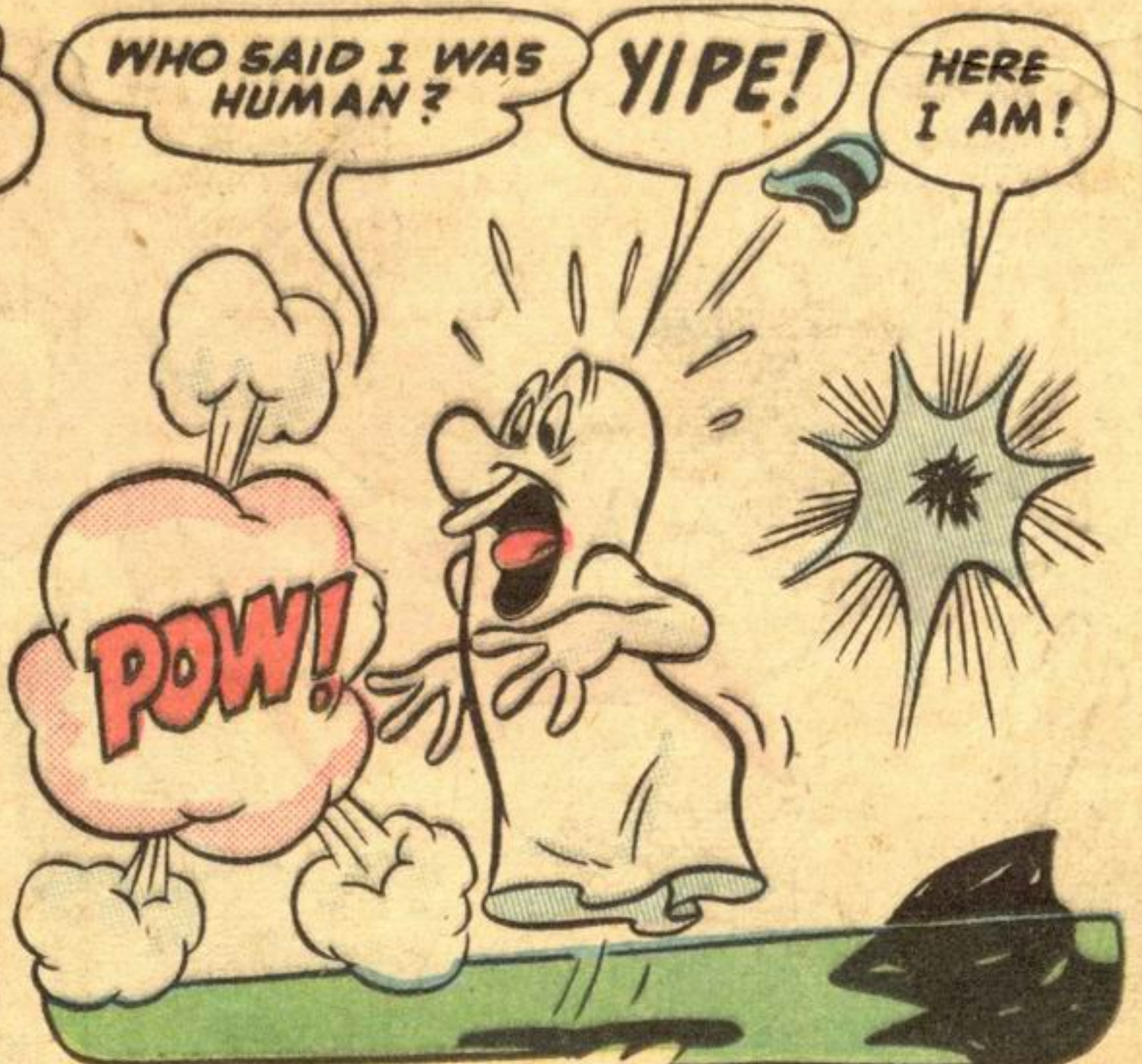
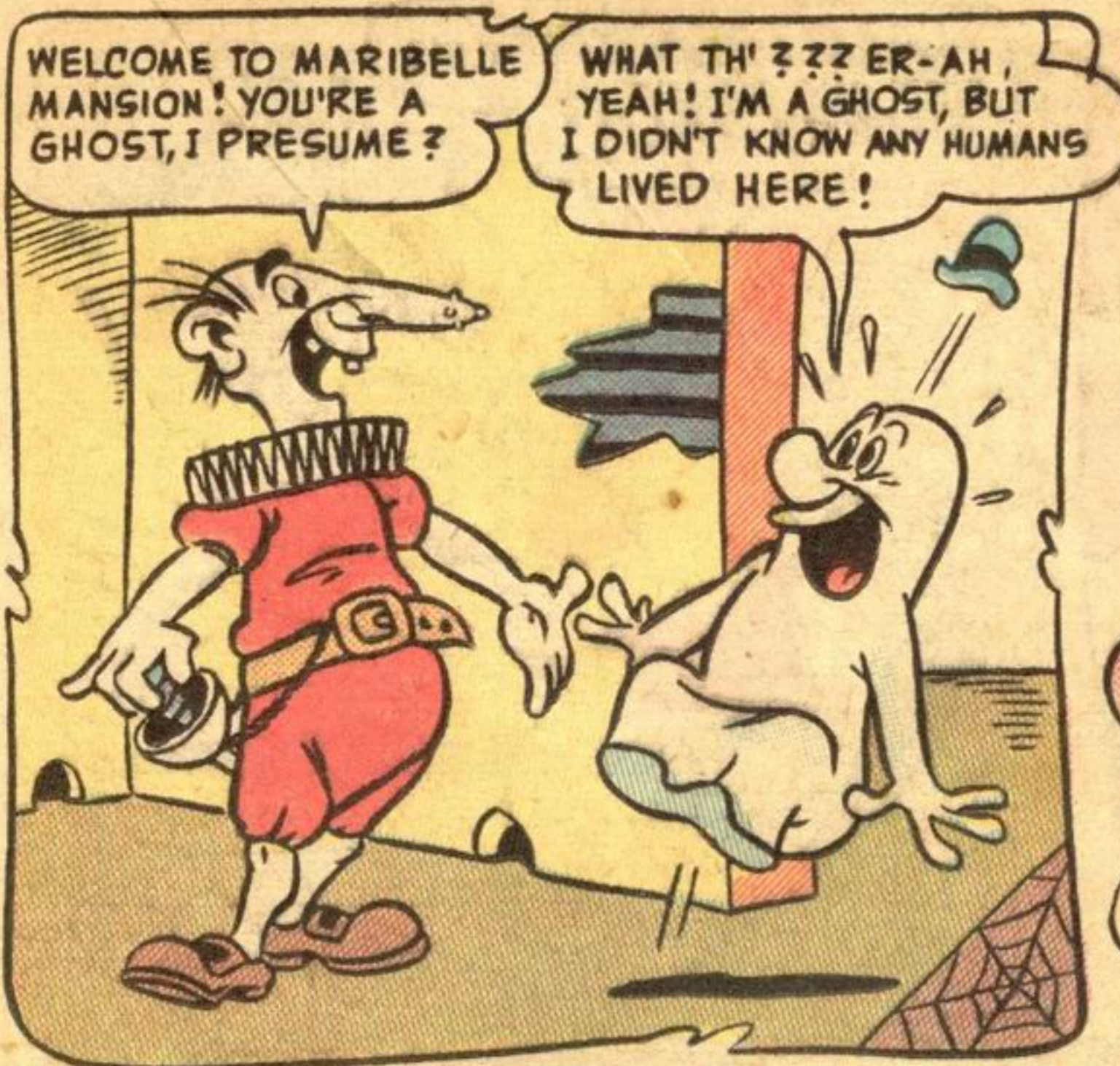
:GULP: WHATEVER IT IS, IT MUST BE PRETTY TERRIBLE TO BE ABLE TO CHASE SILAS AWAY AFTER 50 MANY YEARS! BUT I'LL DO MY BEST TO GET RID OF IT, BOSS!

GOOD GHOST, SPENCE! THIS WHOLE THING IS VERY MYSTERIOUS! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING HAPPENING BEFORE!

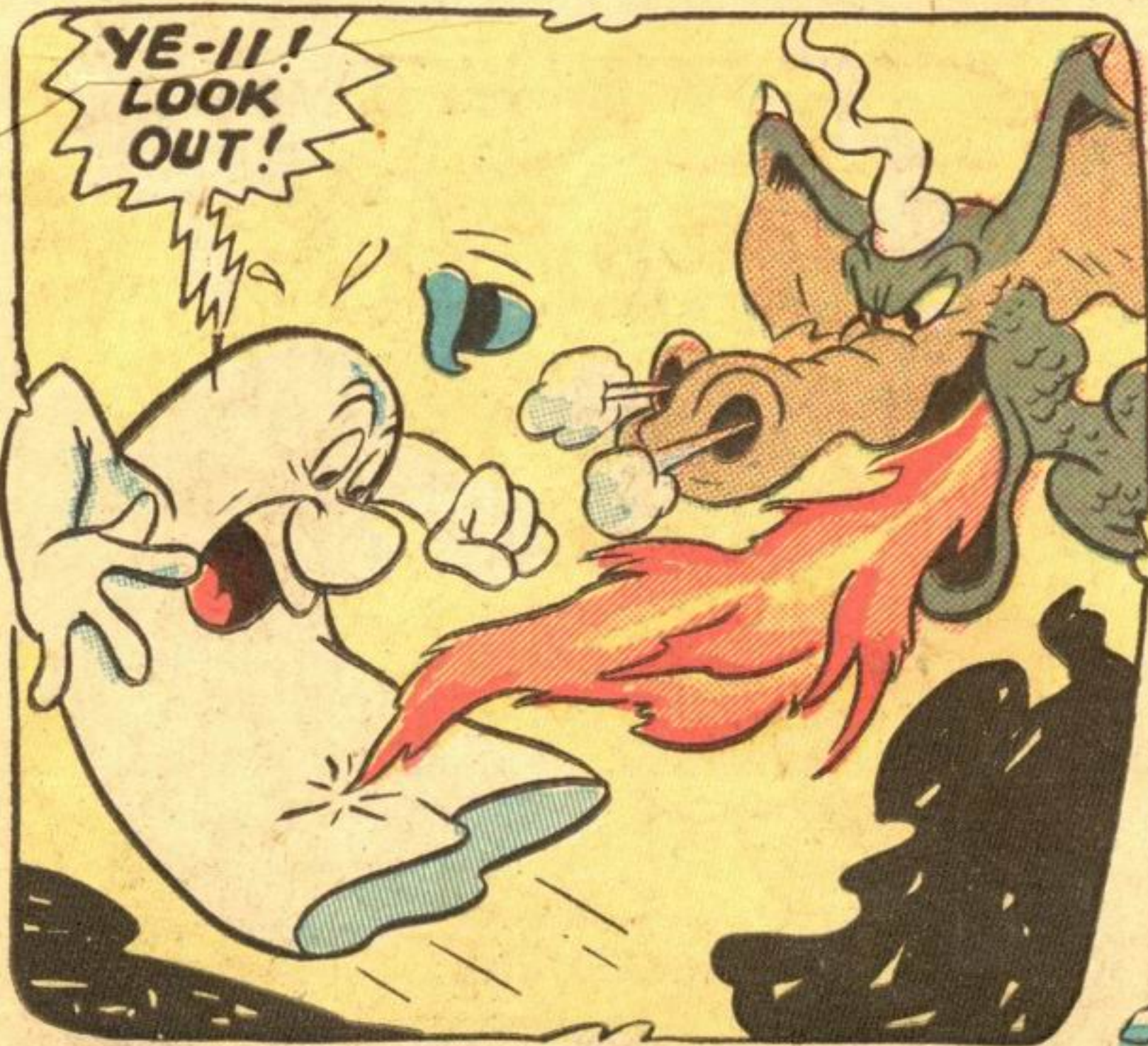


G-GOLLY! I KNOW EVERY GHOST IN THE UNITED STATES AND THEY ALL BELONG TO OUR OUTFIT! I-I-WONDER WHAT OR WHO IT CAN BE!... WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT...FOR IN I GO!



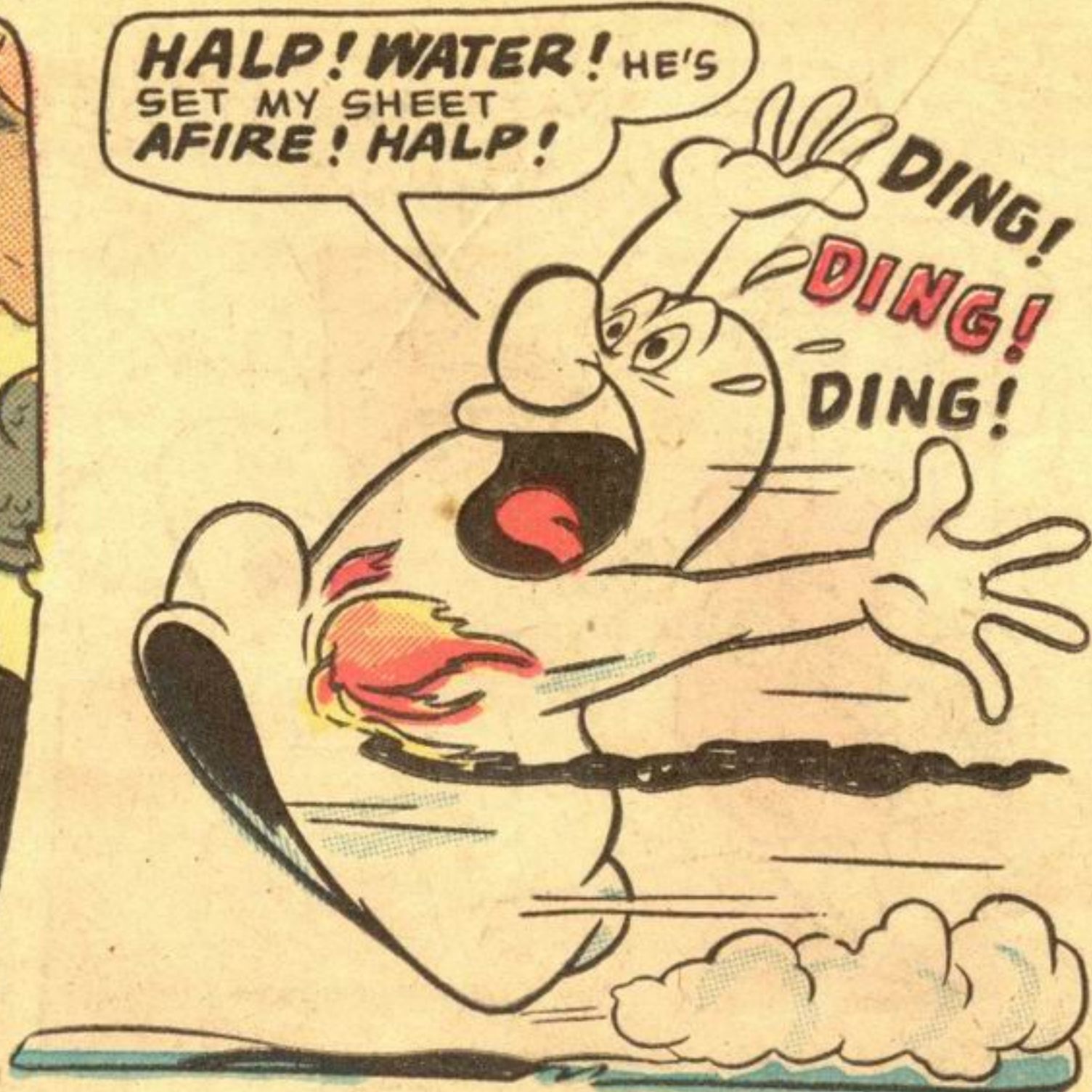




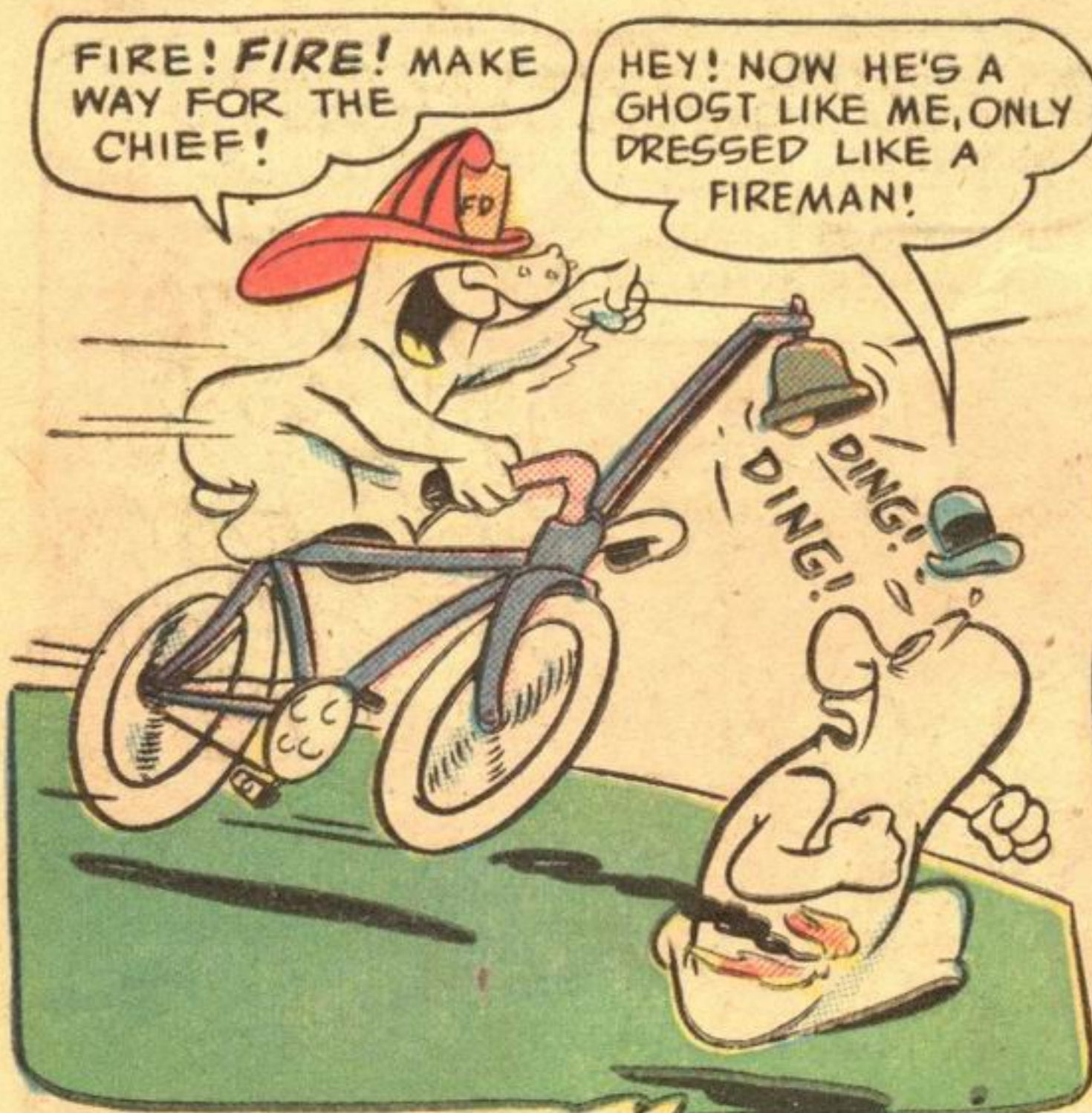


YE-EE!  
LOOK  
OUT!

HALP! WATER! HE'S  
SET MY SHEET  
AFIRE! HALP!



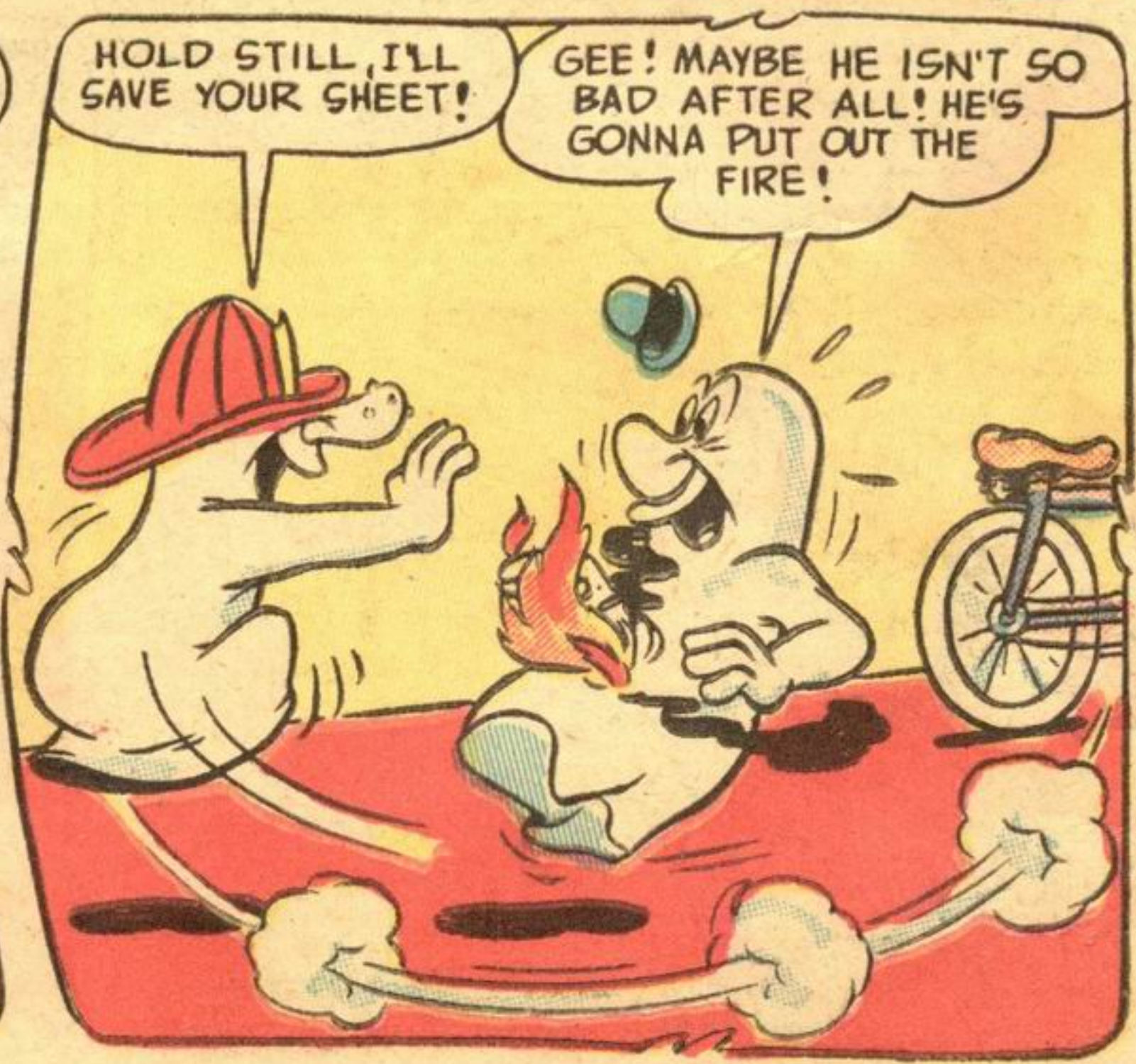
DING!  
DING!  
DING!



FIRE! FIRE! MAKE  
WAY FOR THE  
CHIEF!

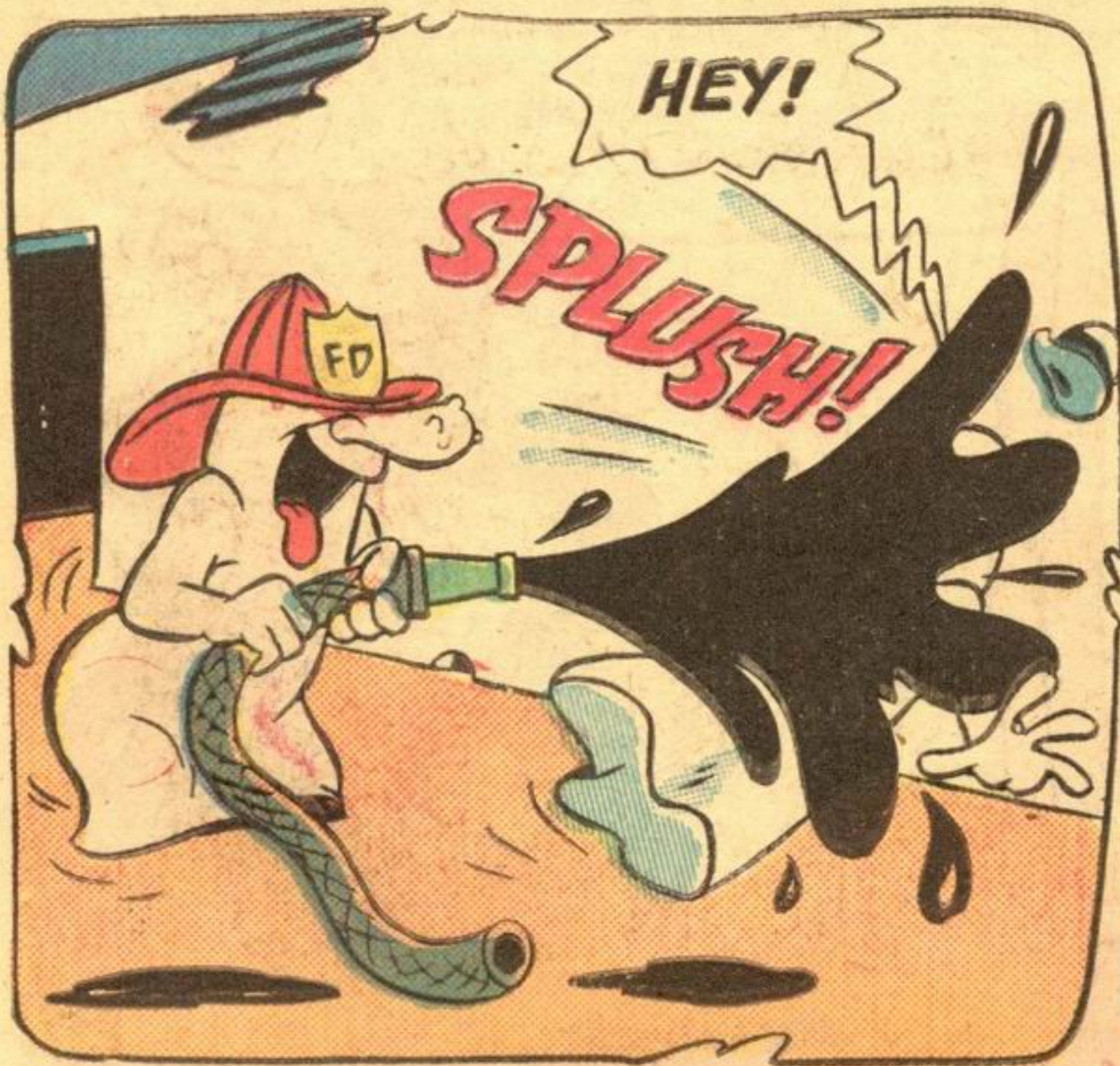
HEY! NOW HE'S A  
GHOST LIKE ME, ONLY  
DRESSED LIKE A  
FIREMAN!

DING!  
DING!



HOLD STILL, I'LL  
SAVE YOUR SHEET!

GEE! MAYBE HE ISN'T SO  
BAD AFTER ALL! HE'S  
GONNA PUT OUT THE  
FIRE!



HEY!

SPLUSH!

BLUB! THAT WASN'T WATER! HE  
COVERED ME WITH TAR!



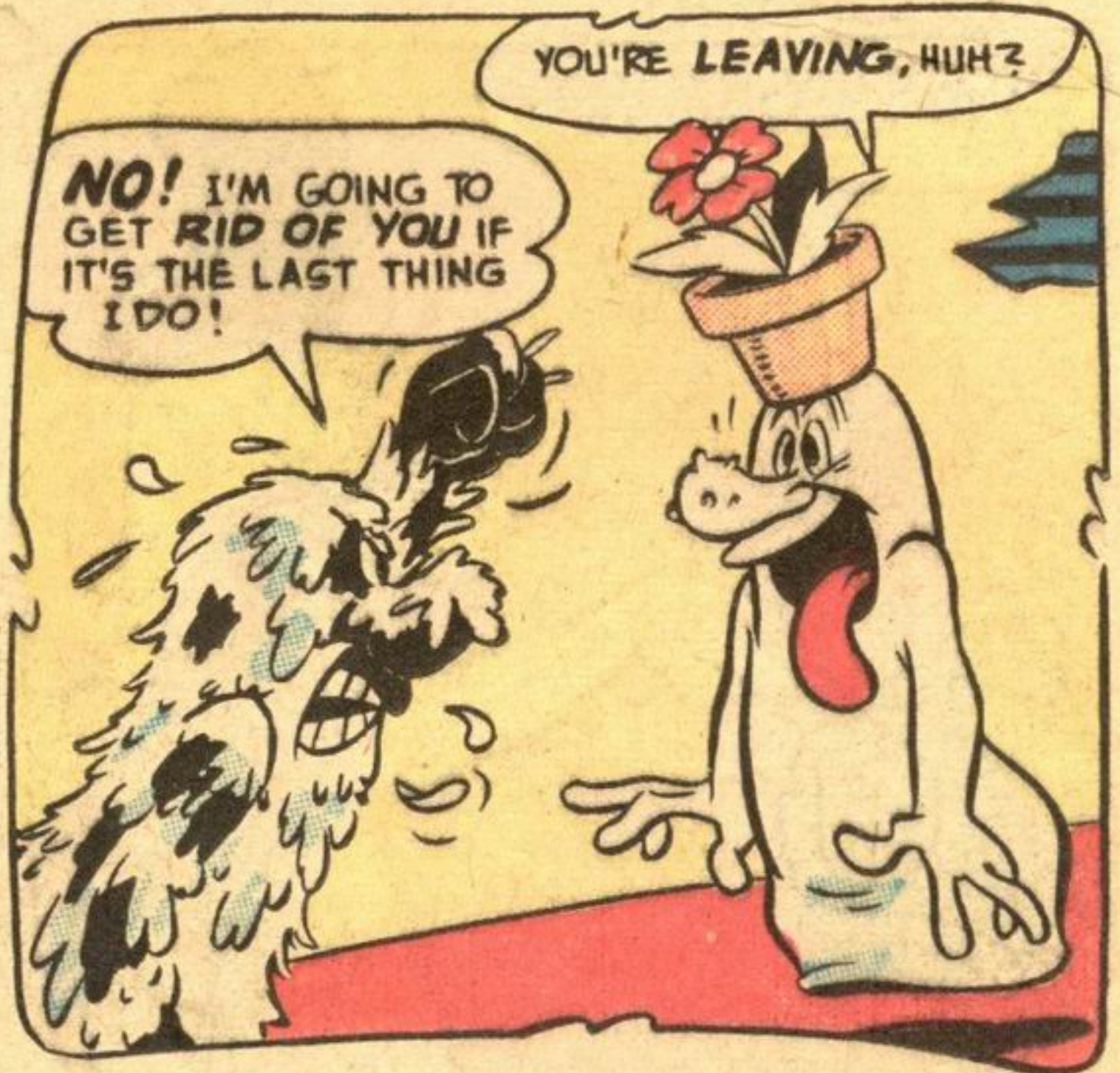


... AND FEATHERS!



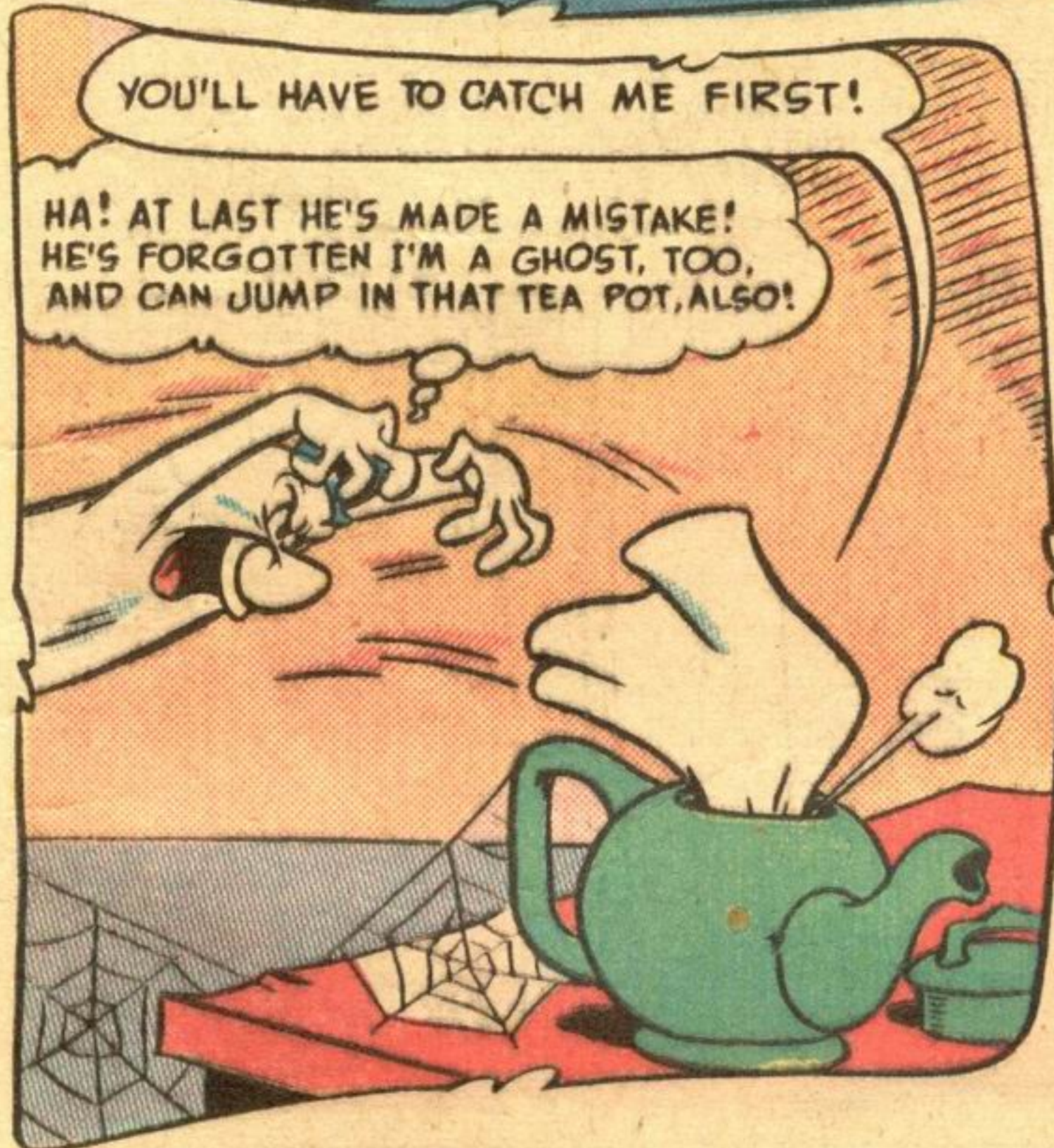
YOU'RE LEAVING, HUH?

NO! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



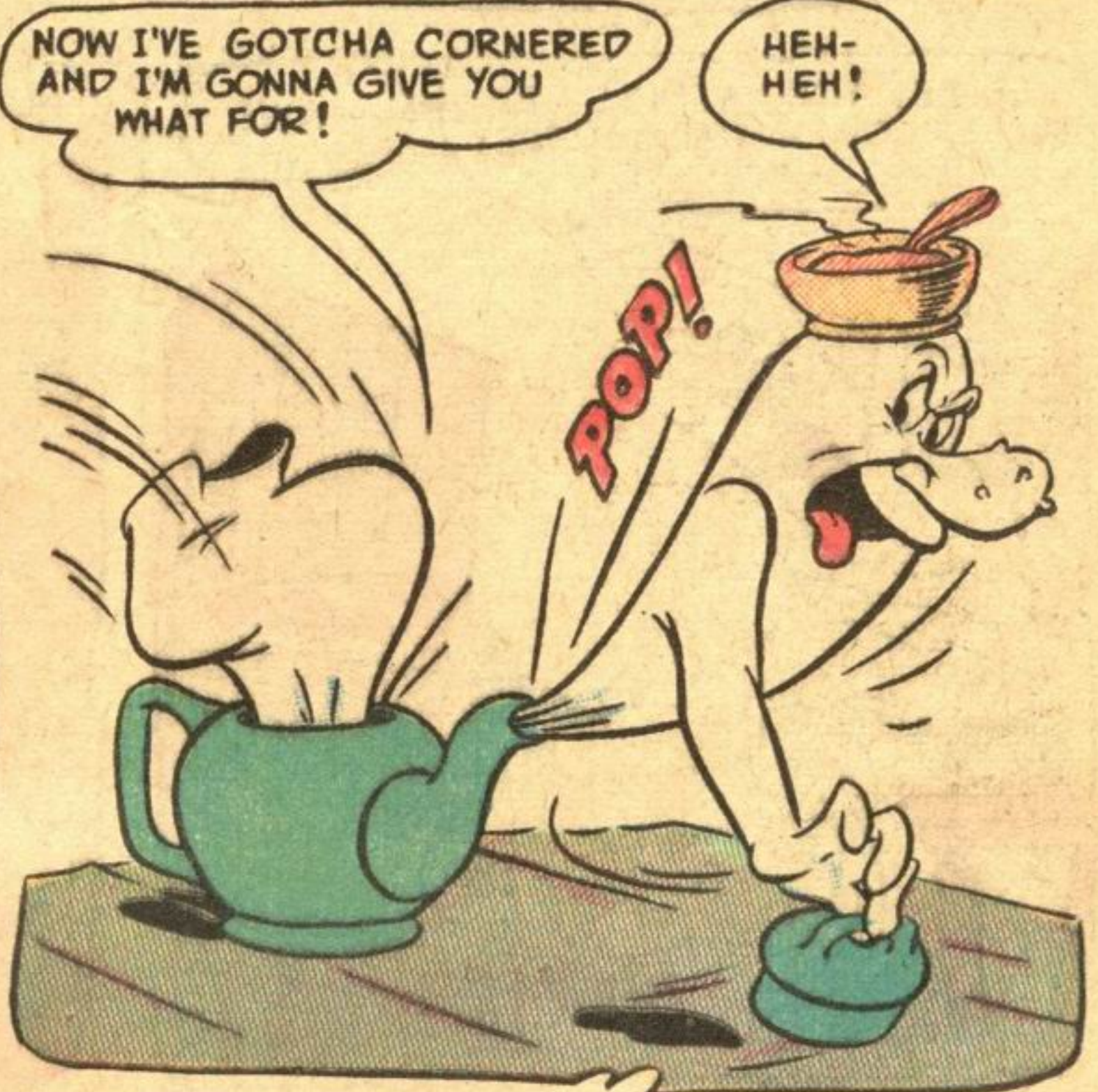
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!

HA! AT LAST HE'S MADE A MISTAKE! HE'S FORGOTTEN I'M A GHOST, TOO, AND CAN JUMP IN THAT TEA POT, ALSO!

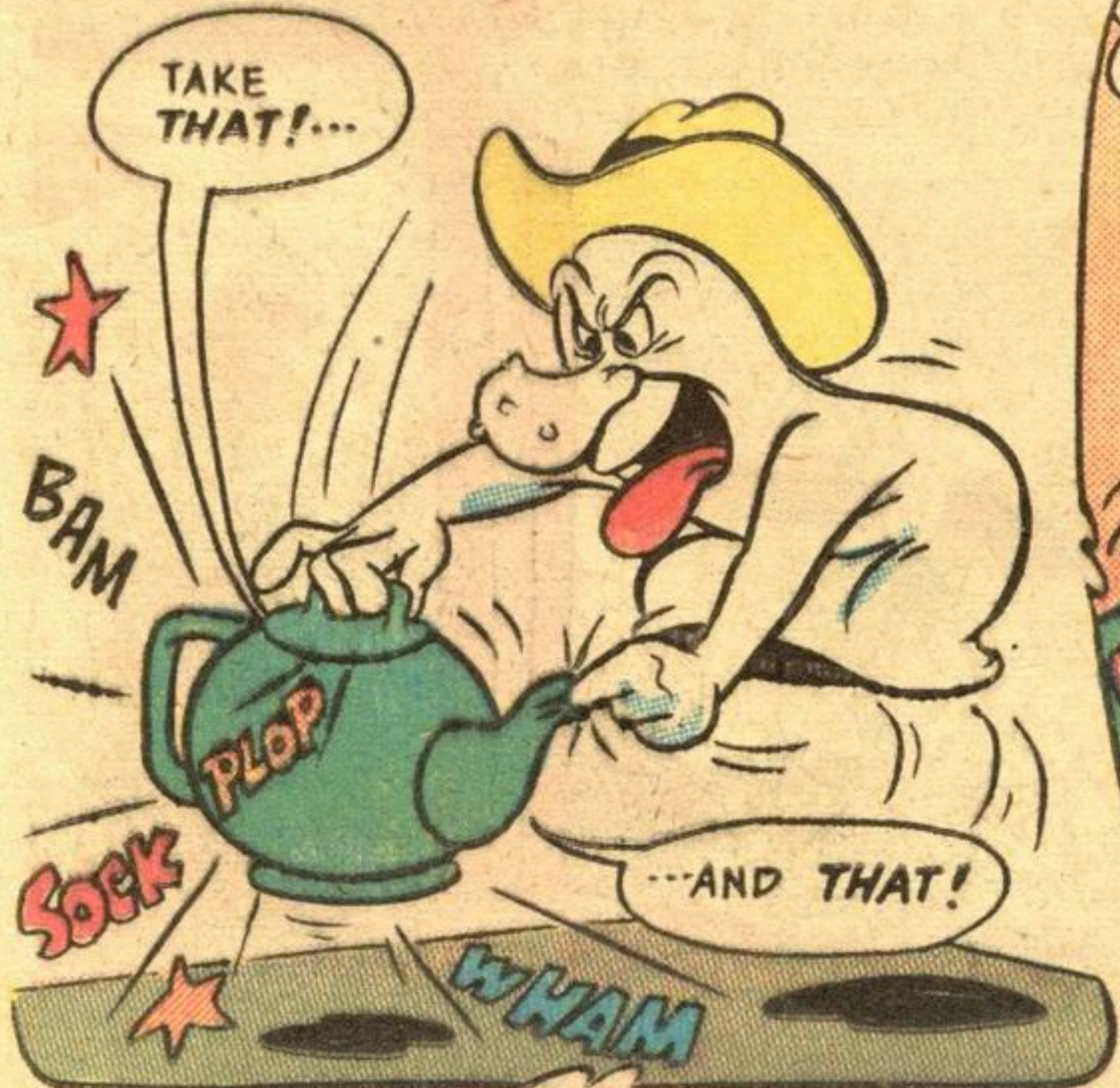


NOW I'VE GOTCHA CORNERED AND I'M GONNA GIVE YOU WHAT FOR!

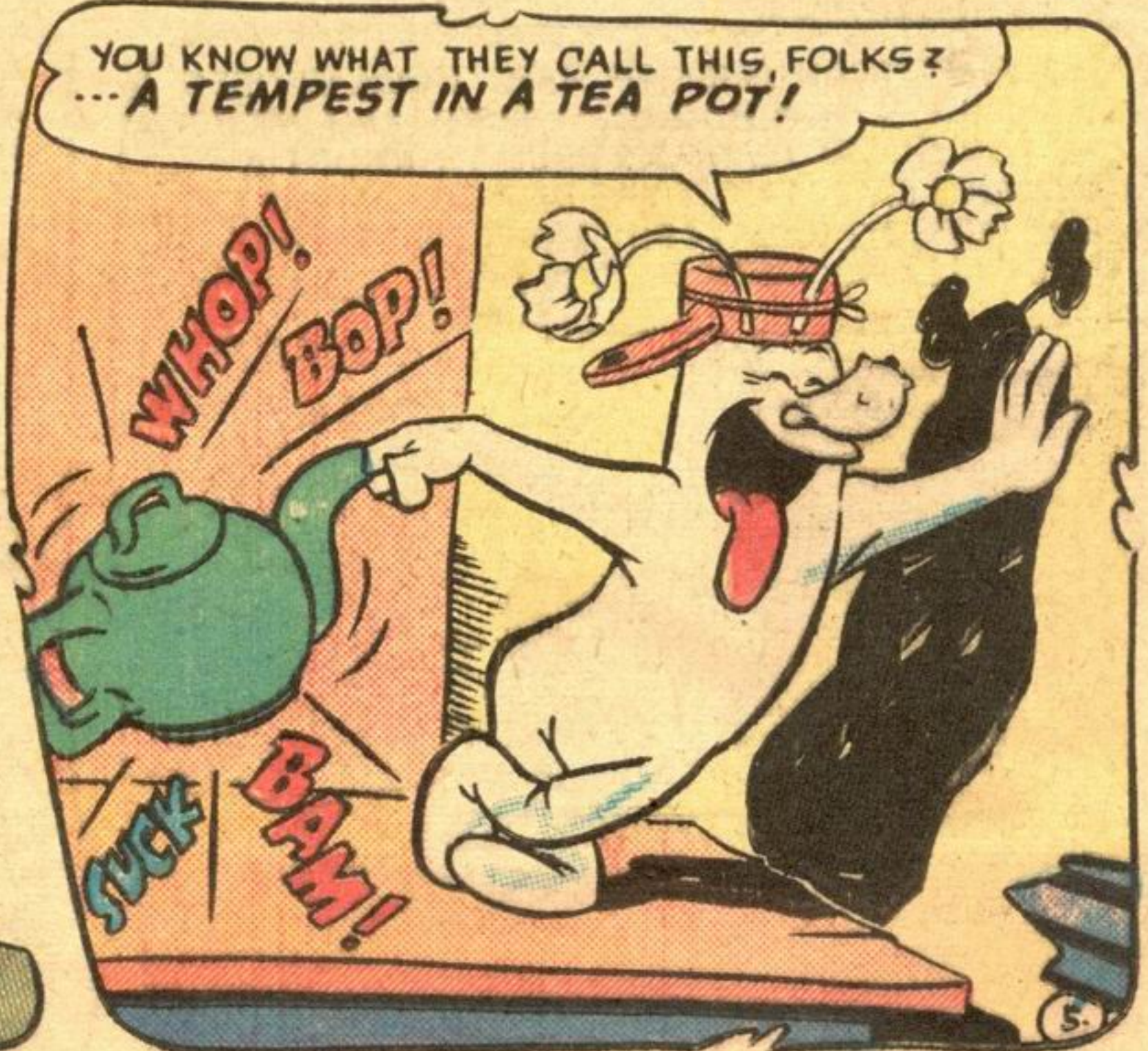
HEH-HEH!



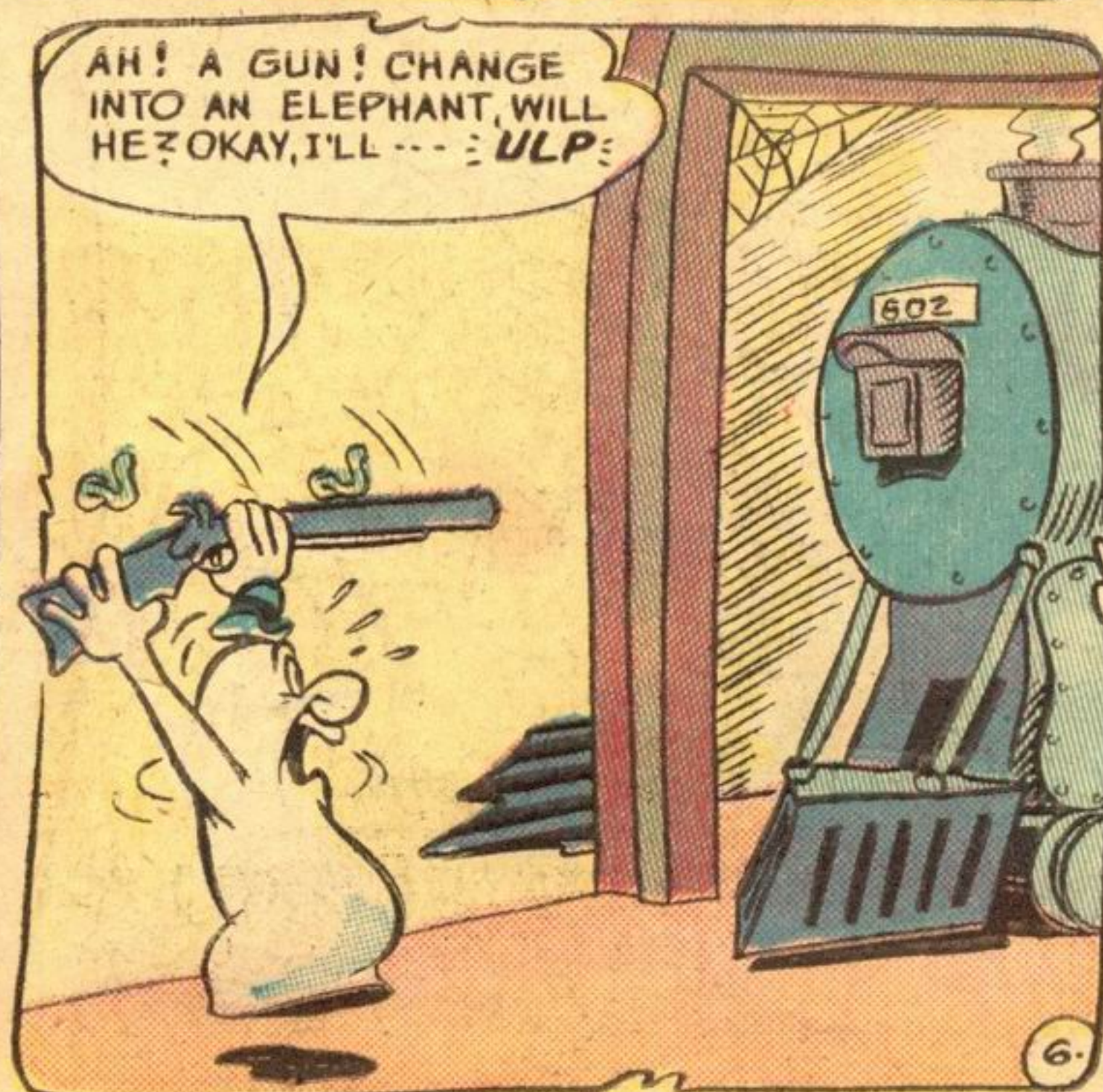
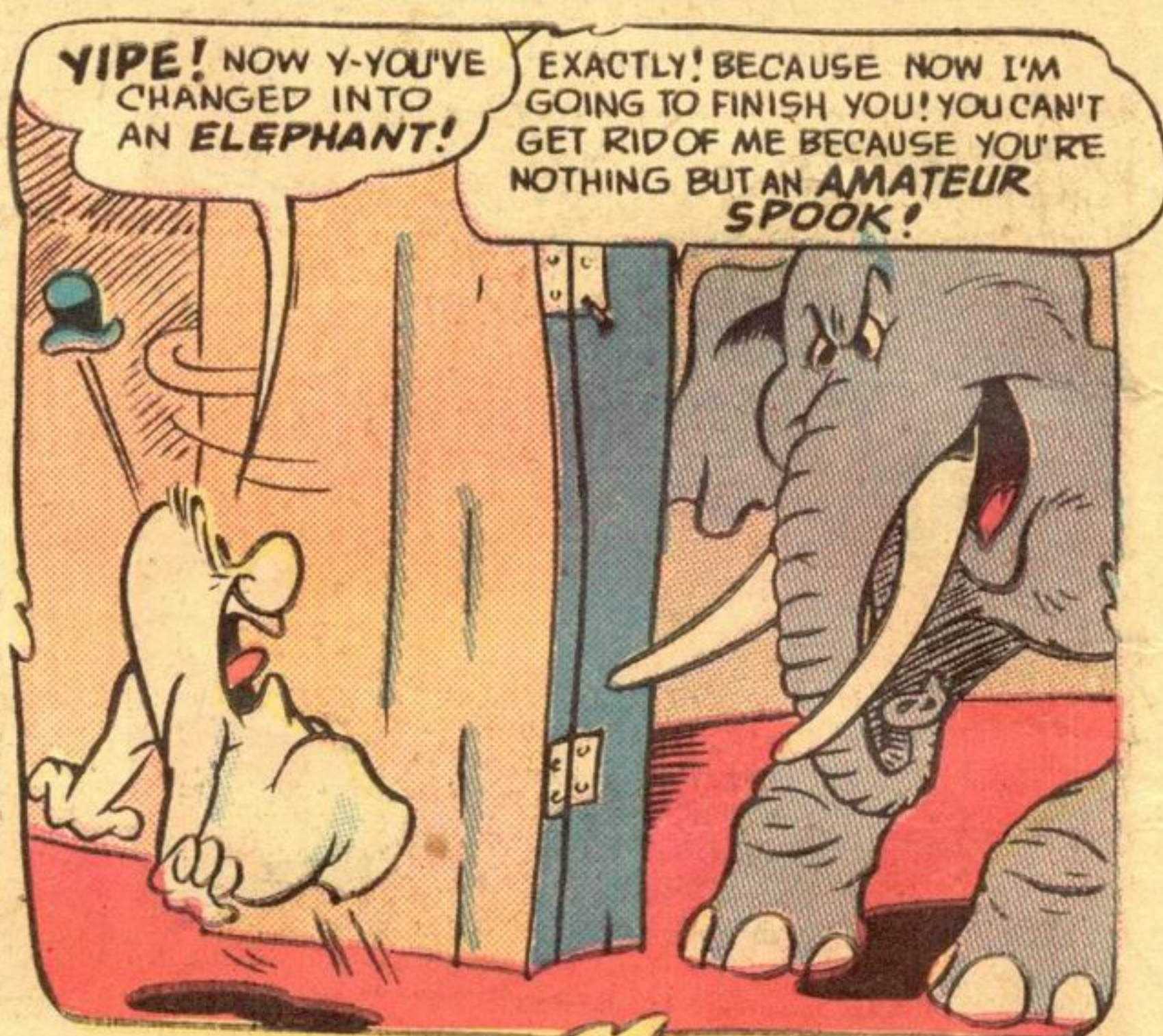
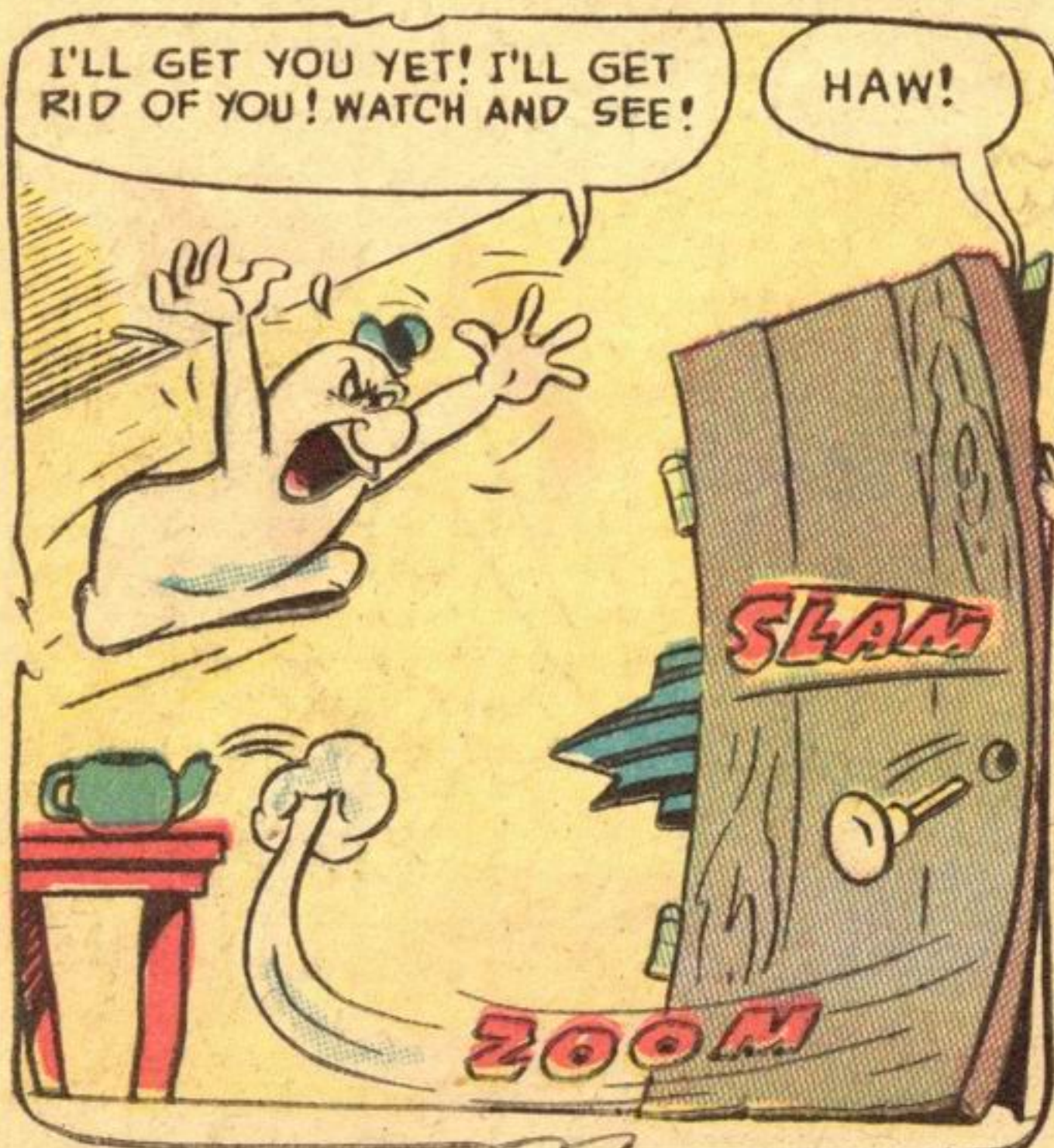
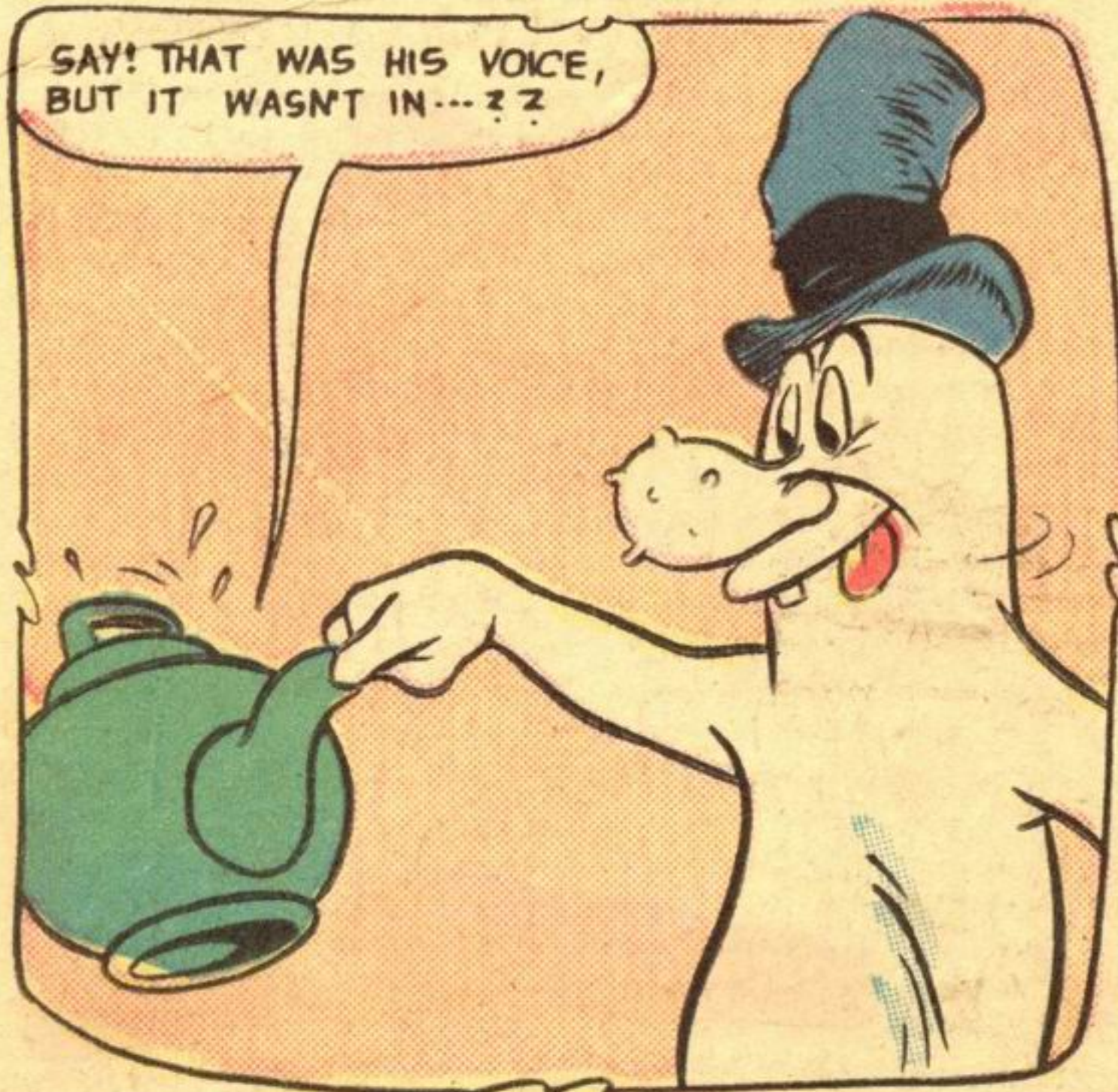
TAKE THAT!...



YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THIS, FOLKS? ...A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT!



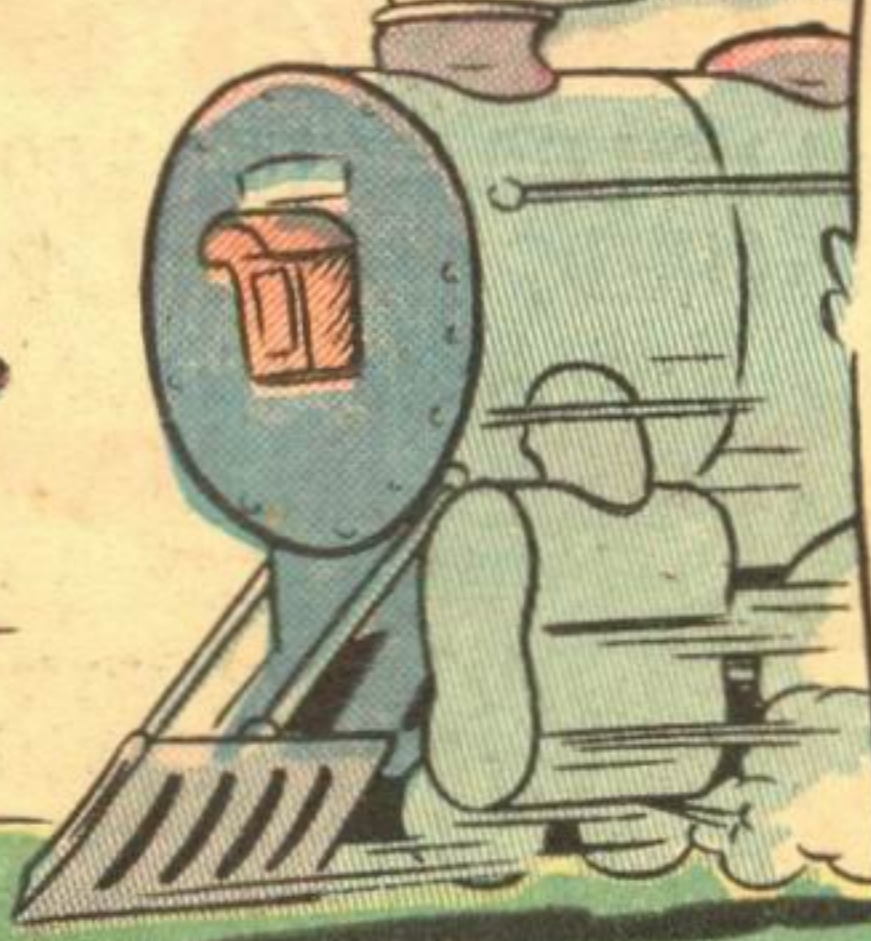






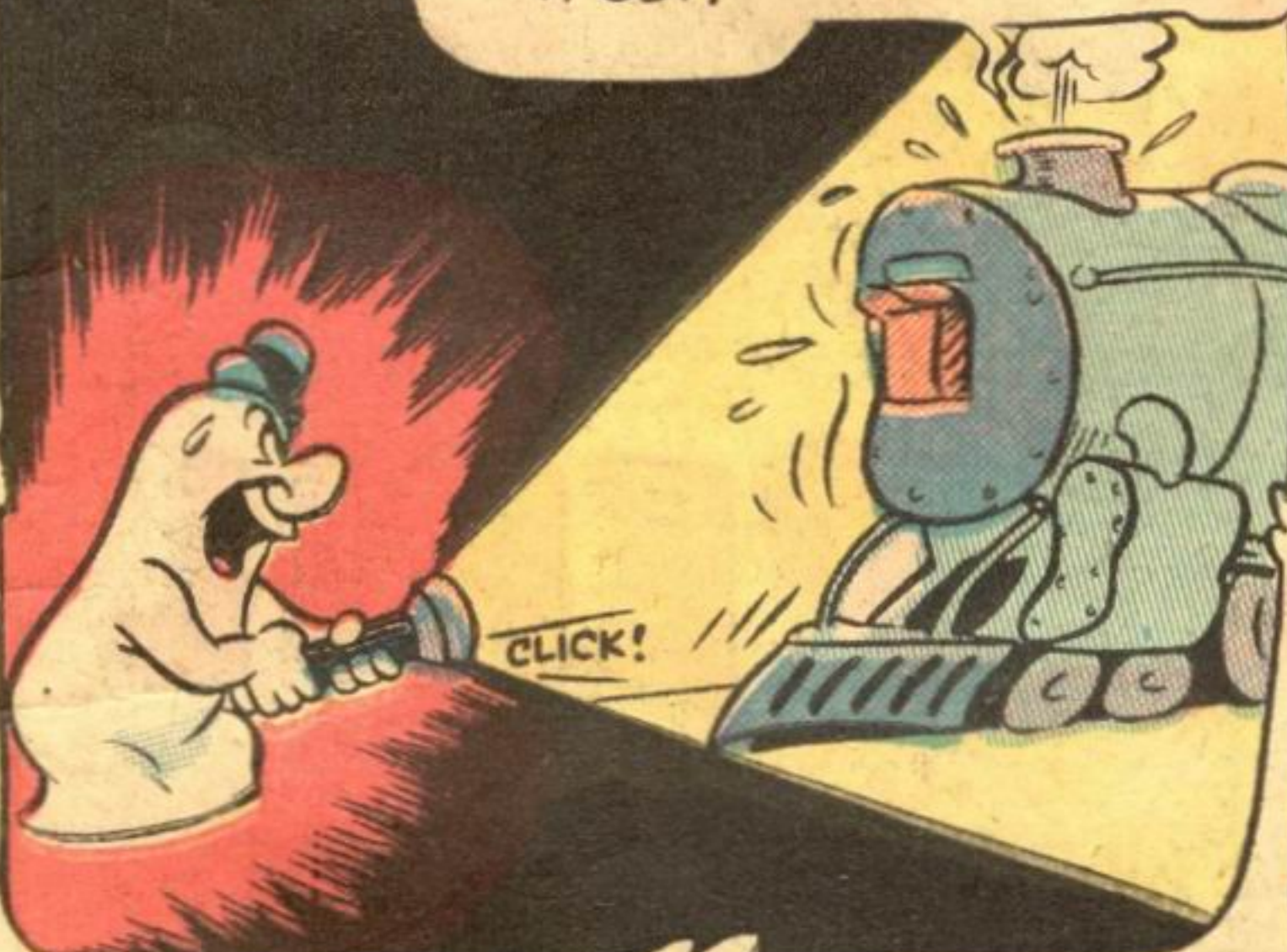
NOW HE'S CHANGED INTO A LOCOMOTIVE! HIS 5000 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! UNLESS I THINK OF SOMETHING FAST, I'M **FINISHED!**

HA!



OKAY, FRIEND! I'VE GOTCHA!

**YIII! LIGHT!** TURN IT OUT! LIGHT IS THE **ONE** THING A GHOST CAN'T STAND! TURN IT OUT! **HELP!** I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY--ONLY TURN IT OUT!

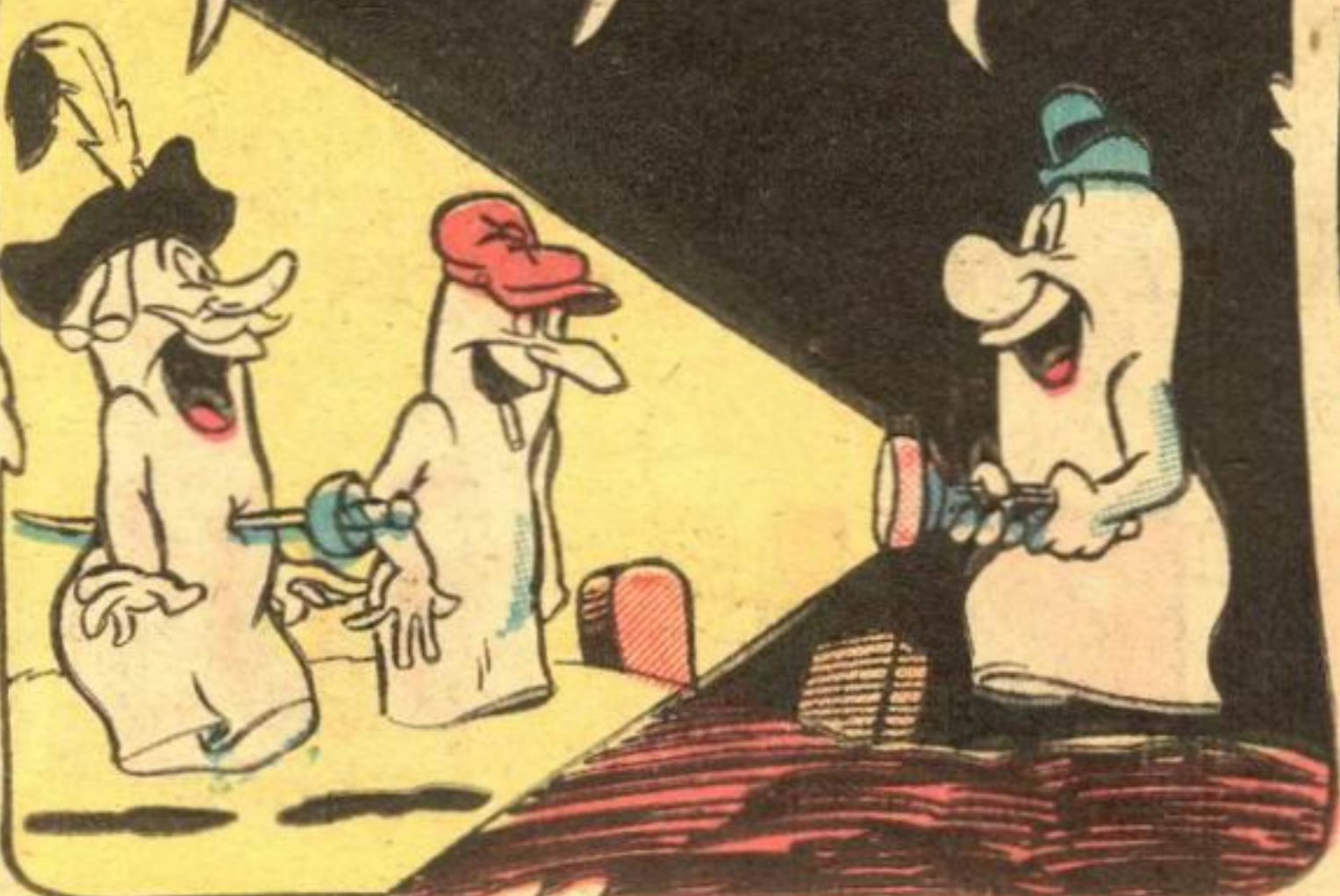


**AND LATER...**

GOSH, SPENCER YOU'RE **TERRIFIC!** AND NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY MANSION!

JEEPERS! HOW'D YA DO IT, SPENCE?

WELL, YA KNOW HOW GHOSTS FEEL ABOUT LIGHT!...I JUST CLICKED ON THIS FLASHLIGHT LIKE THIS, AND...



**A FLASHLIGHT!**  
...THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT!



So...

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE AN AMERICAN GHOST! WE MAY BE YOUNG AS GHOSTS GO, BUT WE'RE CLEVER! NOW JUST TO SHOW YA WE'RE GOOD TOO, I'LL TELL YA WHERE THERE'S A NICE CAVE TO HAUNT!

YOU WILL? GEE, I'D LOVE THAT--AND I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID!



WE DIDN'T ASK YOU TO **SHOW** US---WE SAID **TELL** US!---SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO **YOU** NOT TO TURN A LIGHT ON GHOSTS AGAIN!



THE END!





BE SURE TO HAVE  
**Cracker Jack**

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT  
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-  
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT  
*IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!*



*Announcing*

**OPERATION: PERIL**



... NEWEST AND GREATEST  
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE  
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH  
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE  
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT  
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF  
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE  
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!


**OPERATION: PERIL**

**10¢** ON  
ALL  
STANDS



# The **DUKE** and the **DOPE**

in  
**MAP HAPPY!**



WHAT AN EERIE TOWN...  
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUT OF  
THE PAGES OF "TREASURE  
ISLAND!"... STAY CLOSE,  
AND TALK TO NO ONE,  
DOPE! WE'LL HURRY  
THROUGH THIS  
PLACE!

YOU ARE NOW  
ENTERING  
**BLACKSKULL**

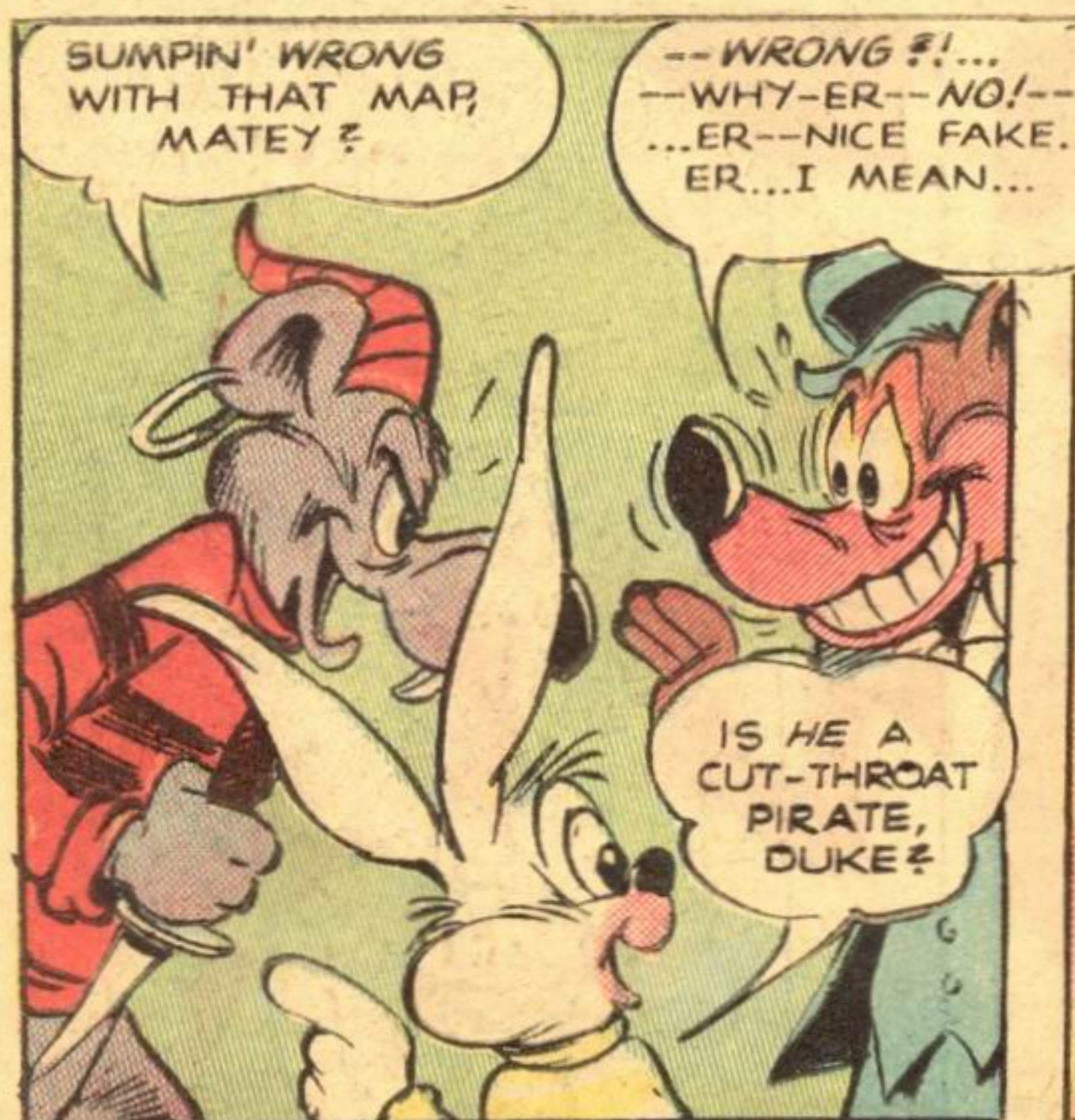
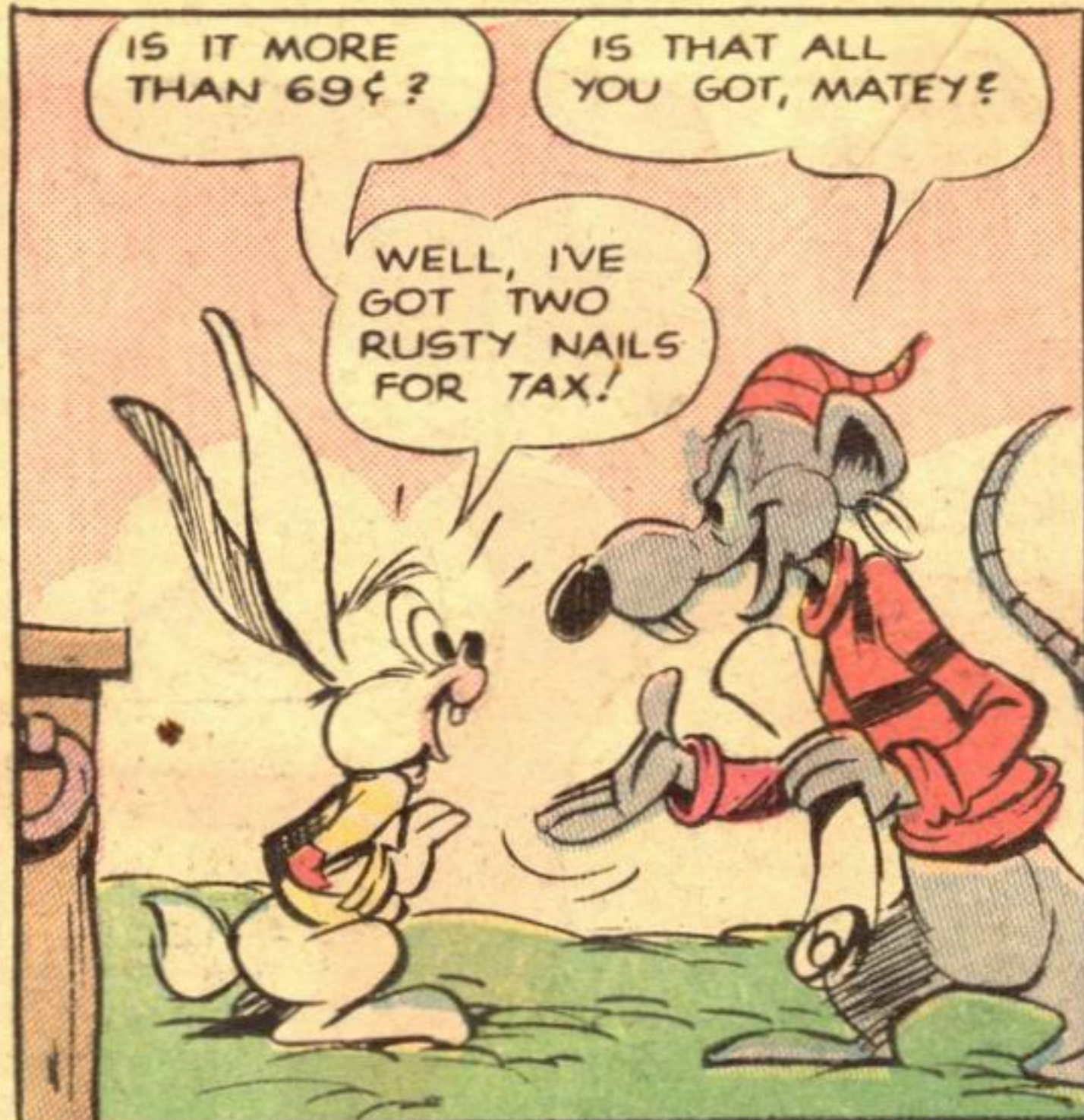


...ER-HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN!  
HEH!...HEH! JUST PASSING  
THROUGH!

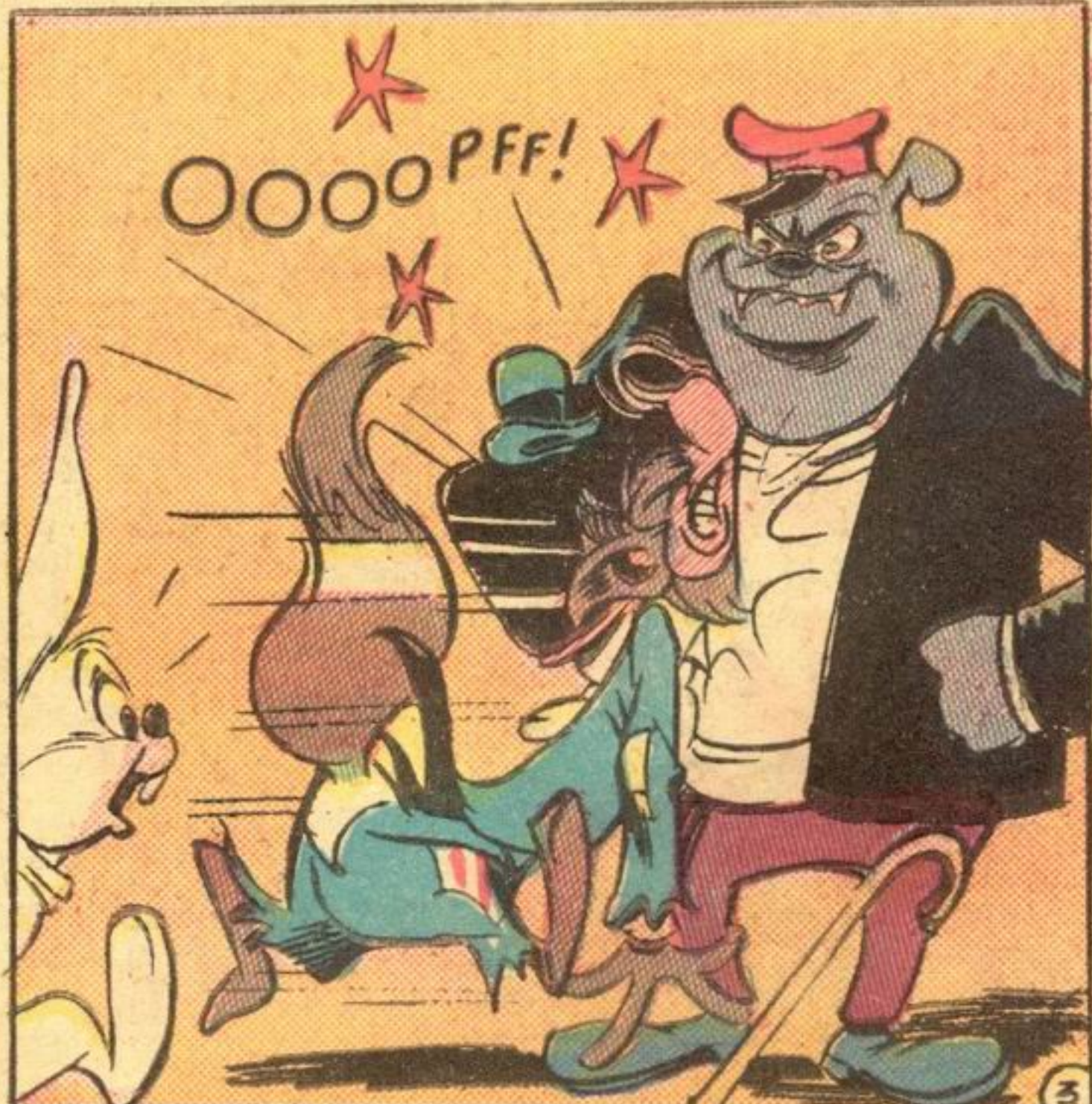
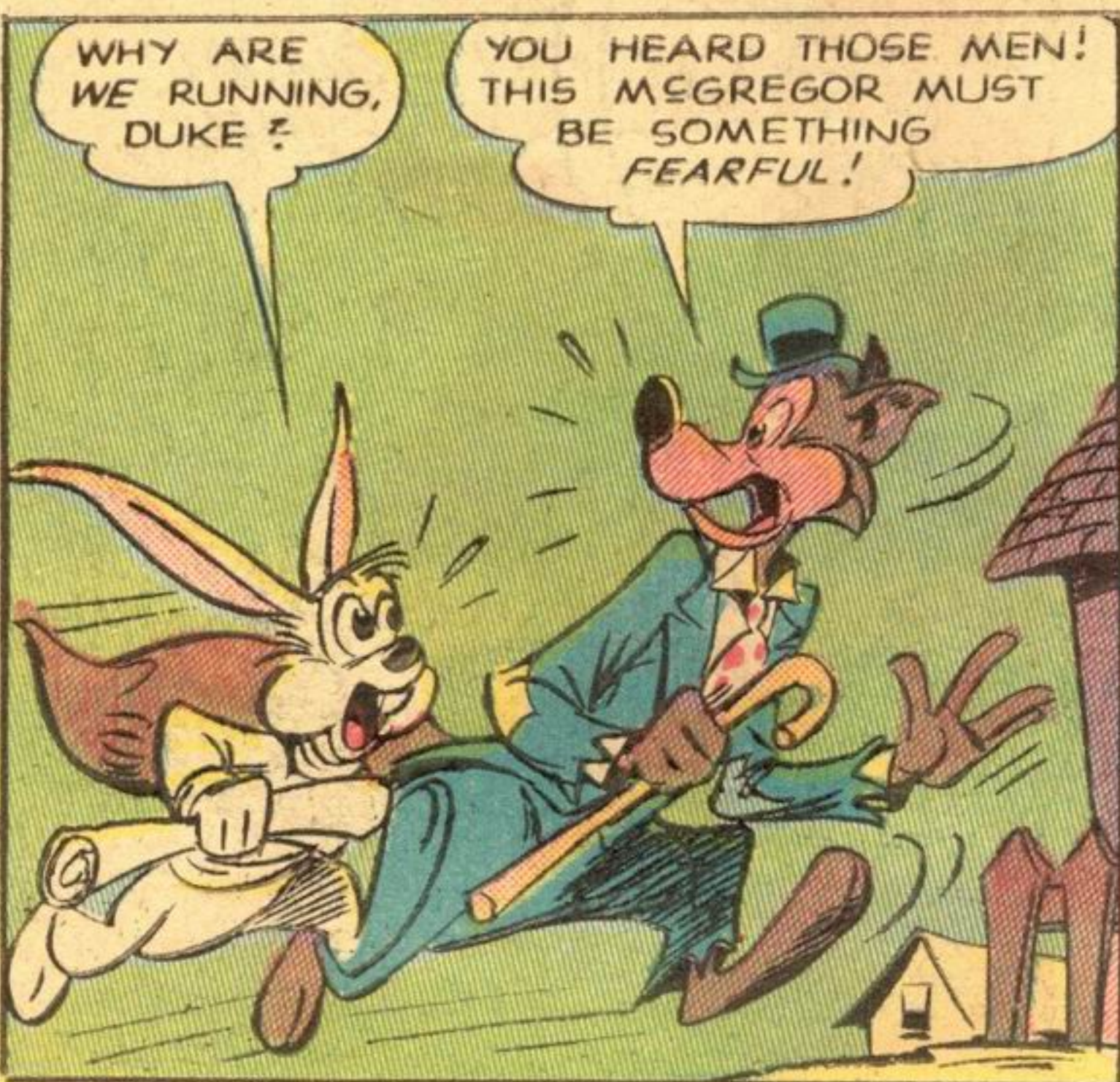
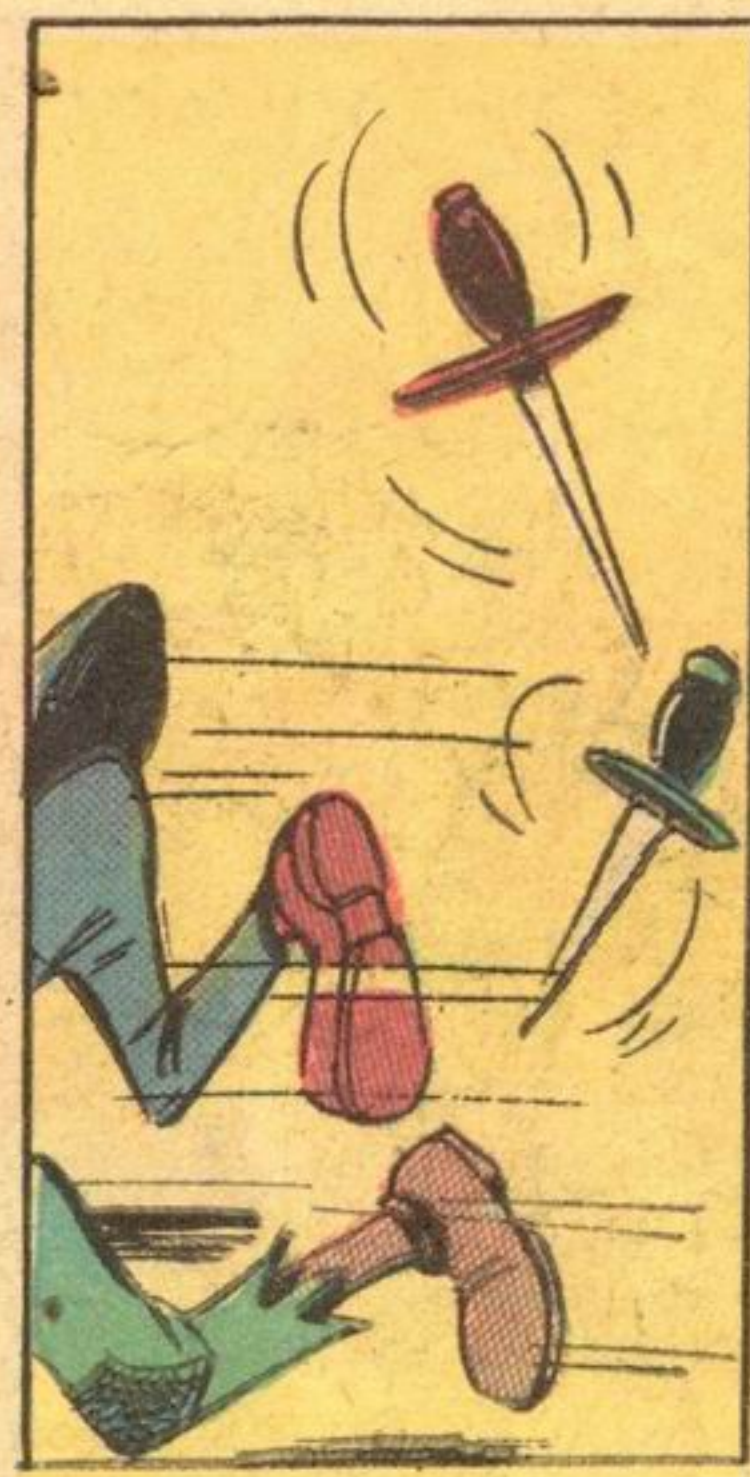
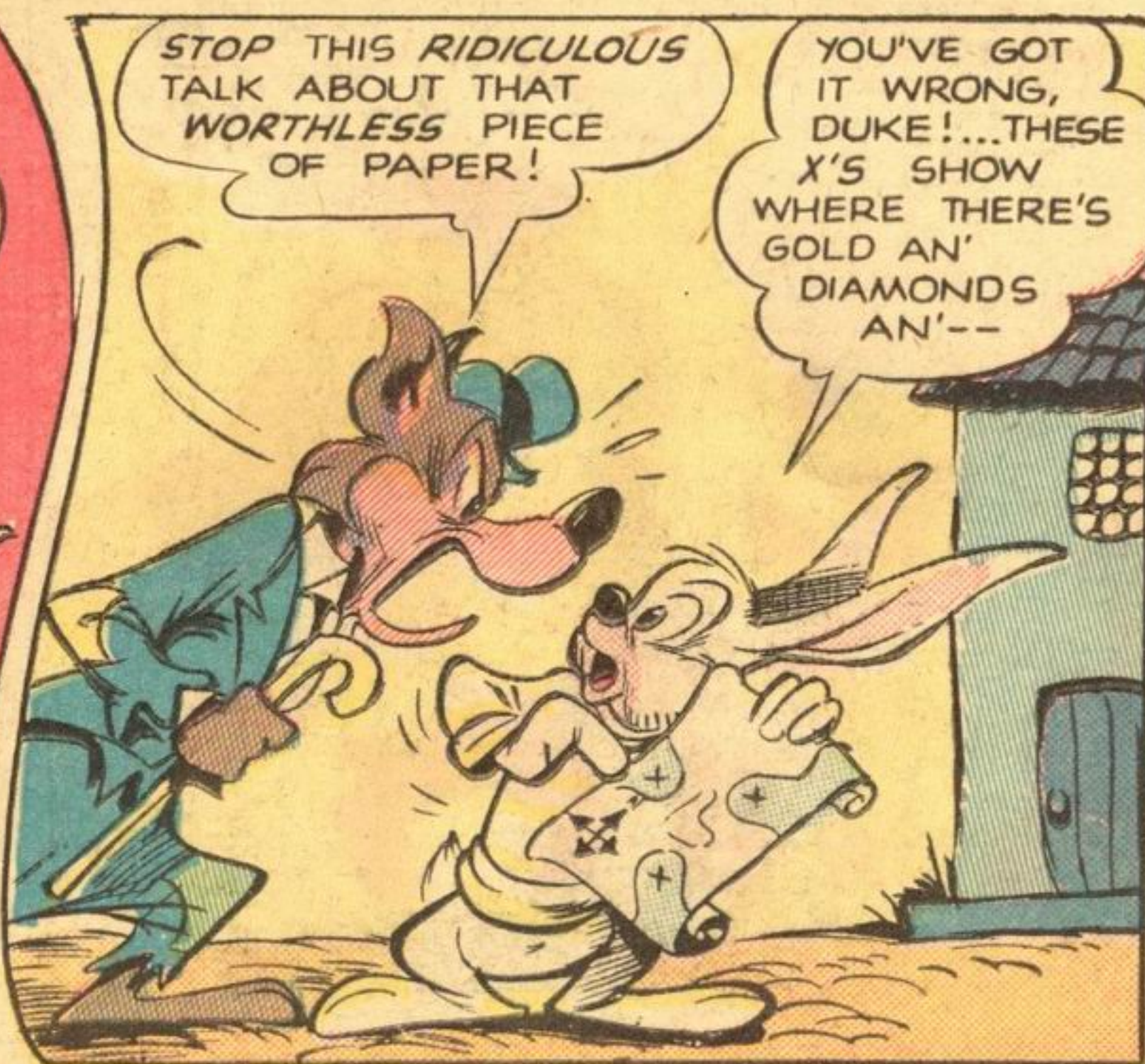
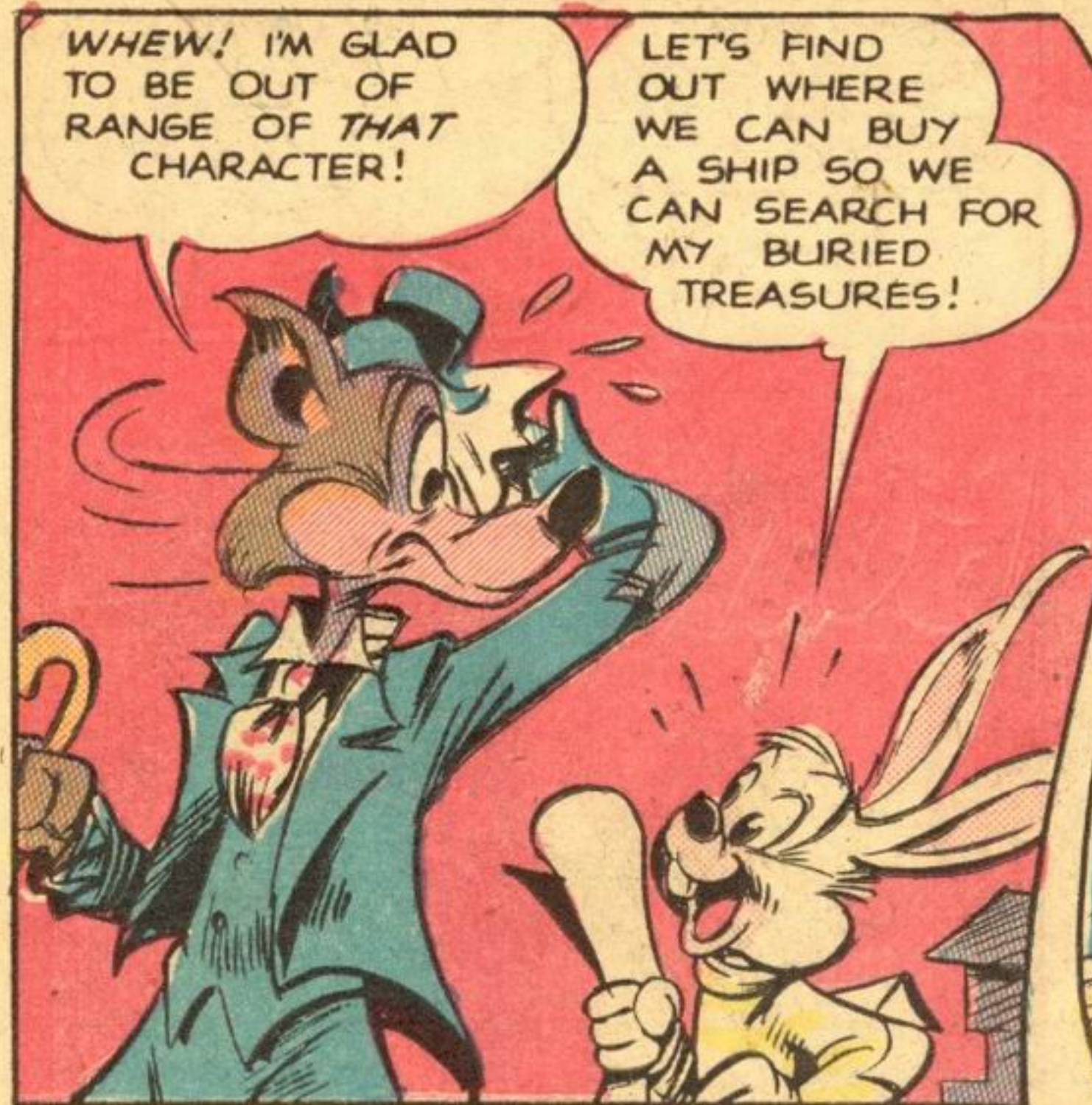
AH... HURRY  
ALONG, DOPE!

PSST! LONG  
EARS!...YUH  
WANNA BUY  
A TREASURE  
MAP CHEAP?

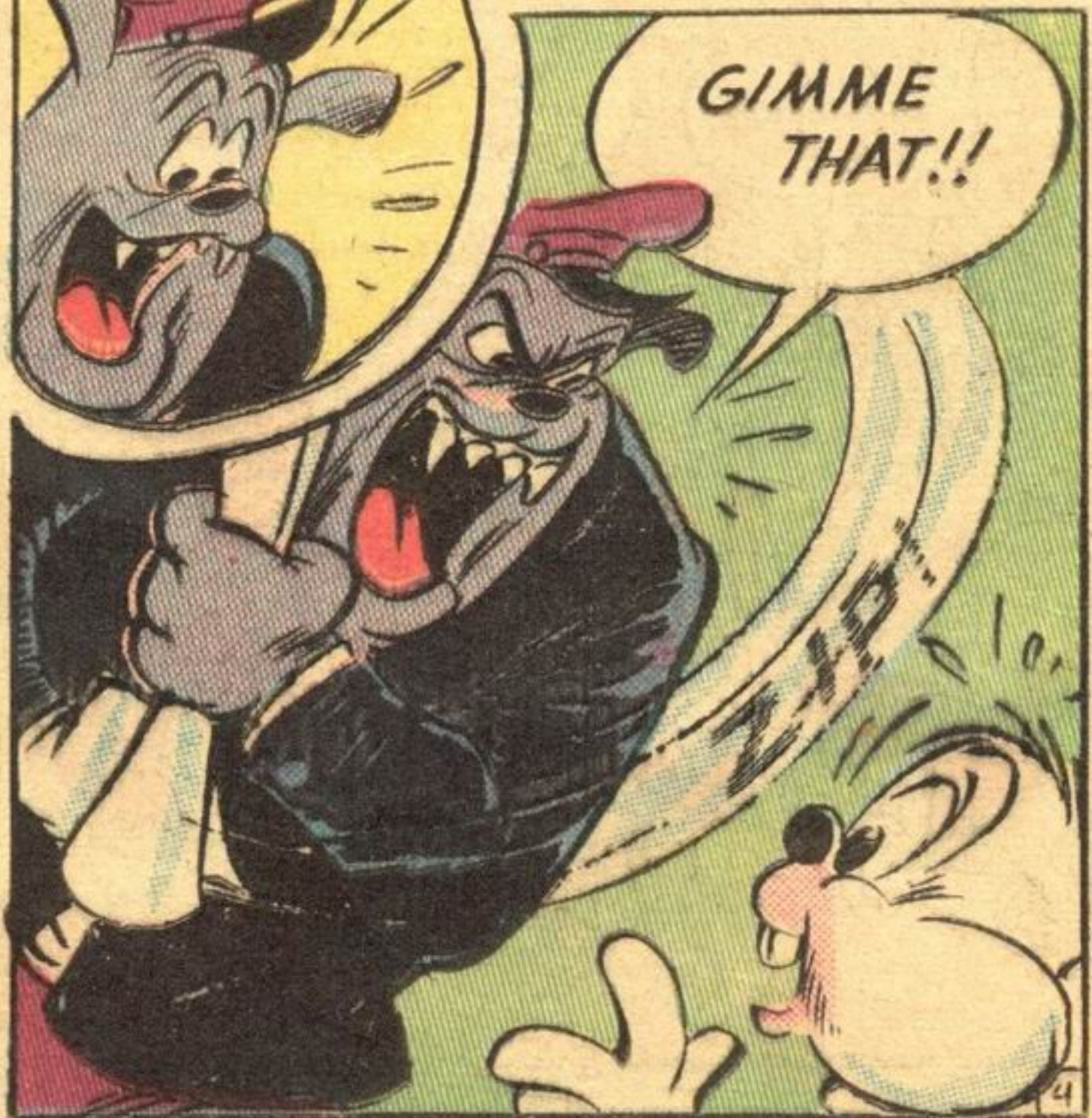
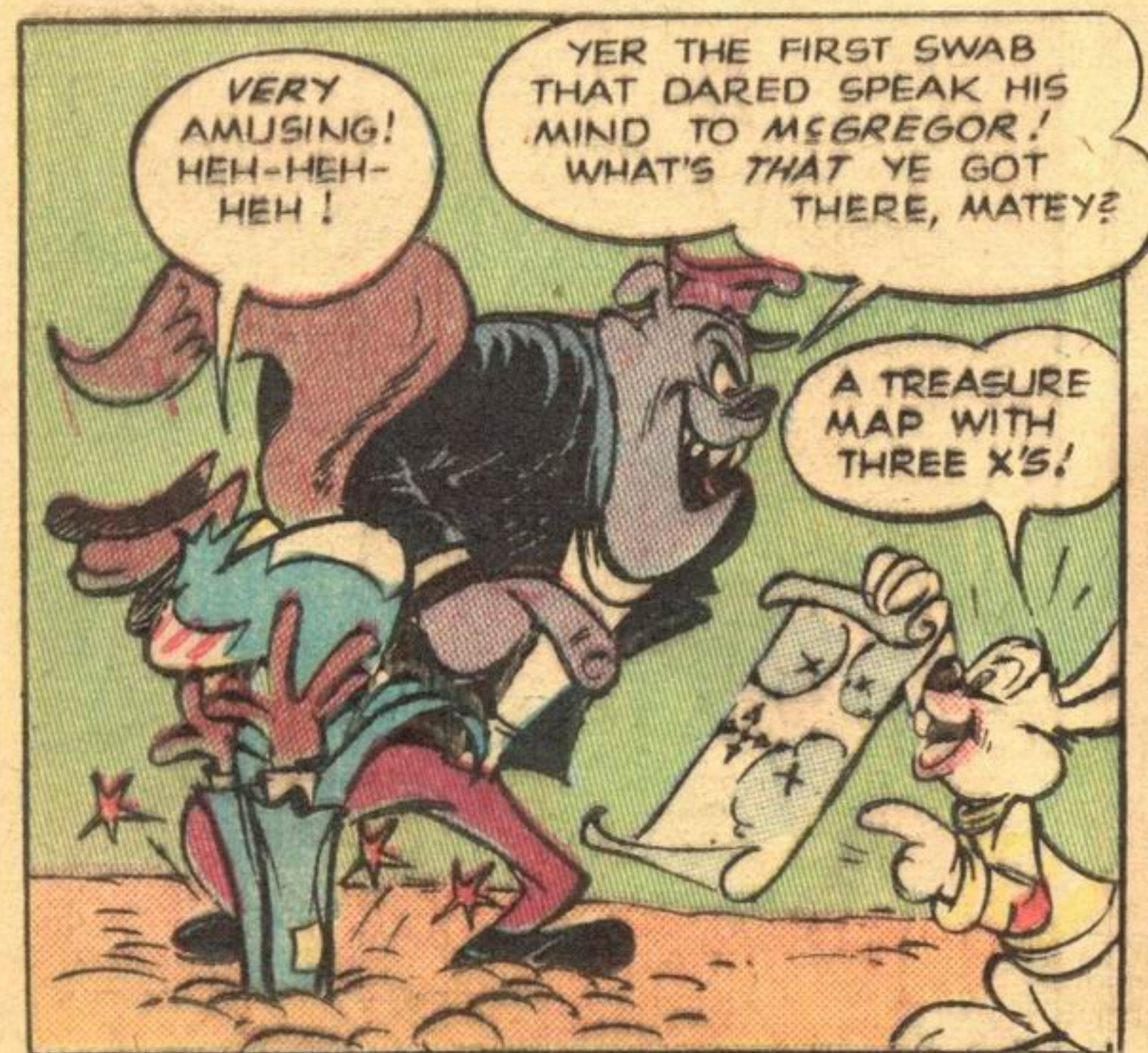
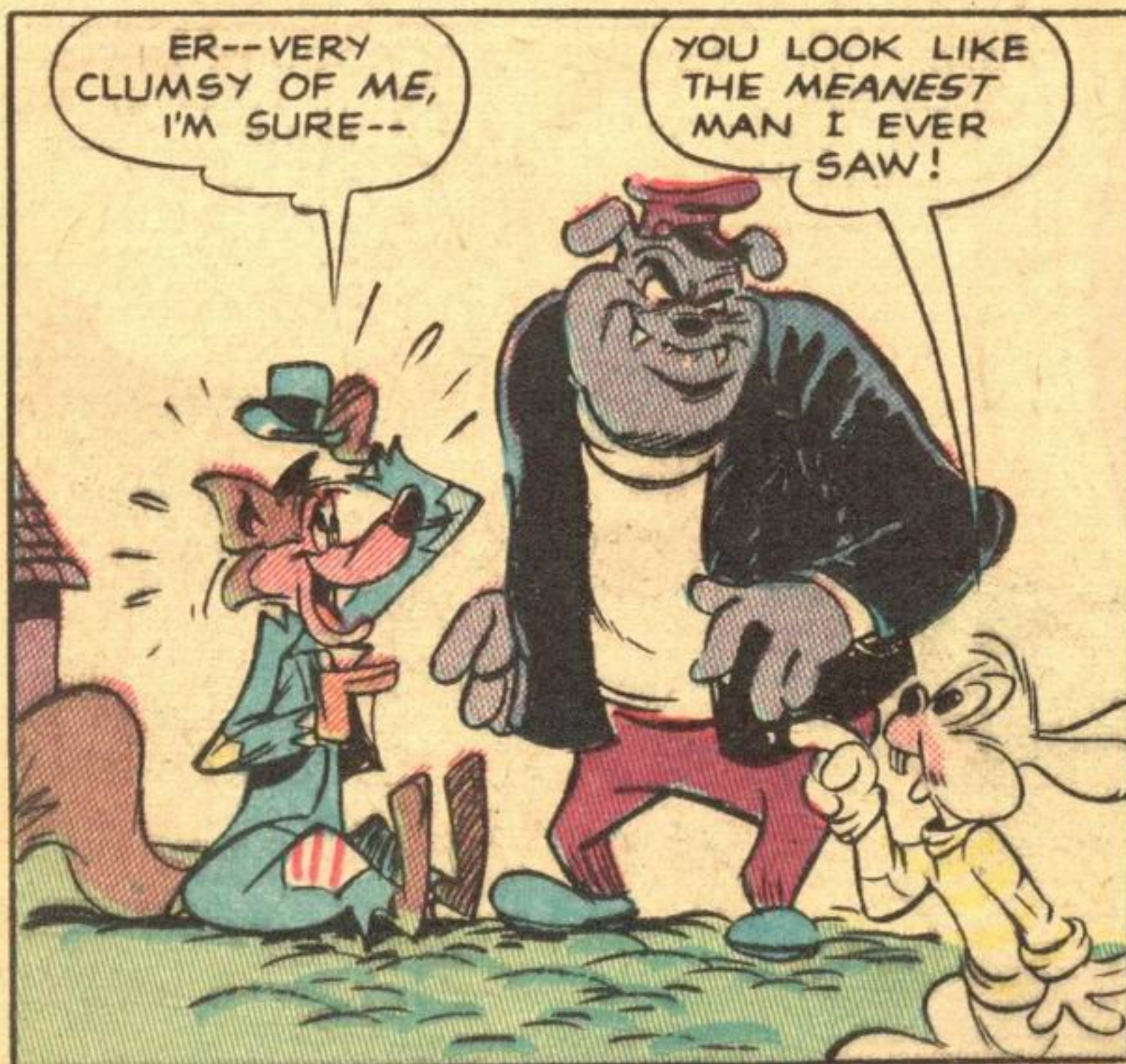








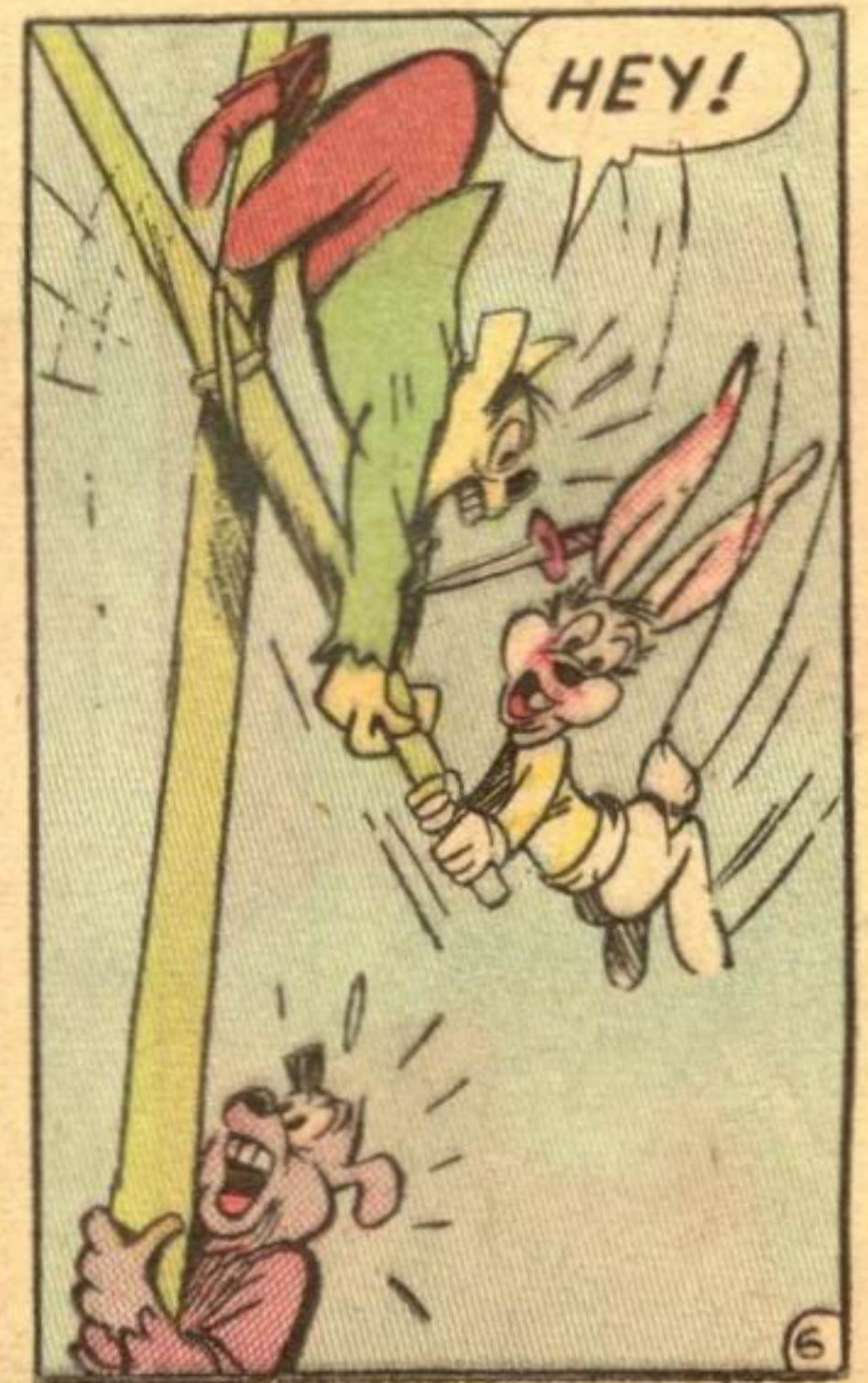
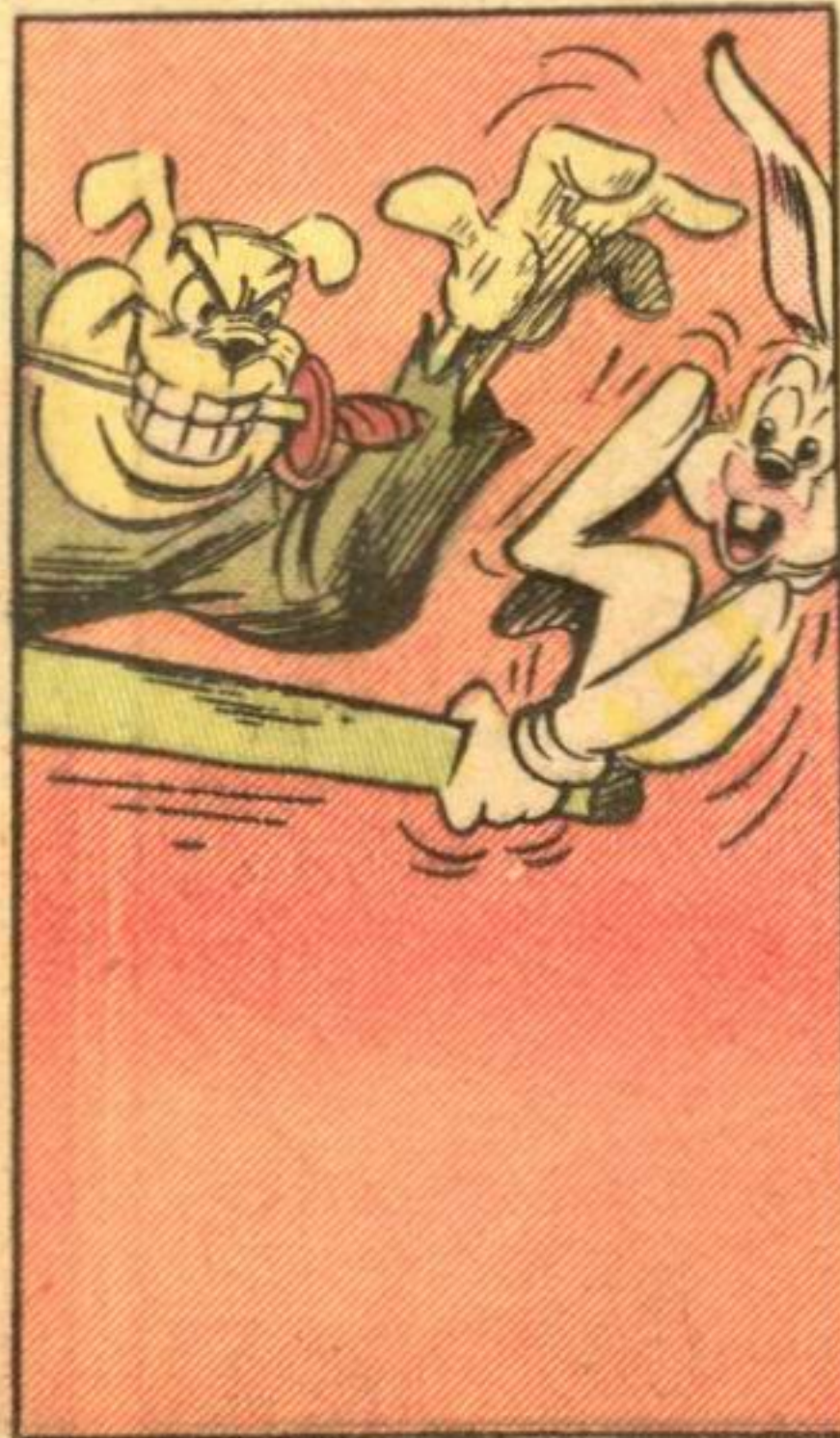
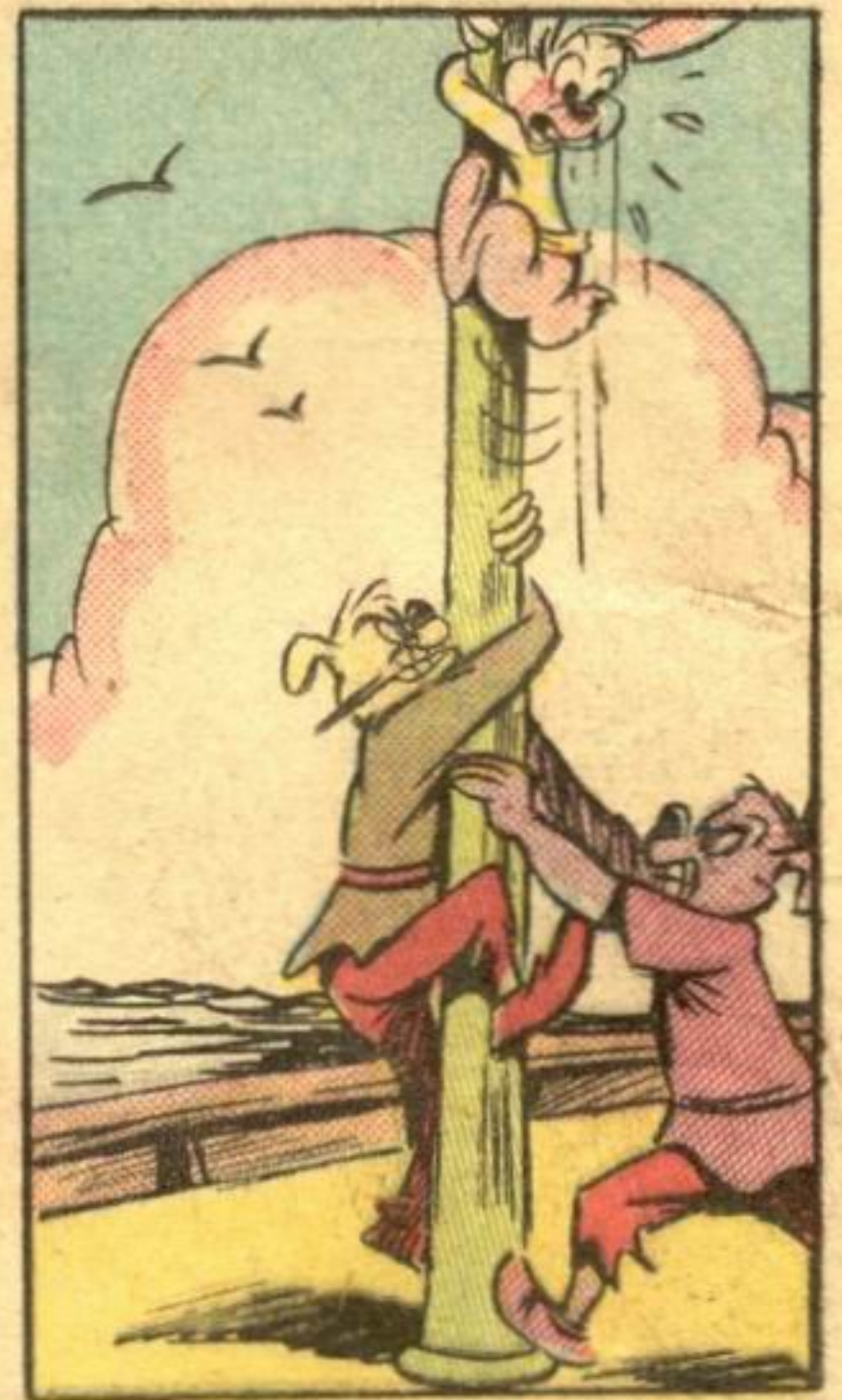
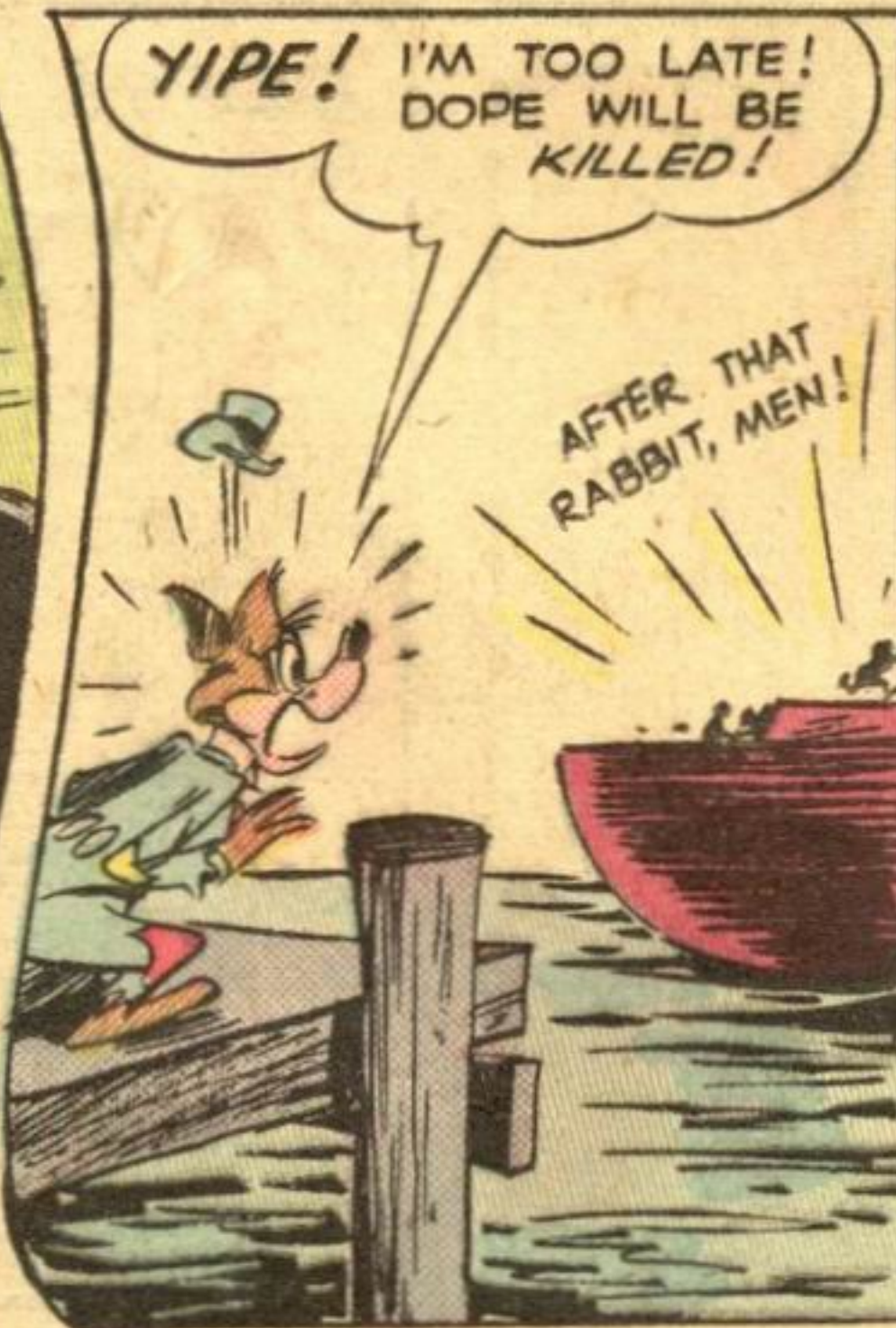
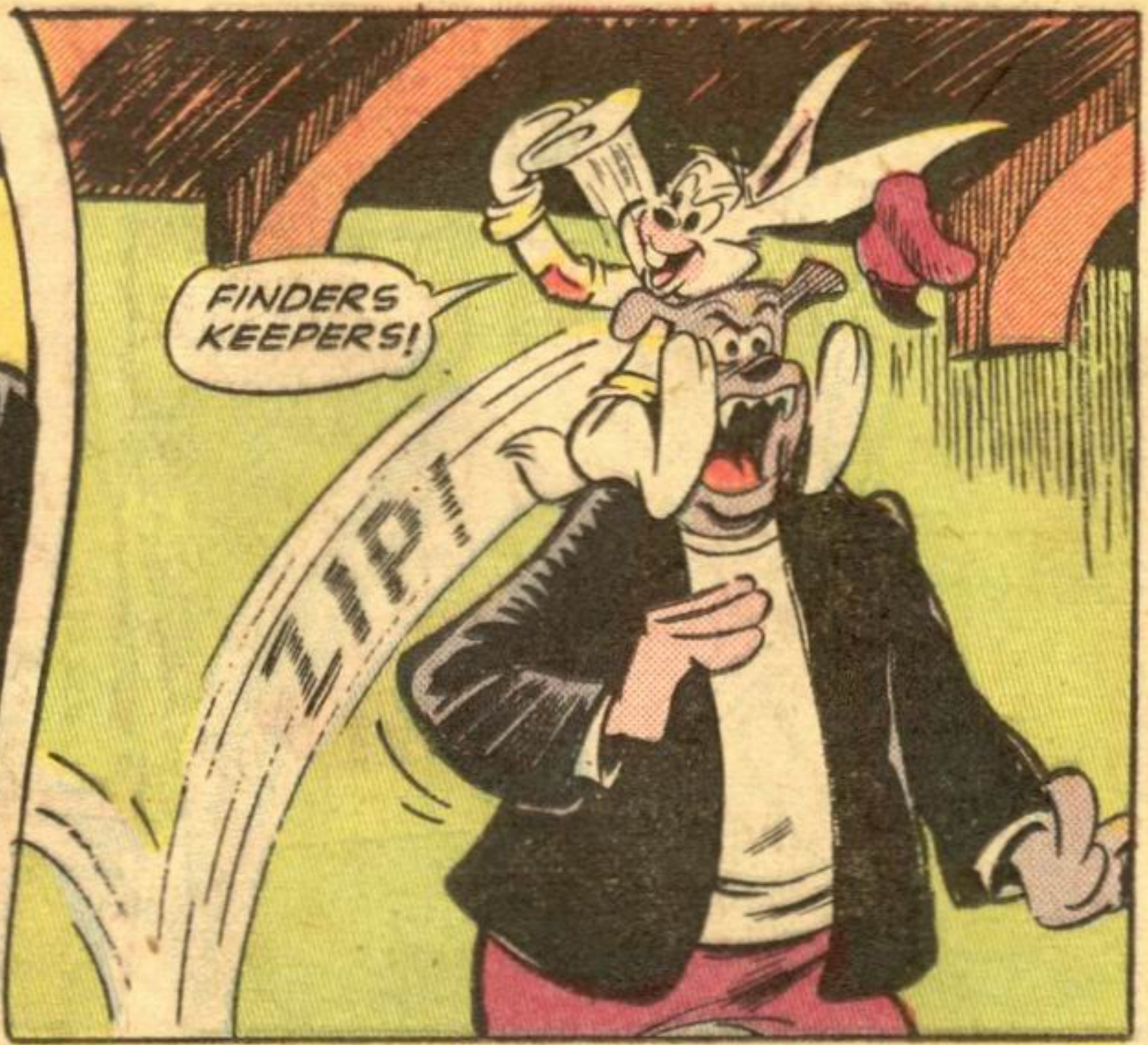




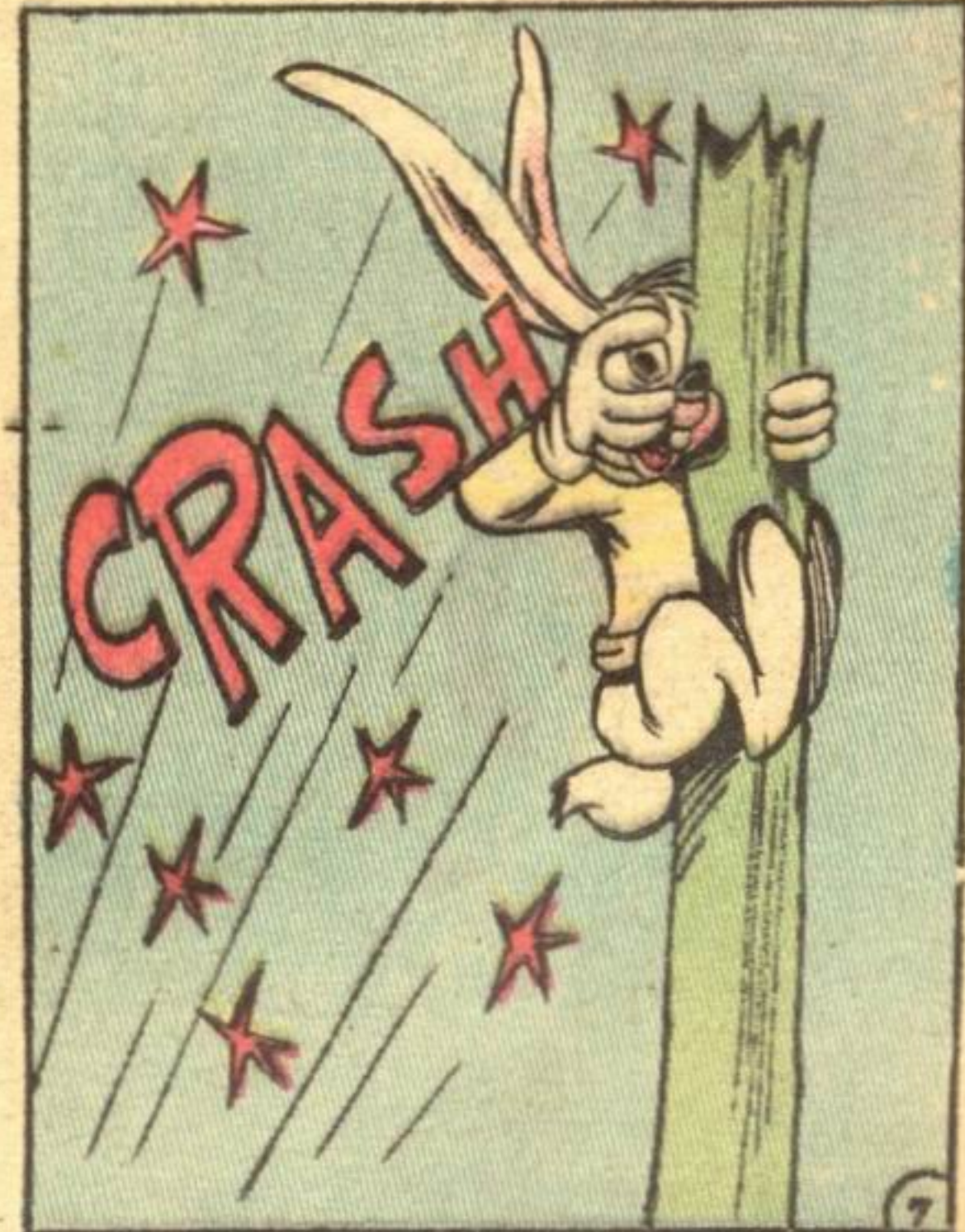
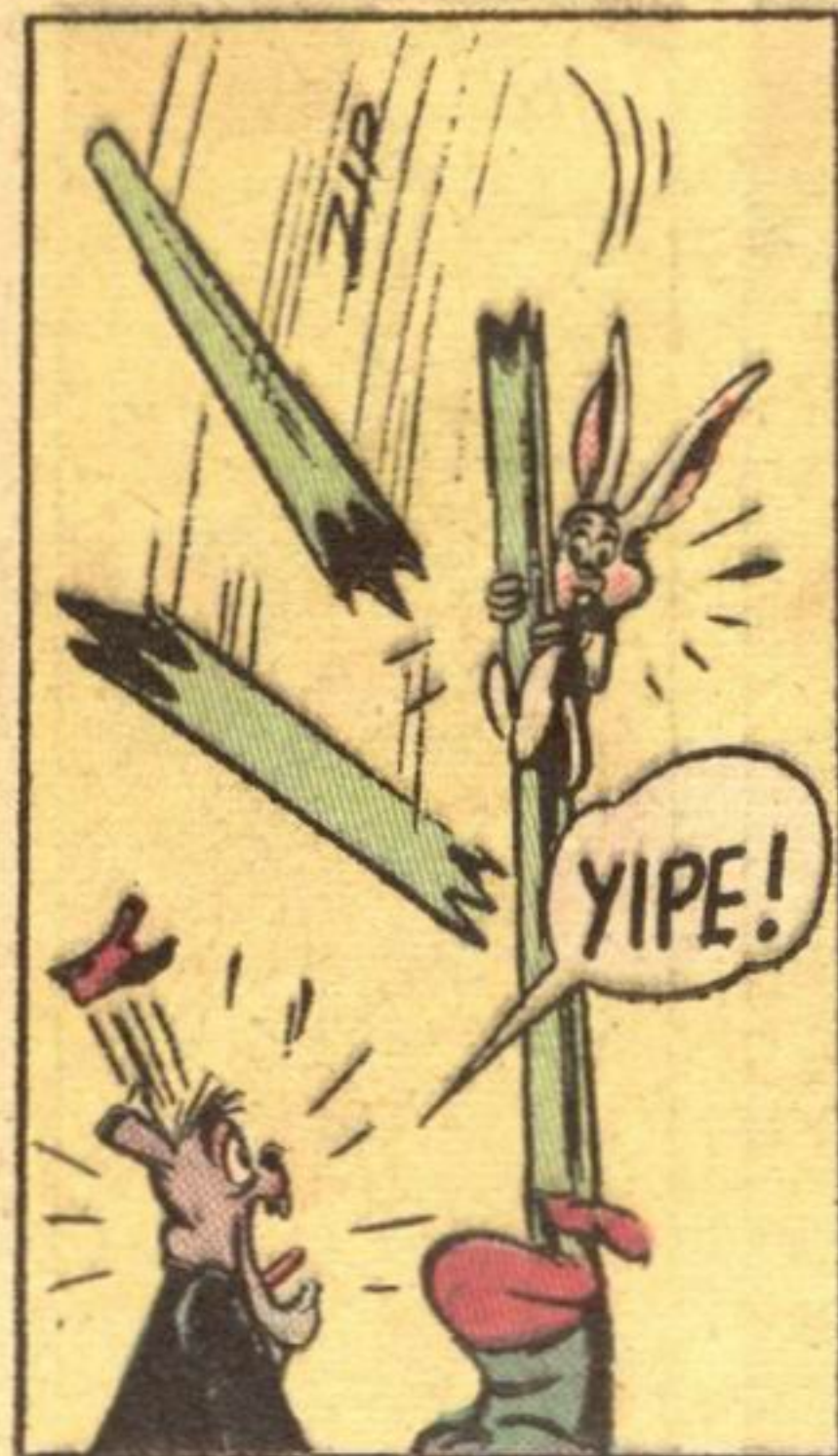
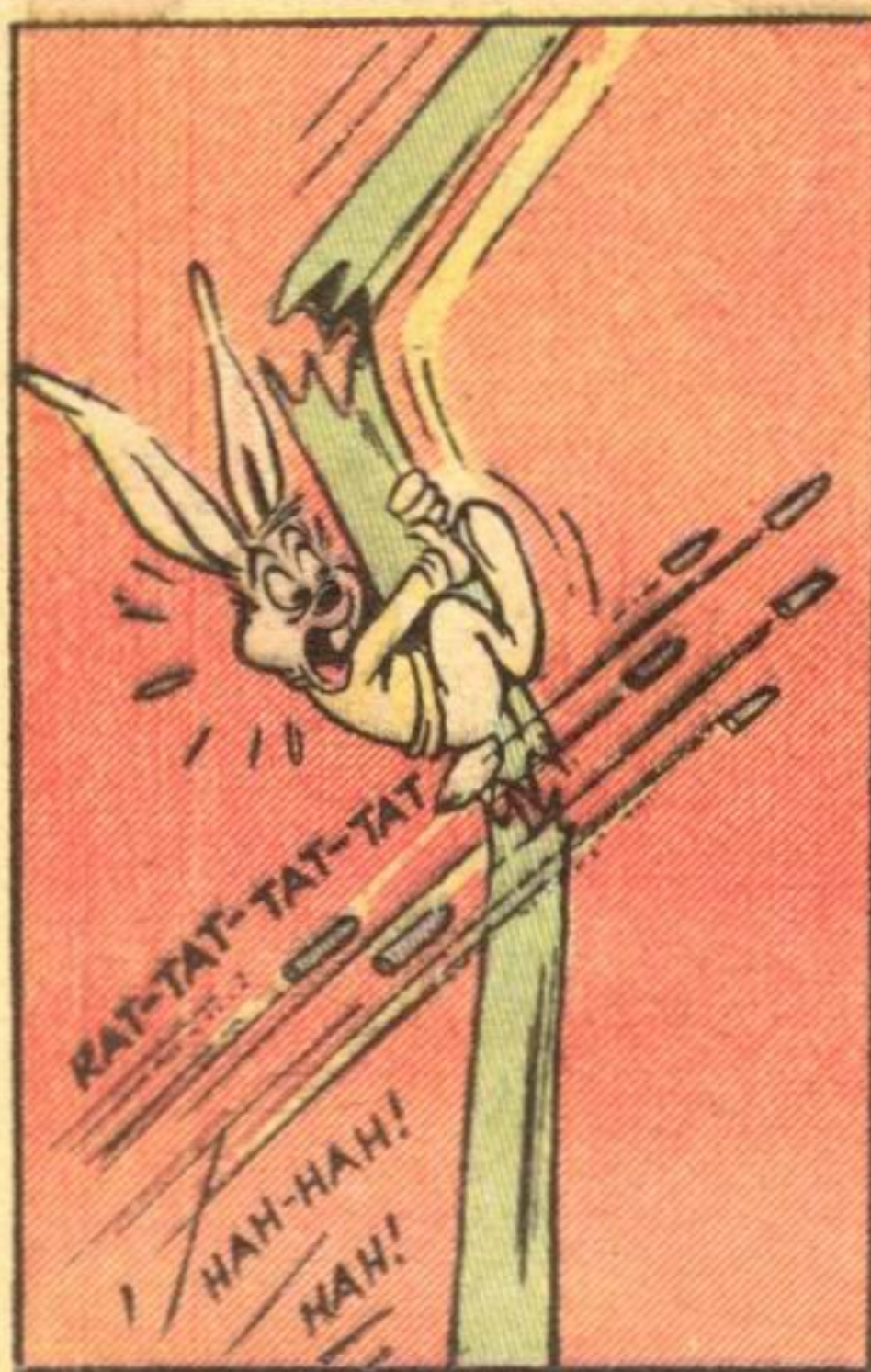
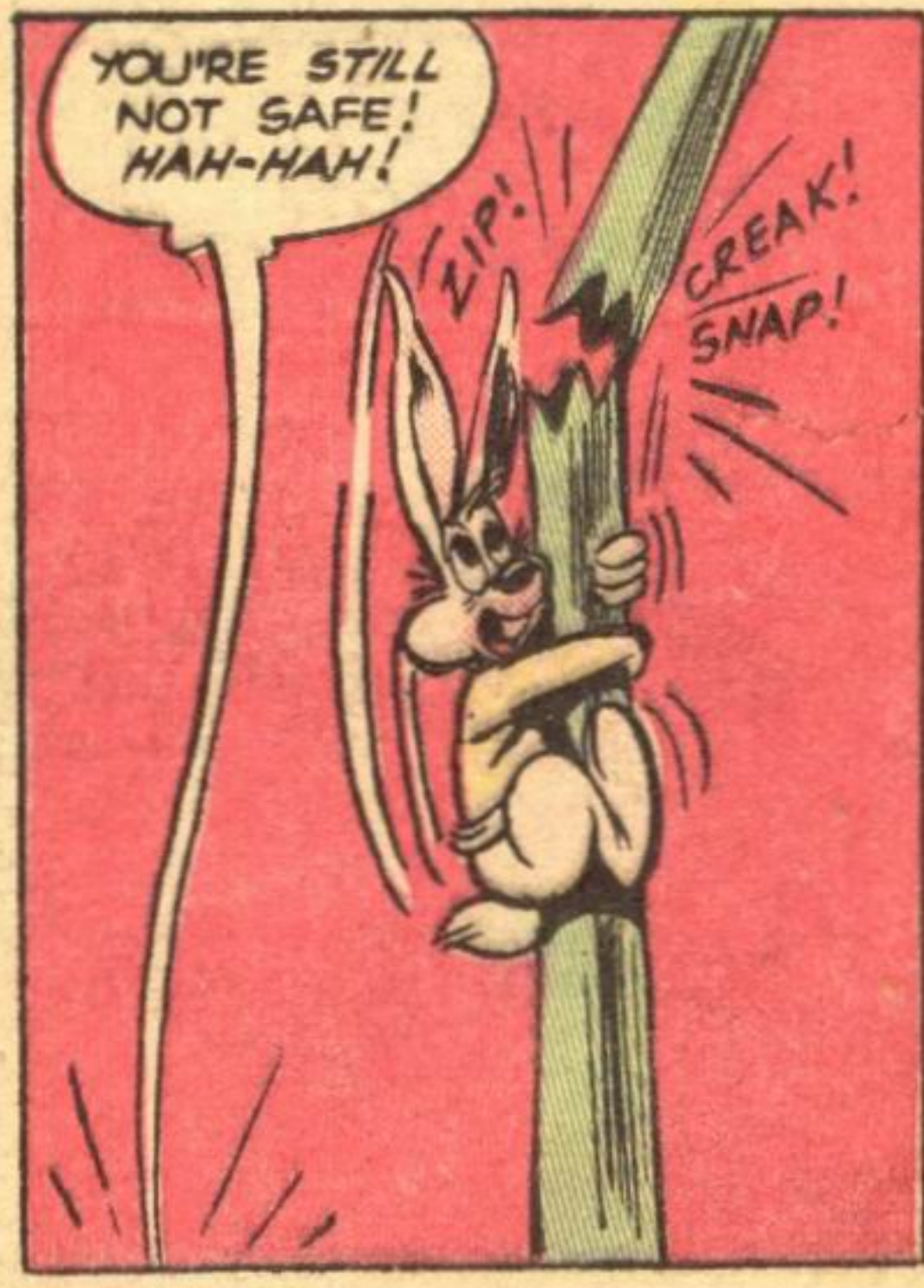
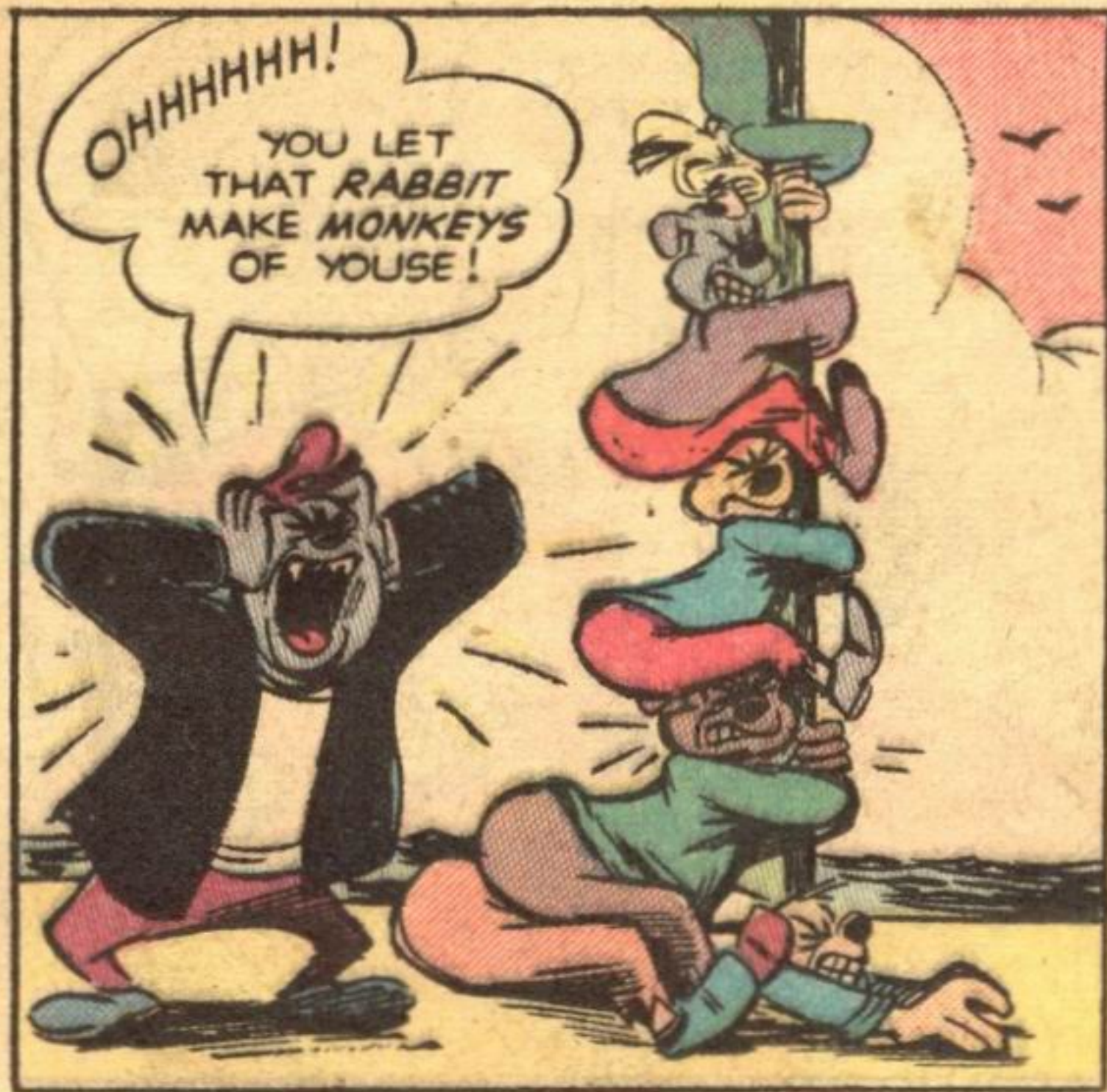
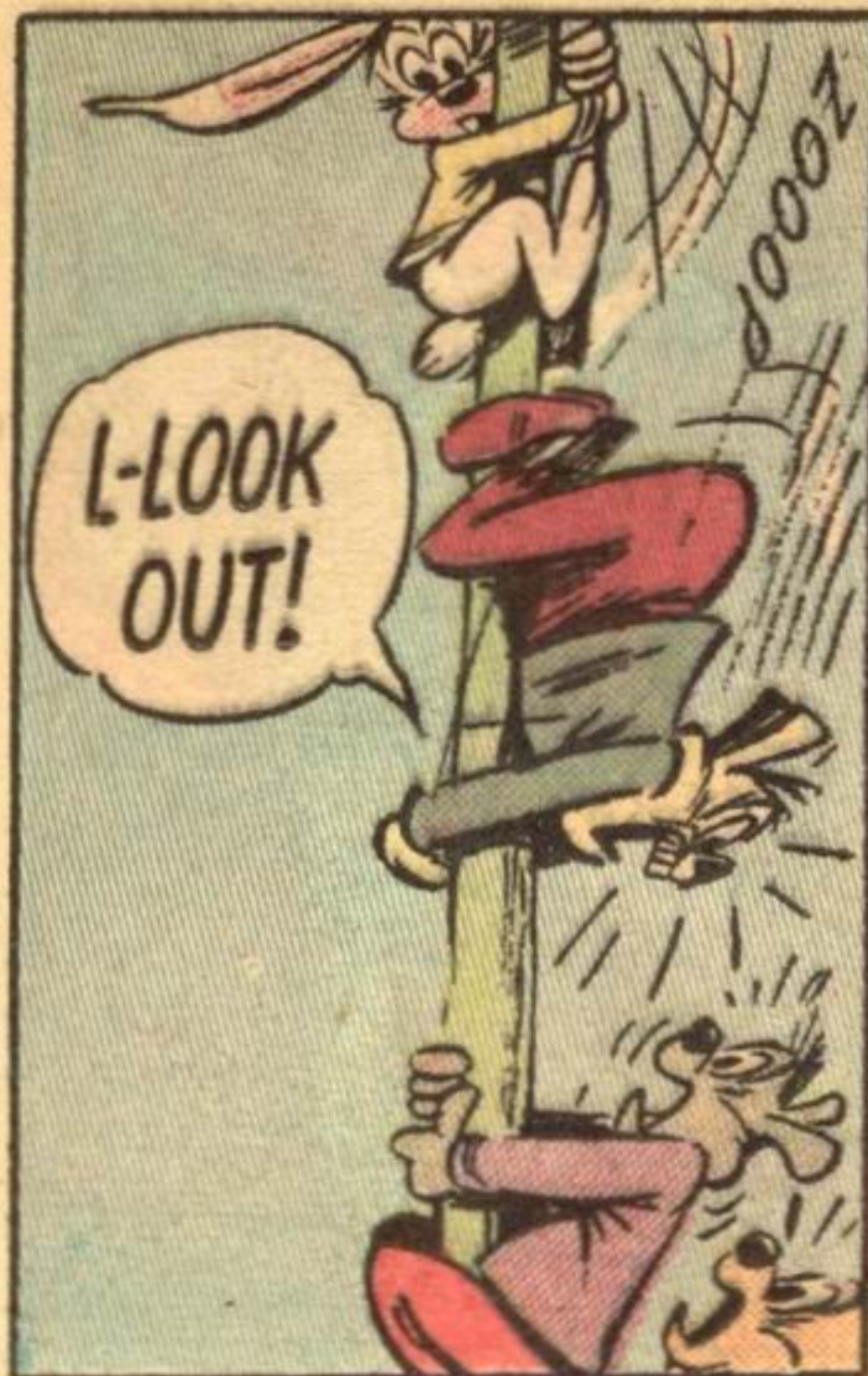




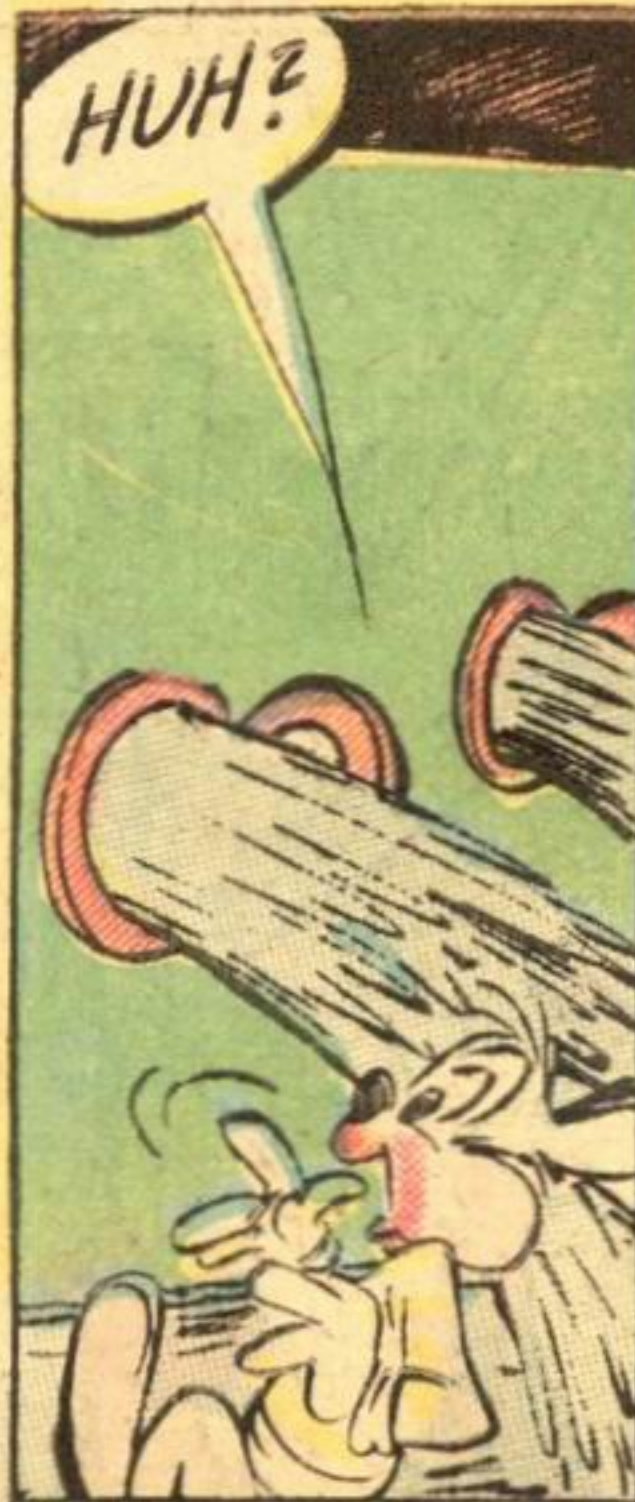
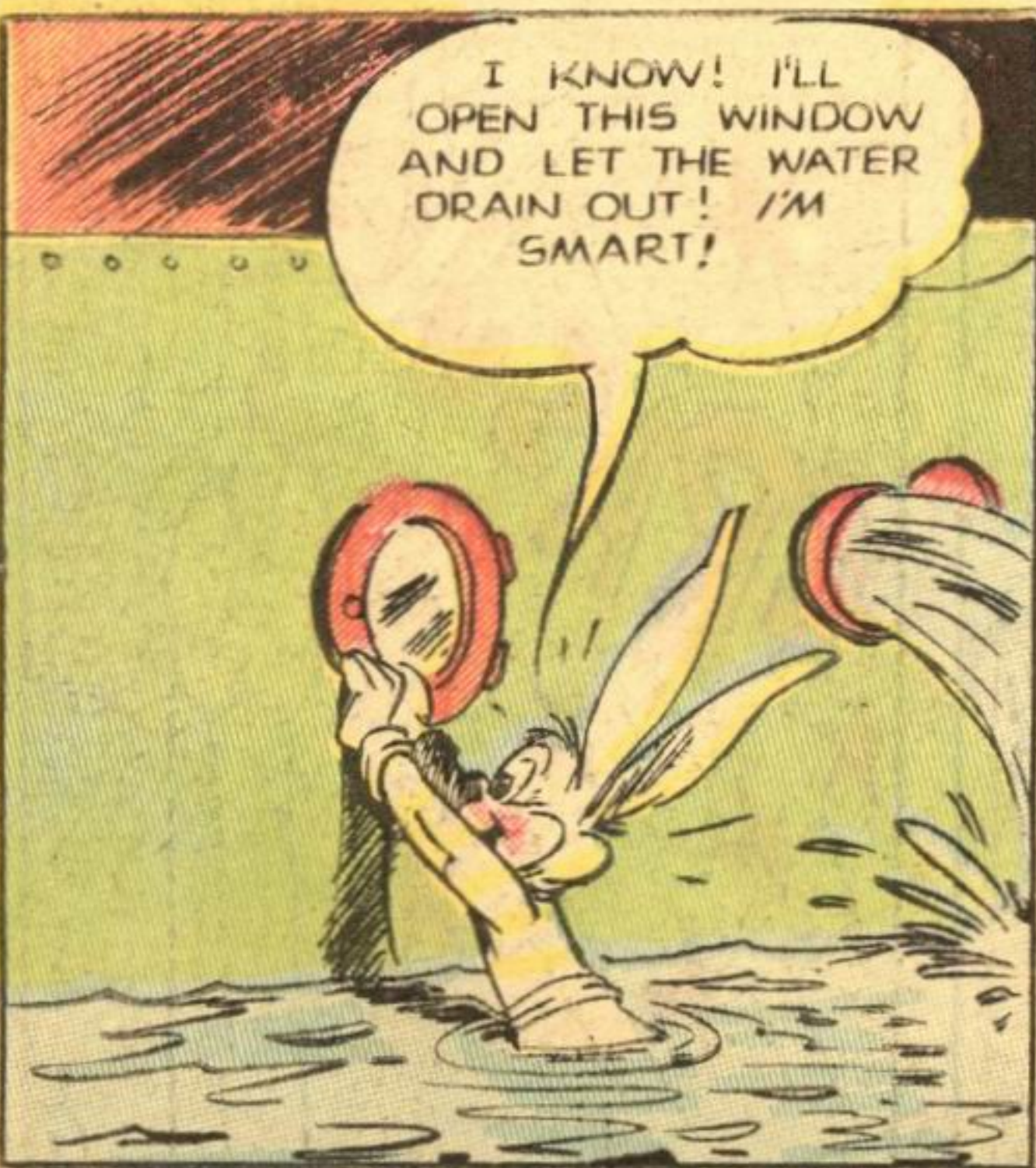
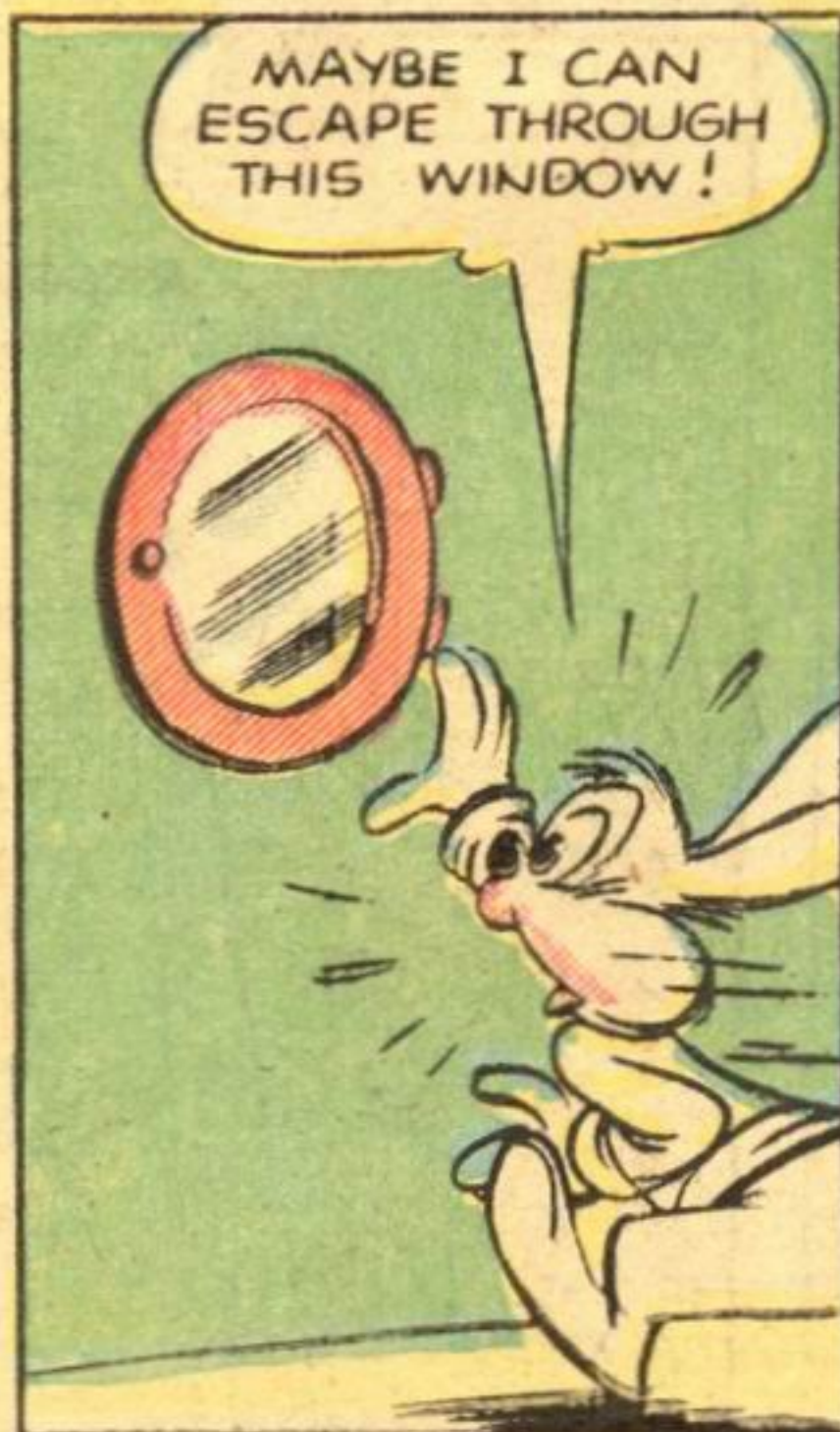
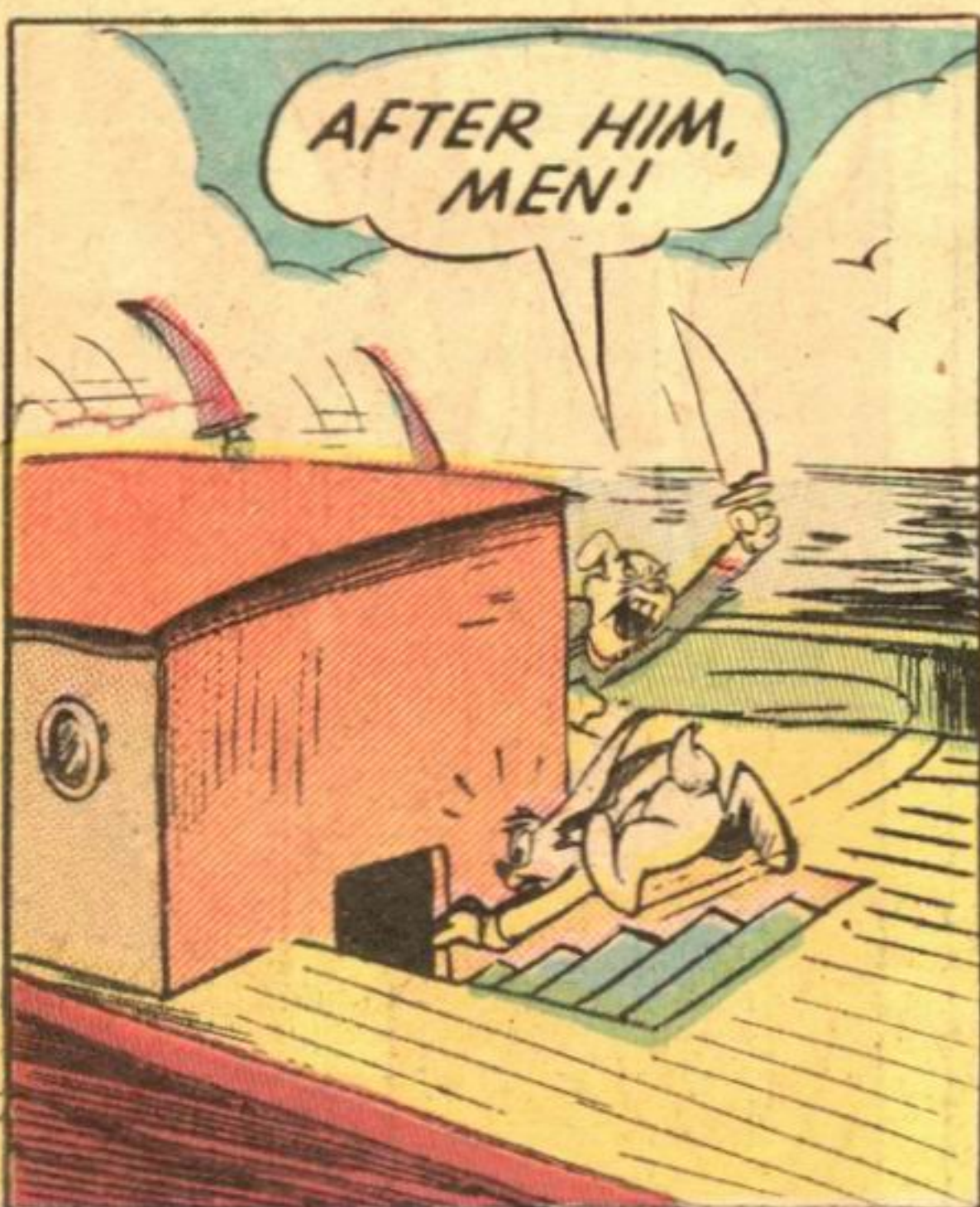
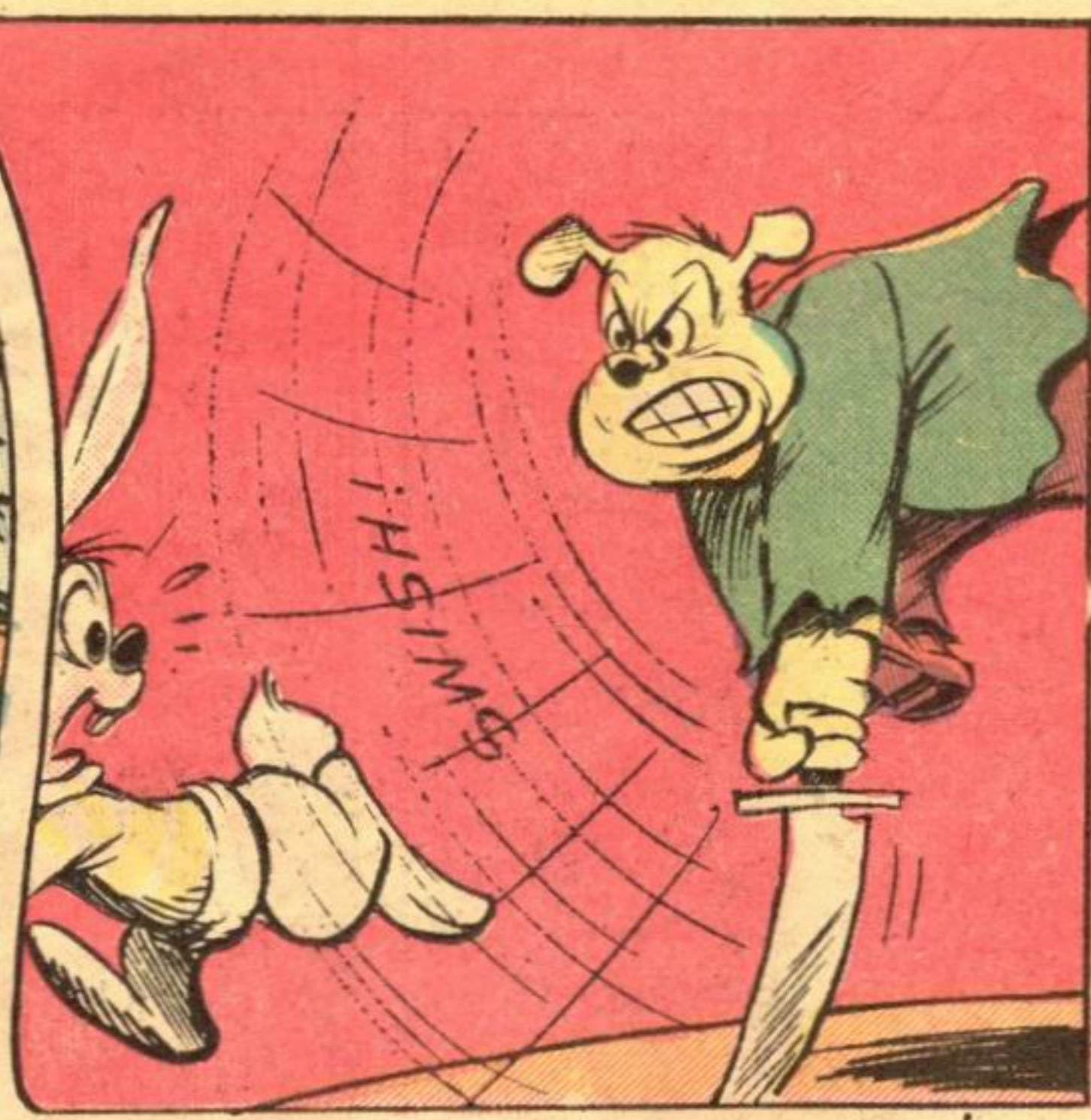
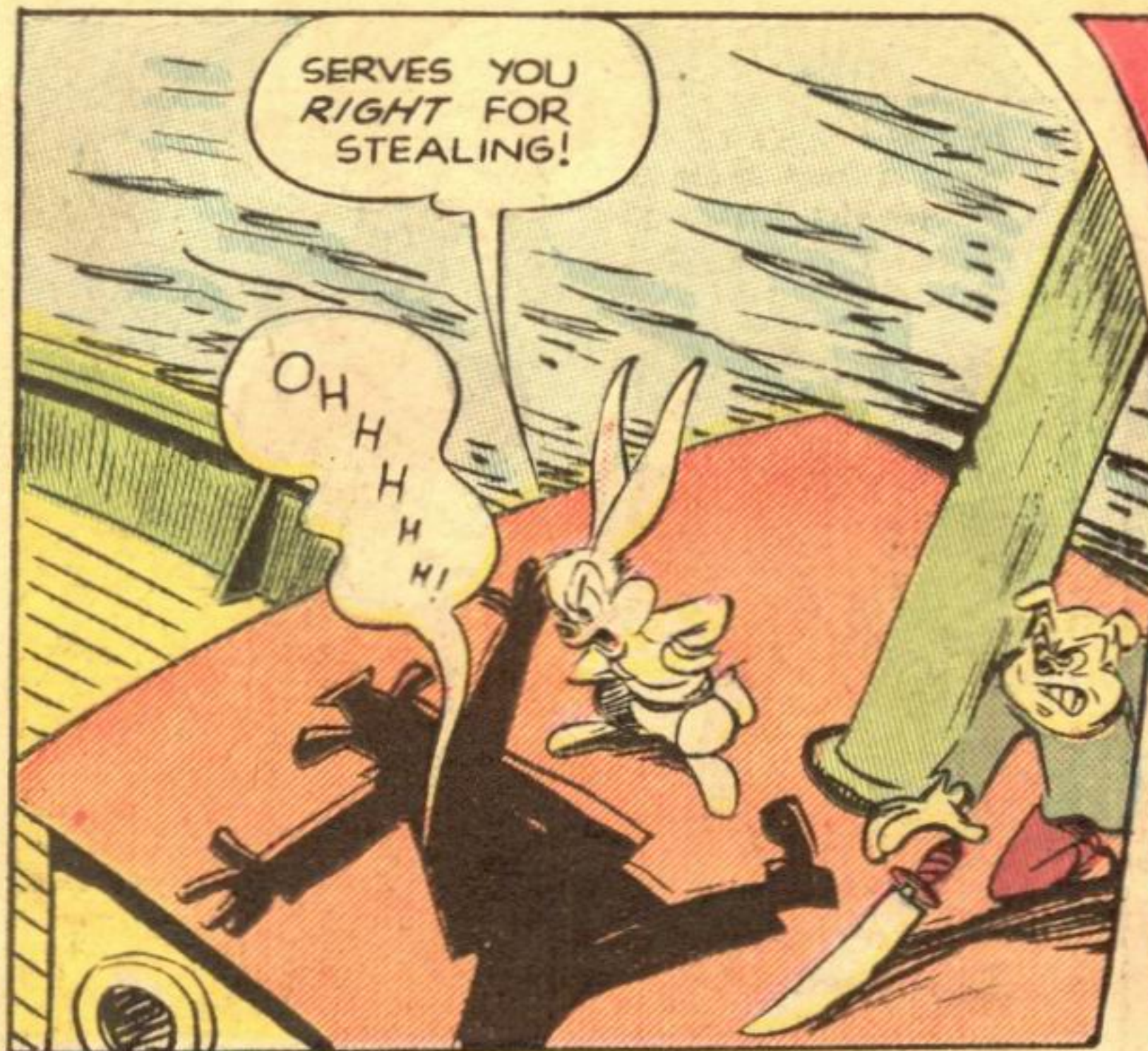




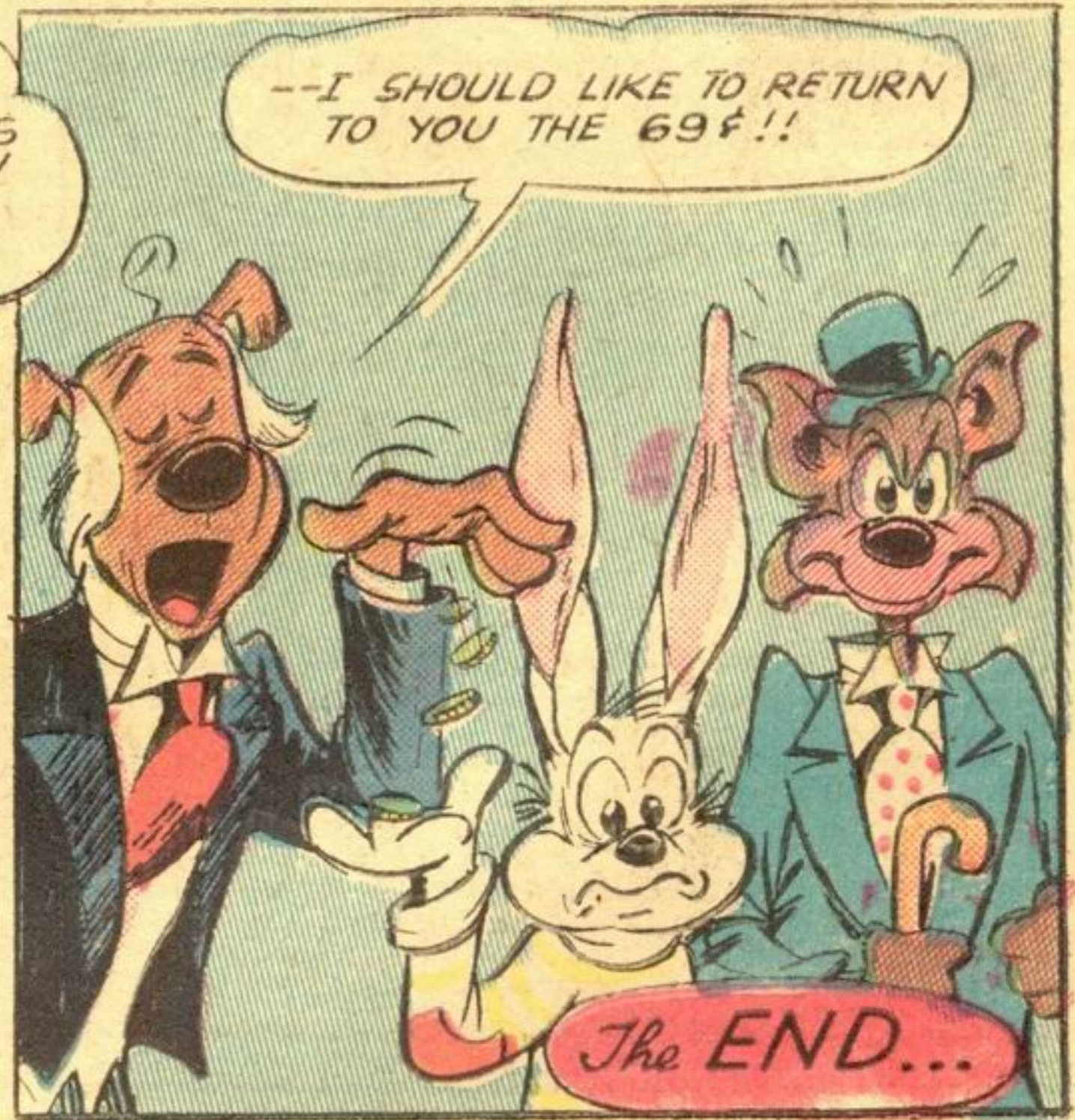
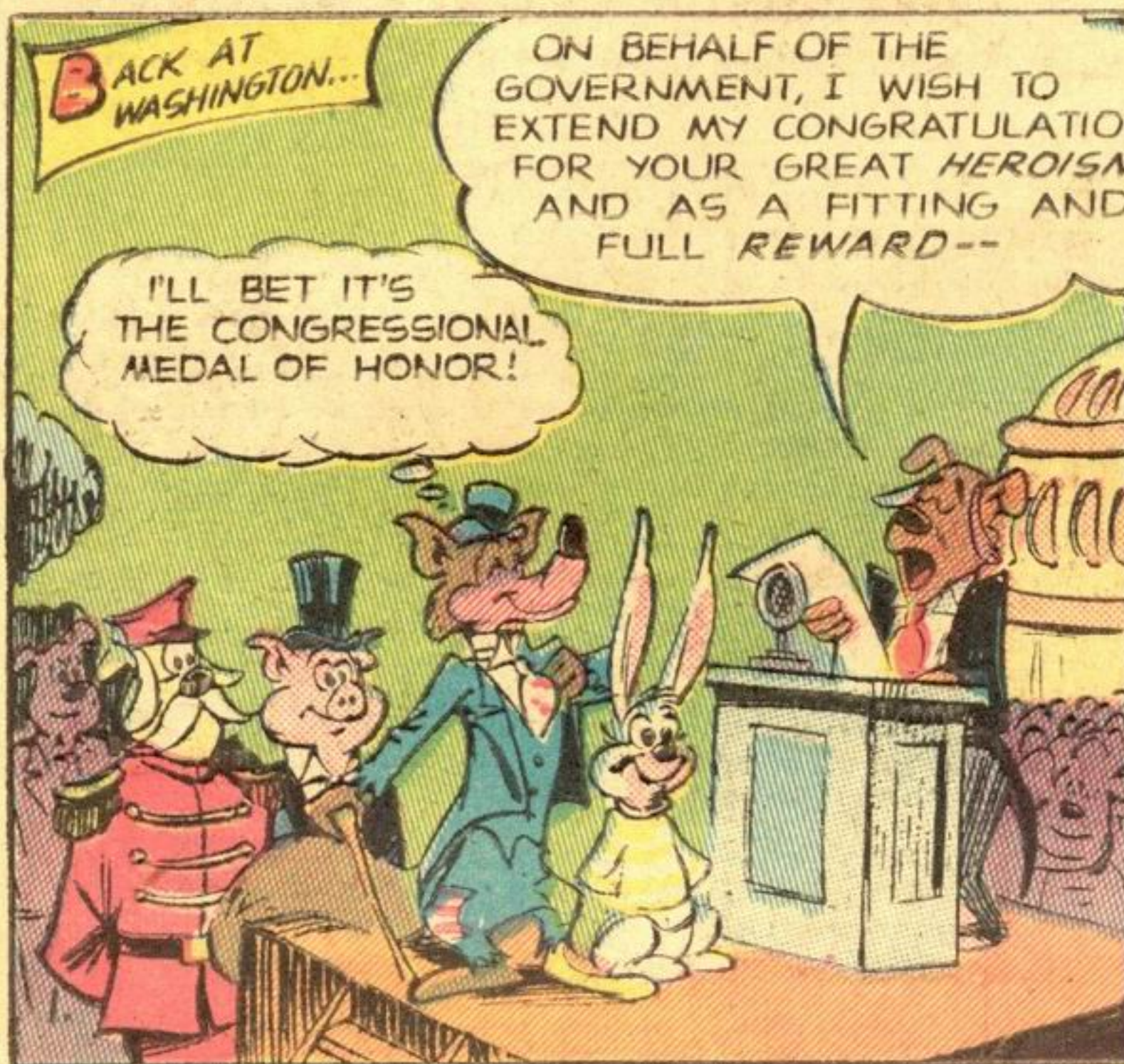
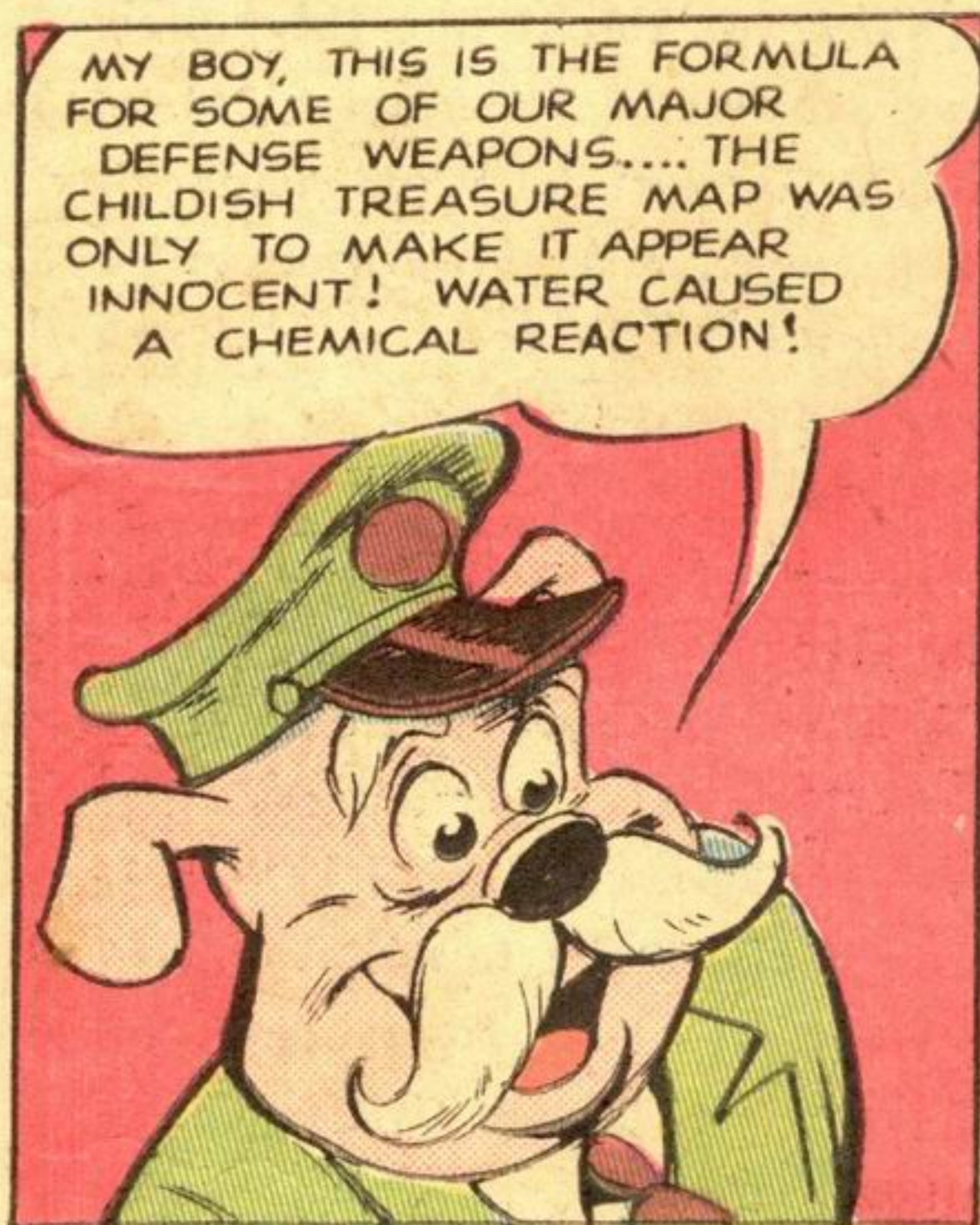














# CATCHING the CATCHER!

NEVER HAD PEEWEE Pup been so frightened! For the dog-catcher was after him, with his net held high in the air, ready to come down and take Peewee prisoner. The puppy ran as fast as his short legs could carry him, through the back streets of Little Town, around corners, in and out of buildings and across back yards.

"If...if he catches me, I'll be sent to the d...dog p...pound!" Peewee couldn't even think these dread words without trembling. He was a homeless puppy, you see, and had no collar or tag to tell his name or where he lived.

But as fast as he ran, the dog-catcher ran even faster, and soon Peewee could see his huge shadow catching up. Quickly, the puppy ducked into an alley. Perhaps he would be lucky enough to find a cellar in which to hide!

But no! There was no hiding place and the little puppy was trapped! The dog-catcher would get him now, for certain sure! Cornered, Peewee shivered and shook as the dog-catcher came closer. And then the little puppy, desperate, jumped into the air and landed...right in the dog-catcher's own pocket!

"Now, *where* is that confounded dog? He was here a second ago! I saw him!" But search as he might, the dog-catcher could

not find Peewee anywhere. He looked high and low, he looked everywhere but in his own pocket, and finally he snorted, "Oh, well, I give up! I might just as well go home, now that the dog's gone!"

Huddled inside the pocket, Peewee knew that the dog-catcher was taking him someplace but...where? He was afraid to think! Now the dog-catcher was walking up a flight of steps. Now he was opening a door. And now, someone was squealing, "What did you bring me, Pop?"

A small hand was thrust into the pocket where Peewee cowered. The fingers closed on the puppy's soft fur and lifted him gently out. "It's a puppy, a beautiful puppy!" a little boy shouted. "Pop, how did you know he was just what I wanted!"

The little boy put his cheek close to Peewee's furry head as he held him close. "Gosh!" he sighed happily.

Peewee's heart began to pound in fright as the dog-catcher came towards the little boy. "There you are, you rascal," he said to Peewee. "Well, looks to me as though you came home with the dog-catcher, instead of the other way around! Guess you're one of the family now!"

So Peewee got a collar, a tag with his name and address on it, a real home to live in and best of all...a little boy to love!

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of GIGGLE COMICS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Creston Publications Corp., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Creston Publications Corp., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1951.)



# OUR PAL PIGGY

THE ONE THING I LIKE ABOUT  
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS THAT IT'S  
PEACEFUL AND QUIET! A  
FELLOW CAN RELAX WHEN---

**YIPE!**



**CRASH!**

**BAM!**

**BAM!**

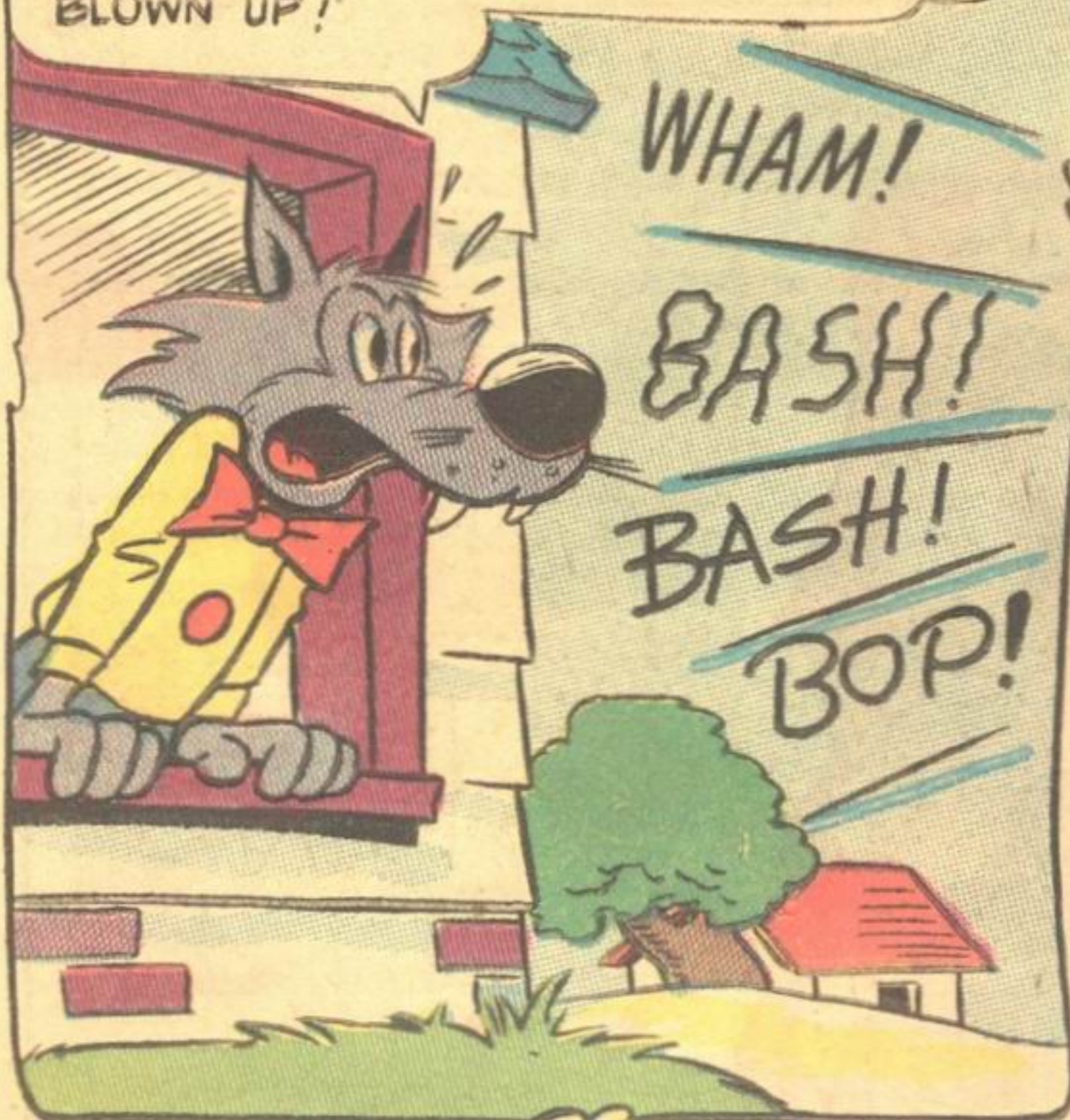
THAT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM  
PIGGY'S HOUSE! HIS FURNACE MUST'VE  
BLOWN UP!

**WHAM!**

**BASH!**

**BASH!**

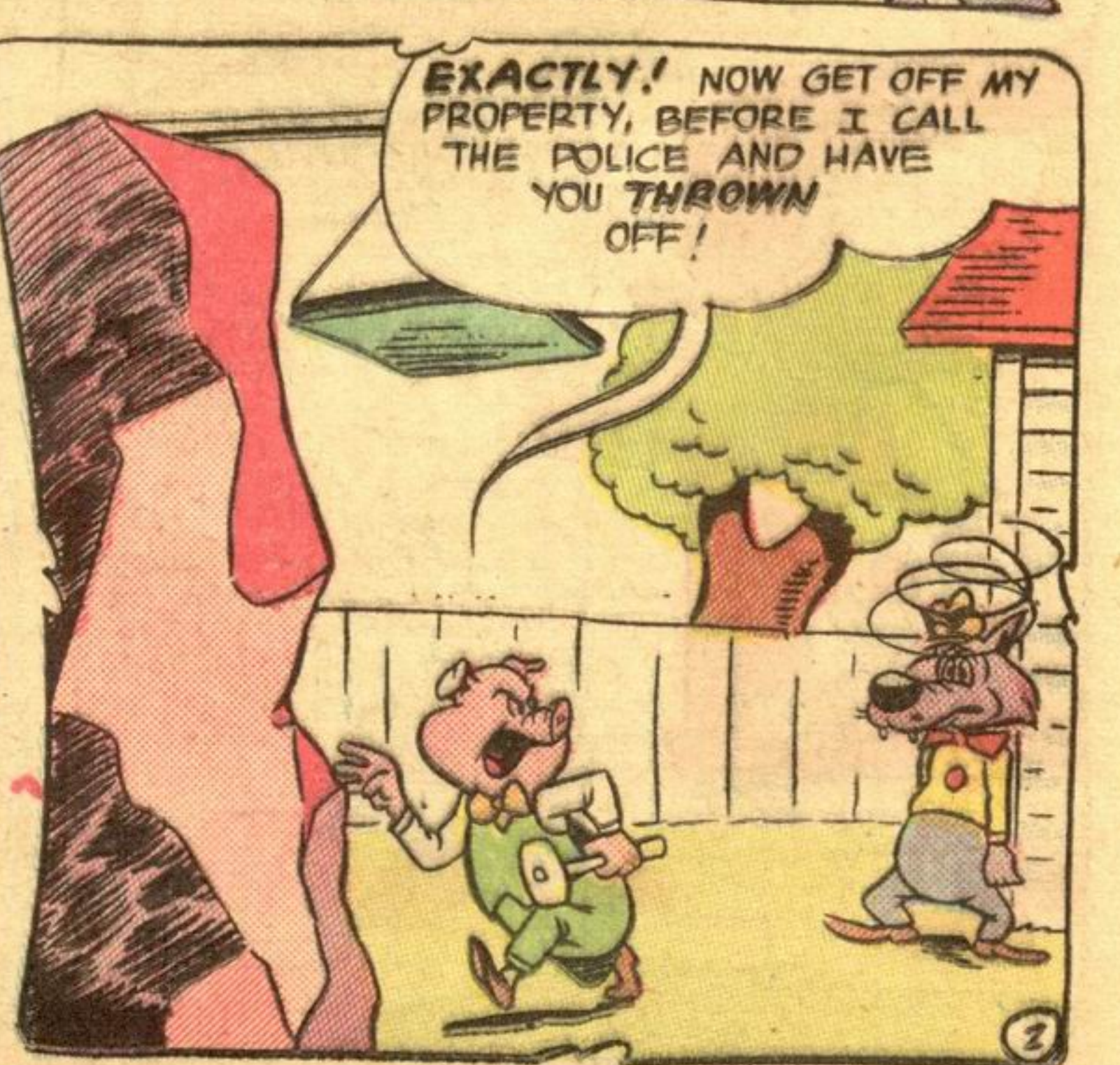
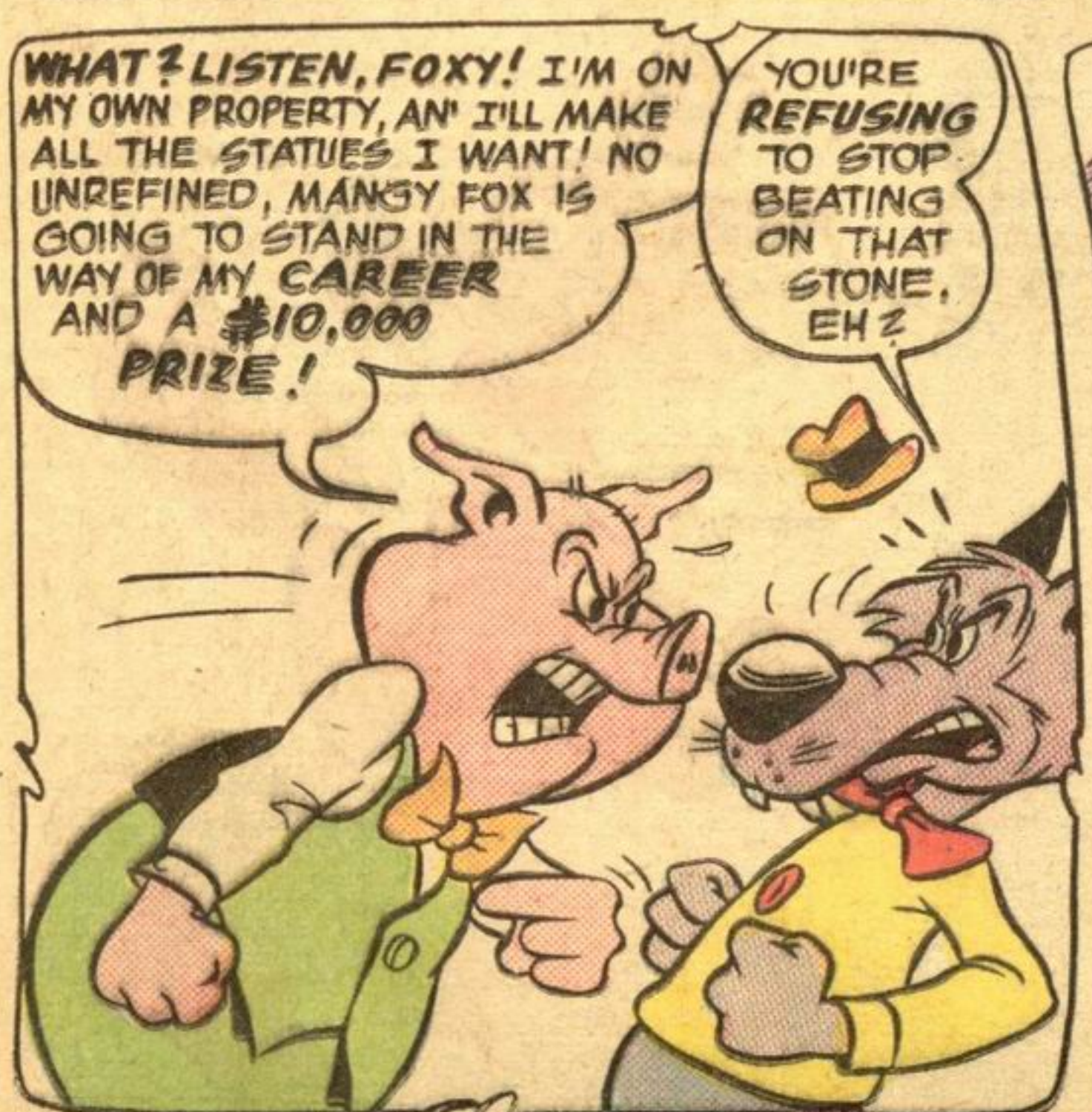
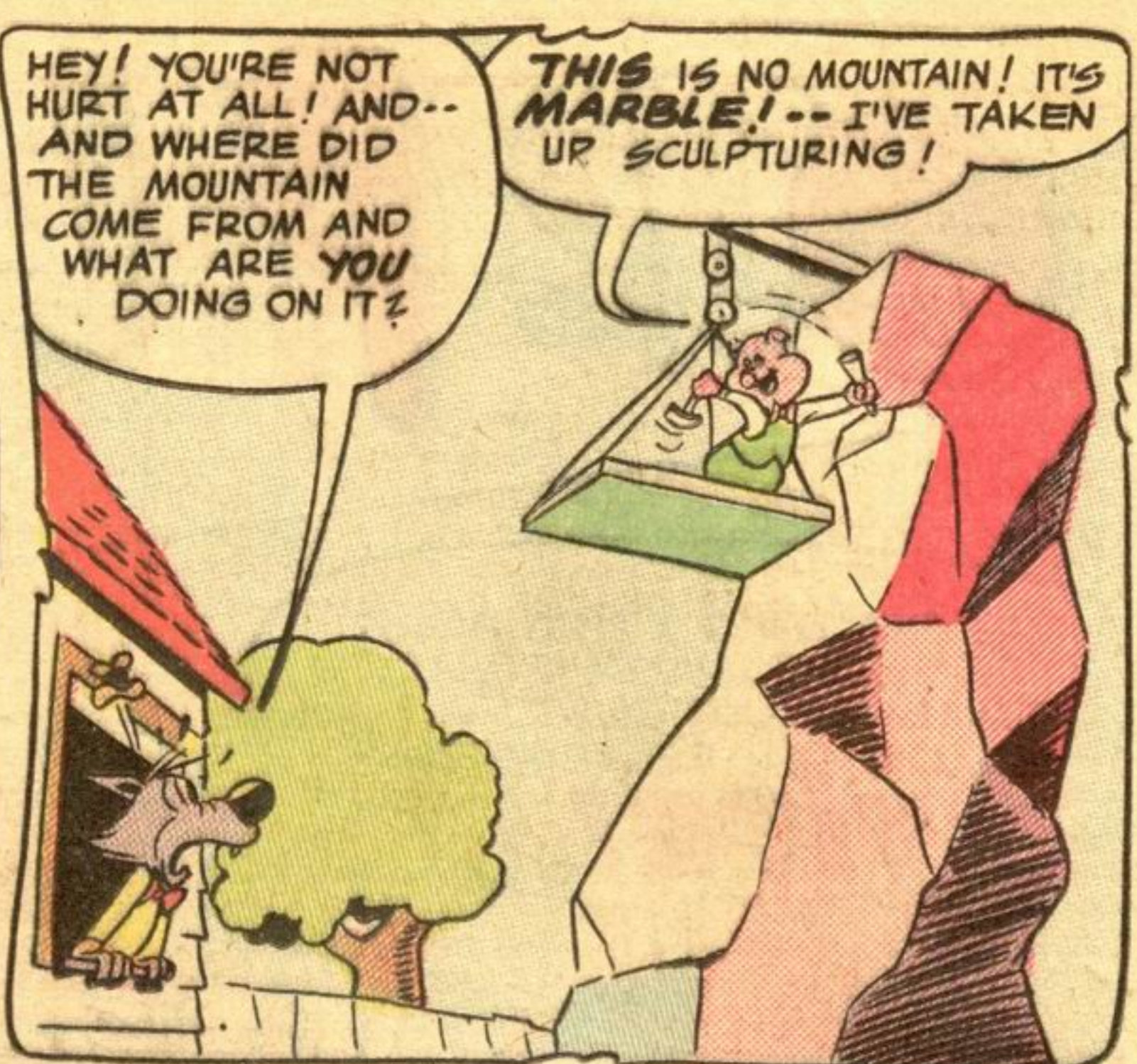
**BOP!**



I MUST TRY TO BRING HIM FIRST  
AID!-- I WOULDN'T WANT TO **LOSE**  
HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE SOFTEST  
TOUCHES FOR LOANS I'VE GOT!

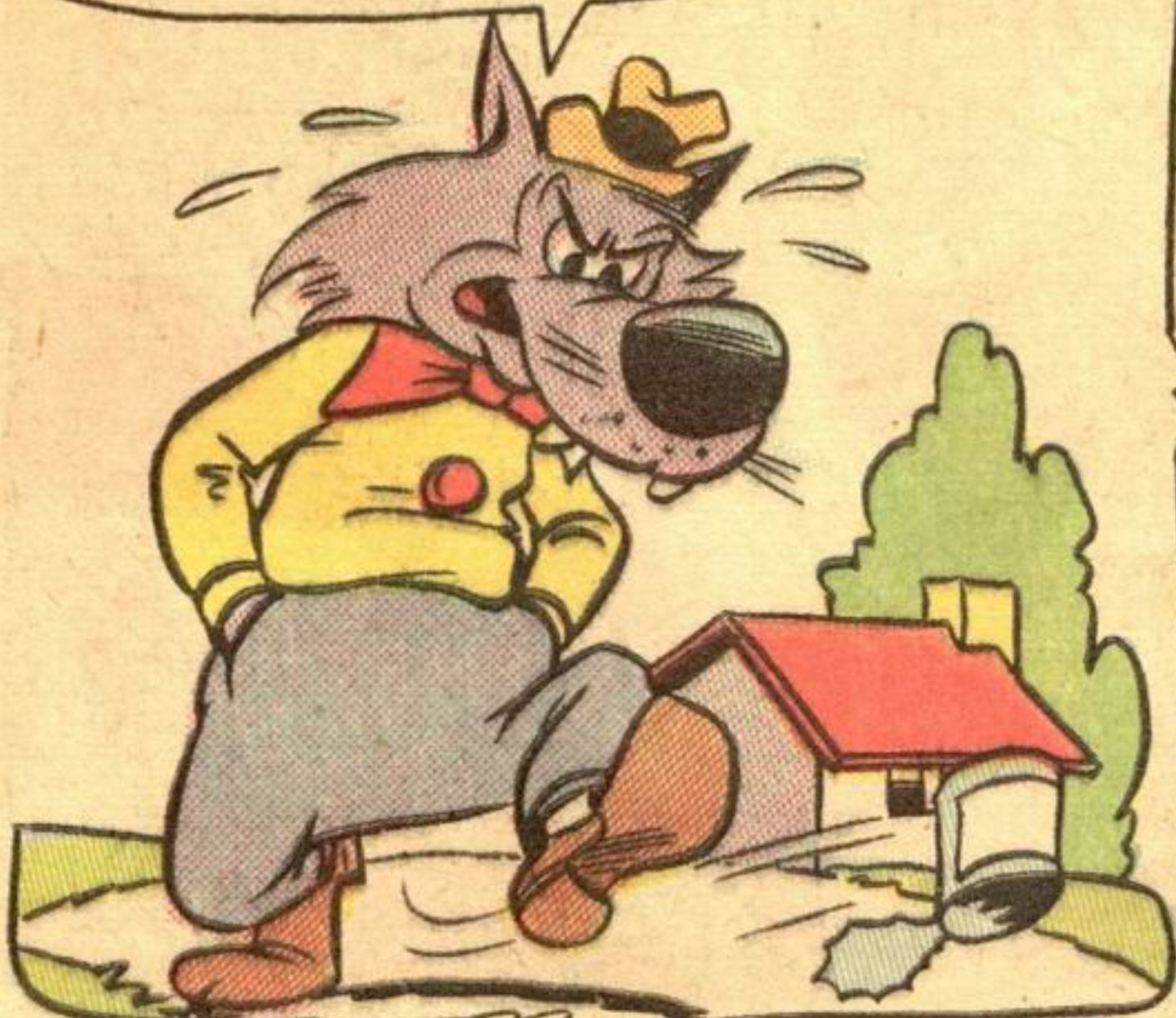




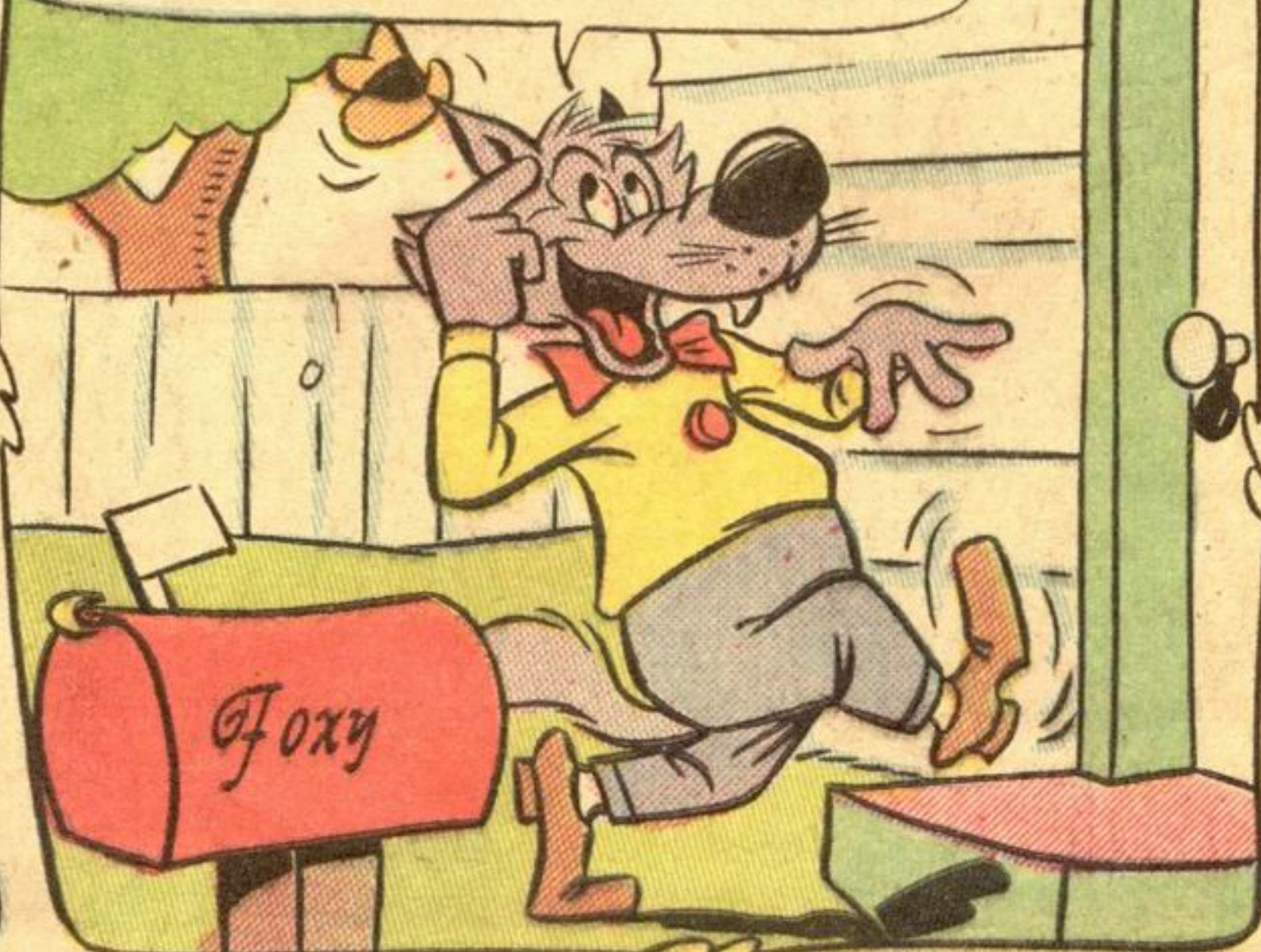




A MANGY FOX, HE CALLED ME! WELL, I'LL STOP THAT PIGGY FROM HACKING AT THAT MARBLE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



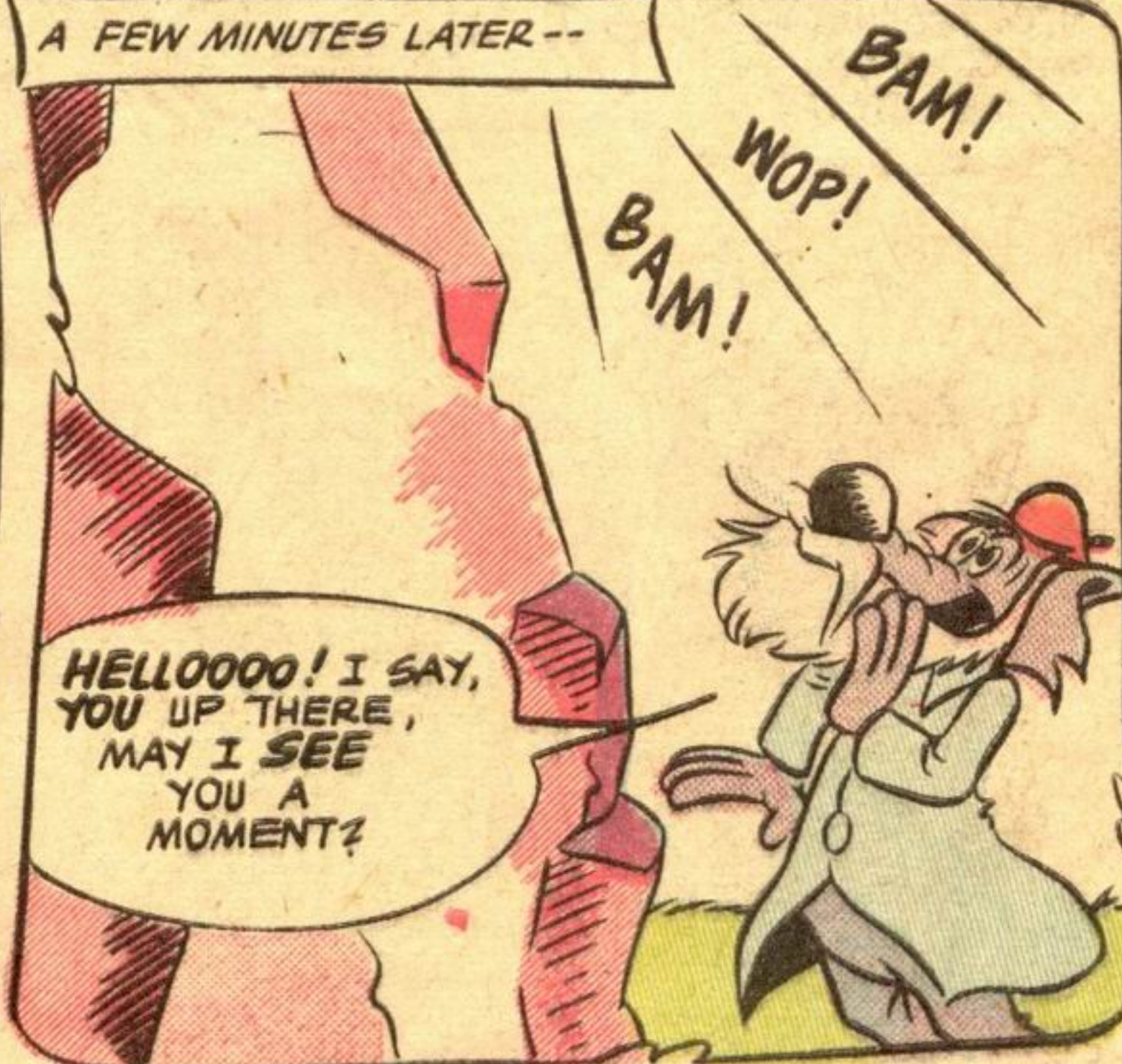
HMM! HE SAID HE'S ENTERED IN A CONTEST TO WIN \$10,000! HA! THAT'S IT!-- CONTESTS NEED JUDGES, SO I'LL BE THE JUDGE!



BEING A JUDGE OF ARTISTIC THINGS CALLS FOR AN ARTISTIC-LOOKING JUDGE!-- HEH!-- WELL, I'M READY NOW!



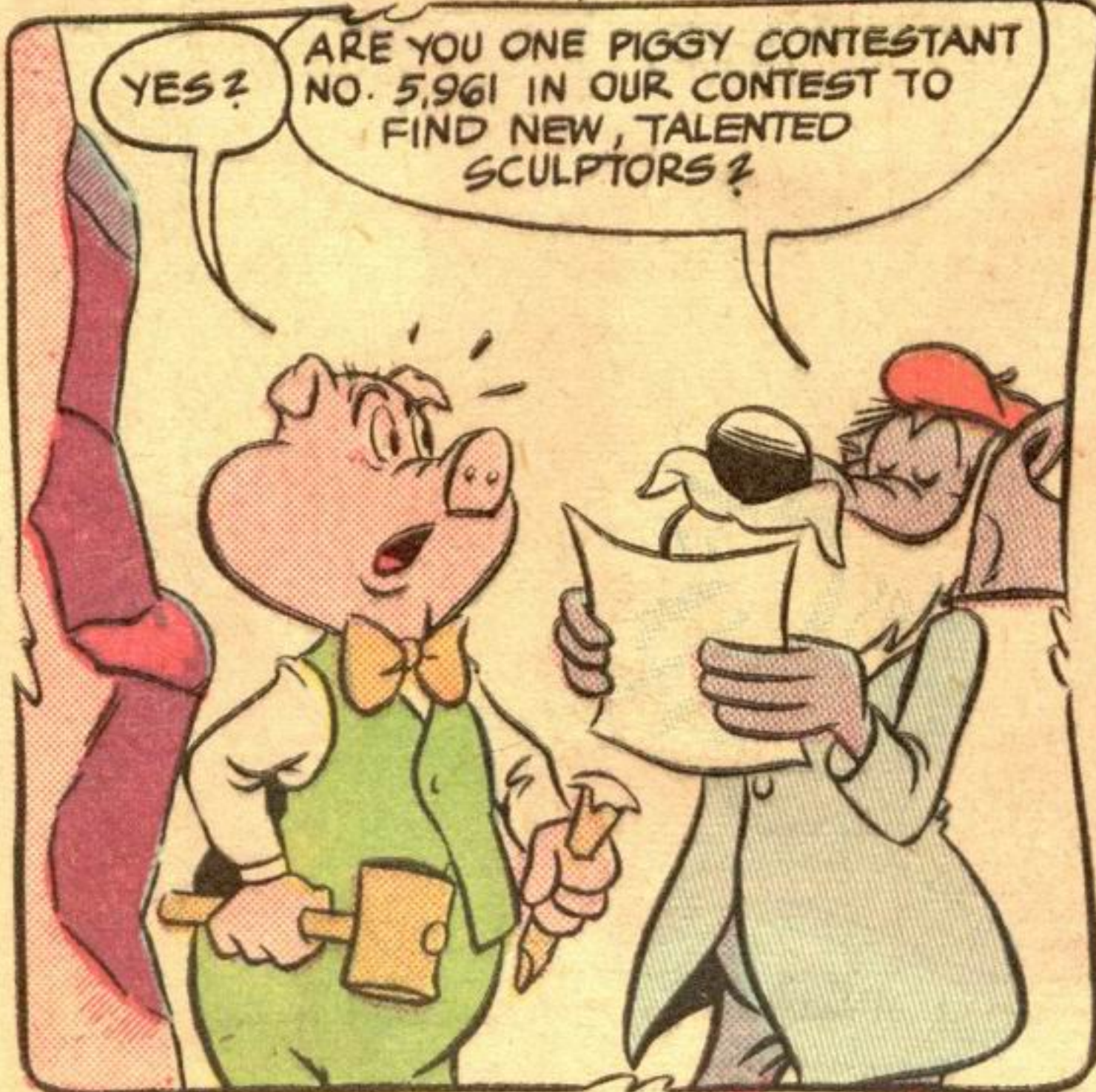
A FEW MINUTES LATER--



HELLOOOO! I SAY, YOU UP THERE, MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

YES?

ARE YOU ONE PIGGY CONTESTANT NO. 5,961 IN OUR CONTEST TO FIND NEW, TALENTED SCULPTORS?



YES! YES! THAT'S ME! WHO ARE YOU?

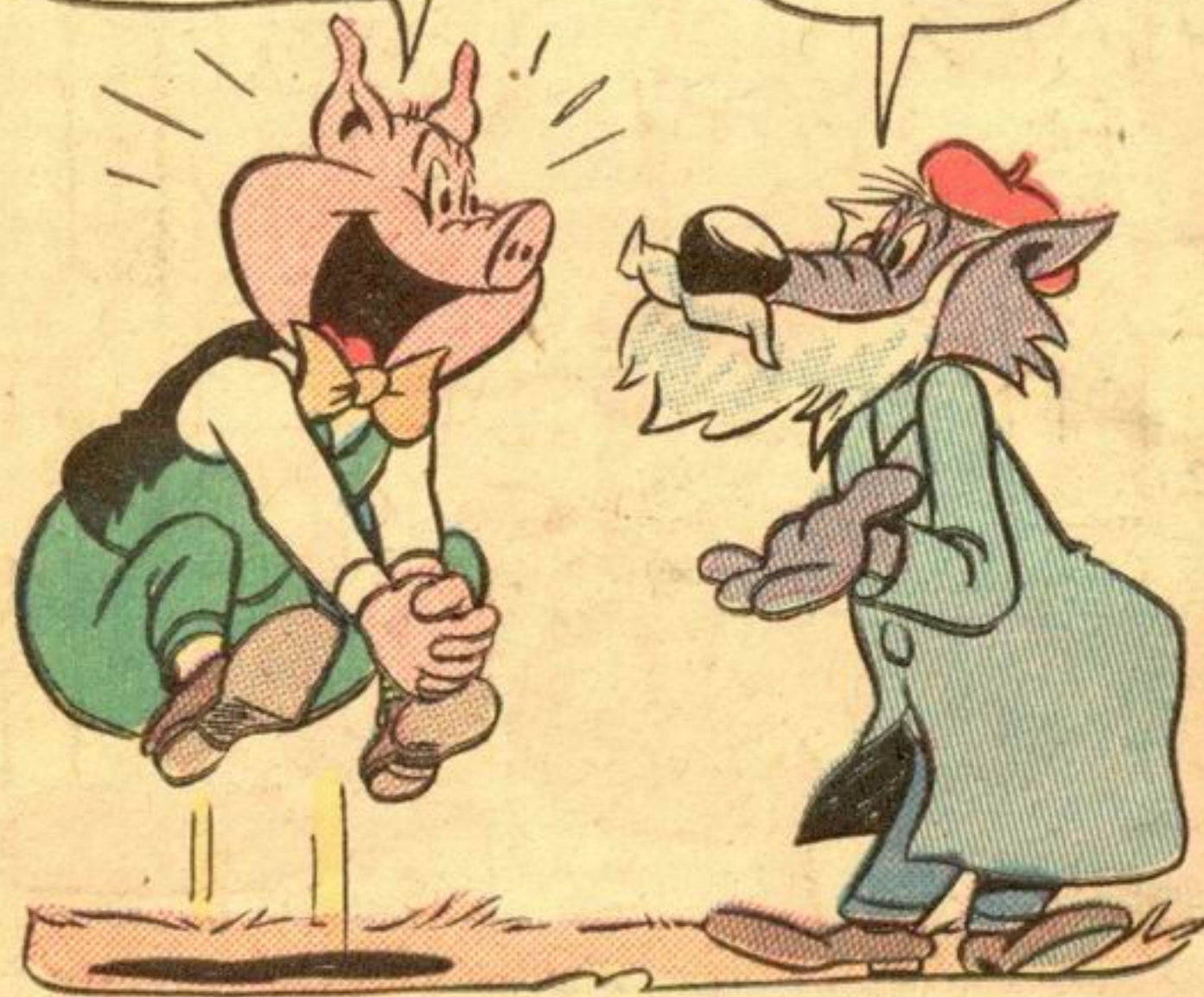
I AM J.R. FLIPLID-- THE MAIN JUDGE OF THE CONTEST! I'M CHECKING UP ON HOW YOU BOYS ARE GETTING ALONG!





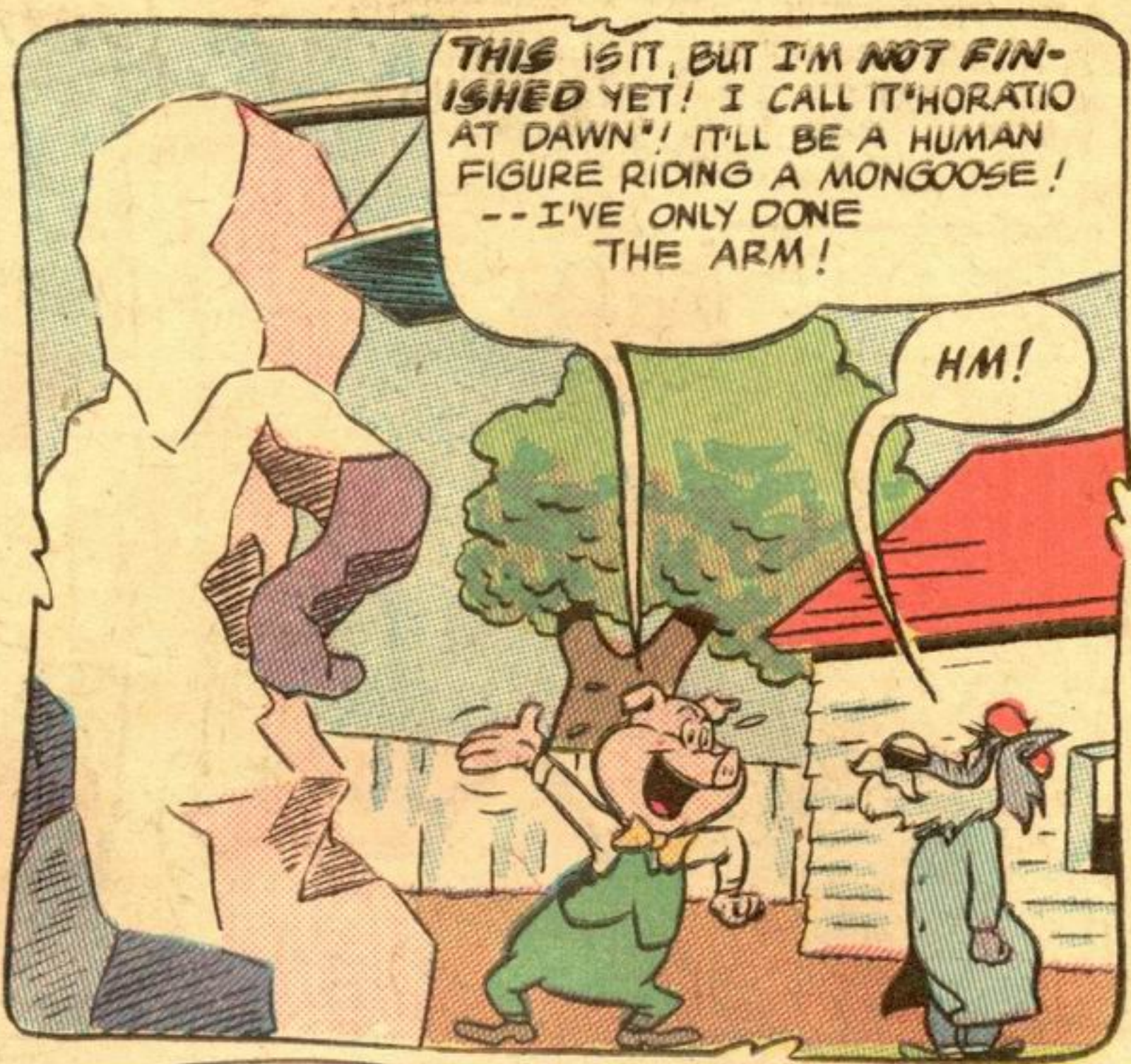
ONE OF THE JUDGES?  
THIS IS WONDERFUL!  
WHAT AN HONOR!--  
WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU, SIR?

I WISH TO  
SEE YOUR  
STATUE AND  
OFFER MY  
CRITICISM!



NOW TELL ME--  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF IT?

IT STINKS!



THIS IS IT, BUT I'M NOT FINISHED YET! I CALL IT 'HORATIO AT DAWN'! IT'LL BE A HUMAN FIGURE RIDING A MONGOOSE! -- I'VE ONLY DONE THE ARM!

HM!

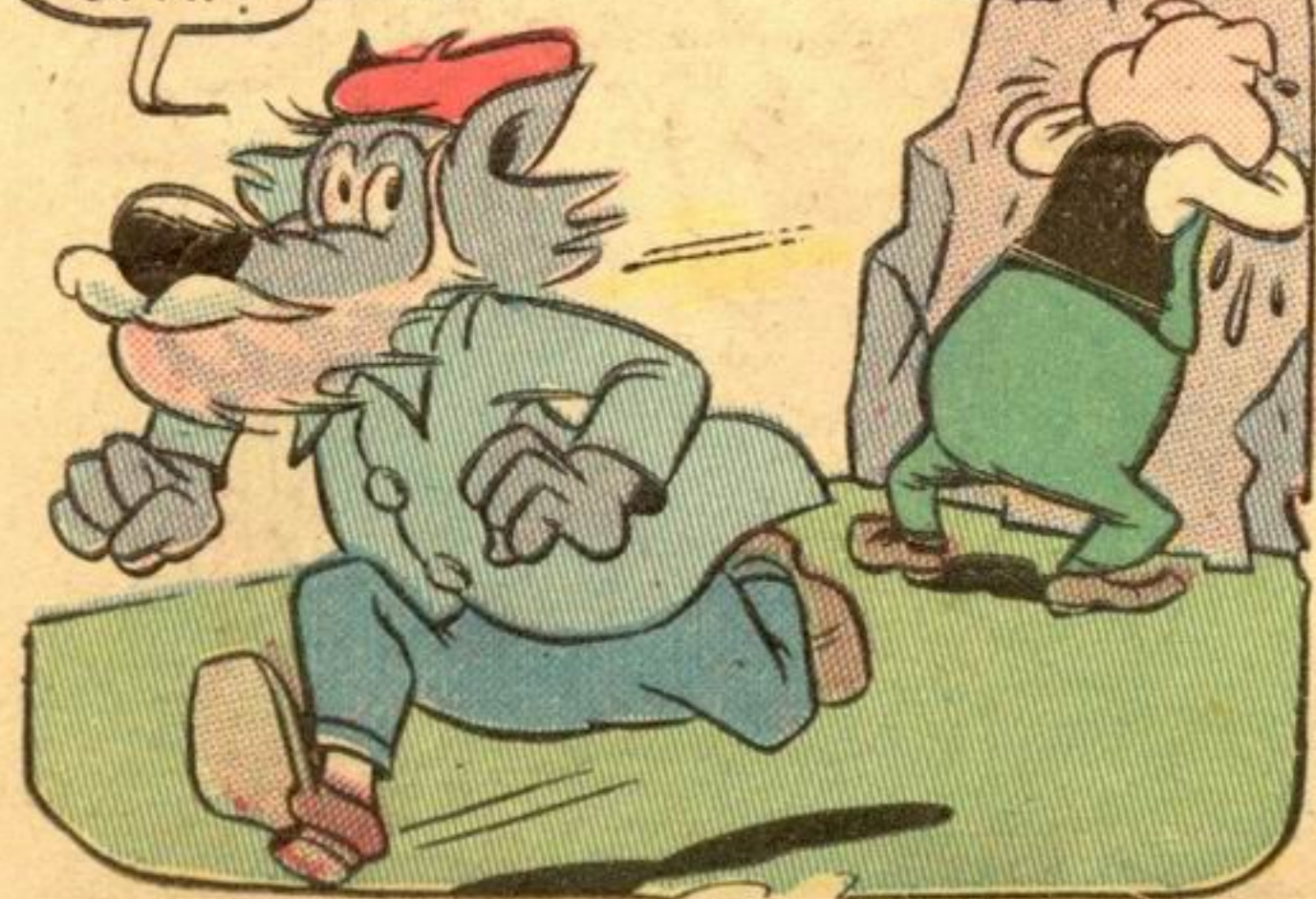
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

IT'S TERRIBLE!  
BETTER YOU SHOULD BE  
A SHOEMAKER!



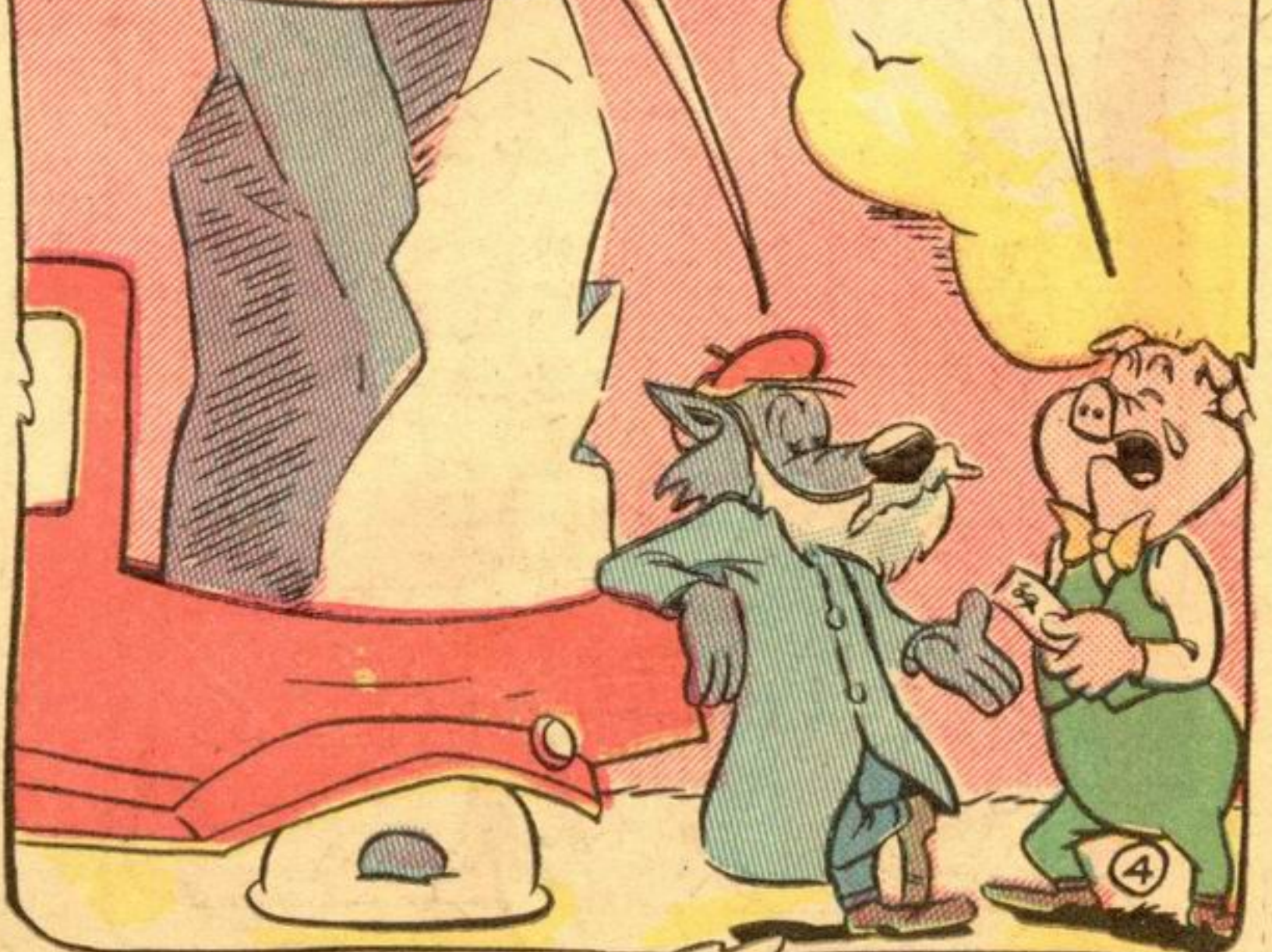
NOW THAT YOUR CAREER  
IS OVER, YOU'LL WANT  
THAT STONE REMOVED!  
-- AS HEAD OF THE  
CONTEST, I'M PRE-  
PARED TO HAUL  
AWAY ANY UNUSED  
ROCK FOR \$10!  
OKAY?

YES! YES! TAKE  
IT AWAY!-- (SOB)  
AND I THOUGHT I  
WAS GETTING ON  
SO WELL!



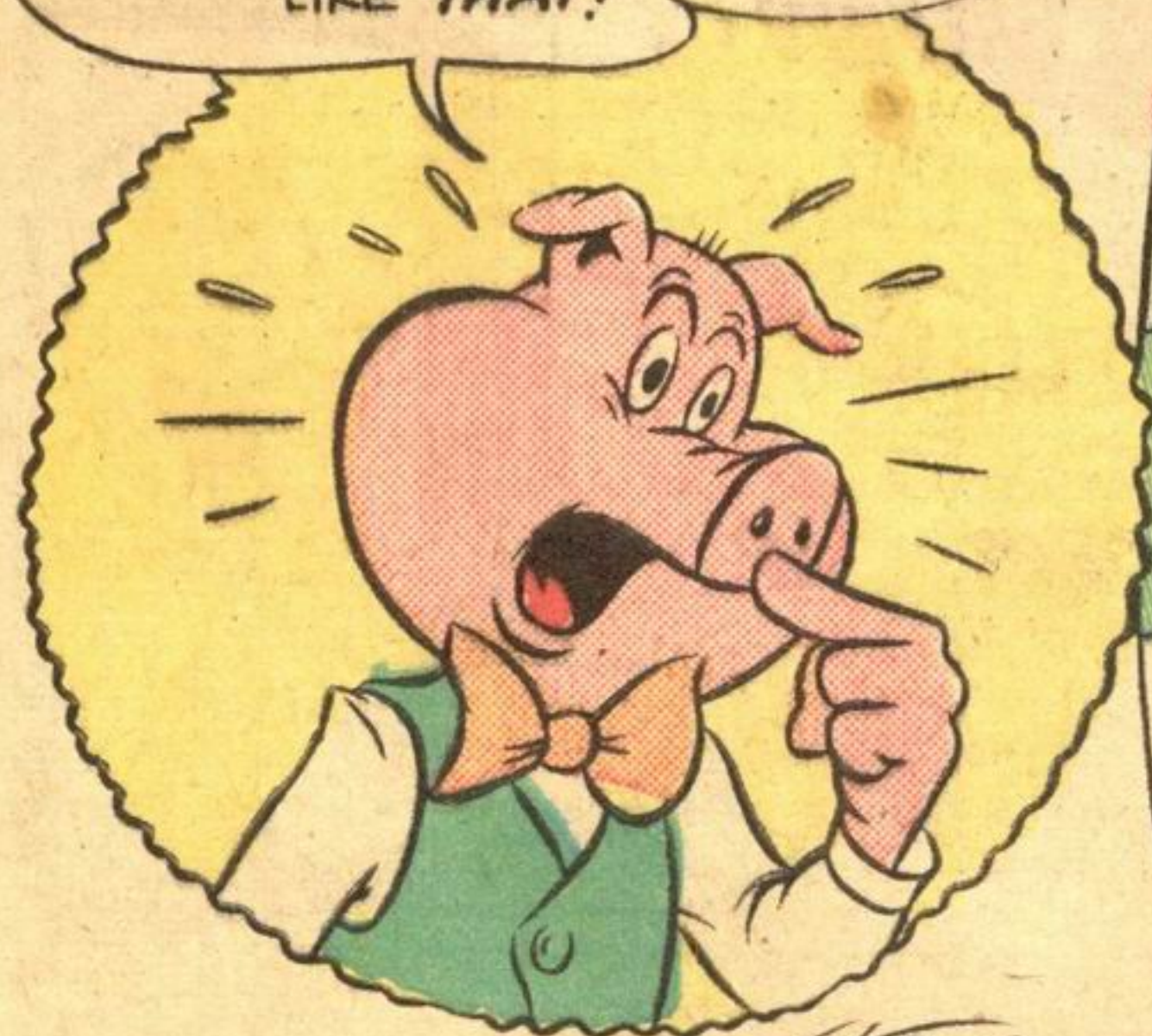
NOW, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME  
THE MONEY, I'LL LEAVE!

HERE!

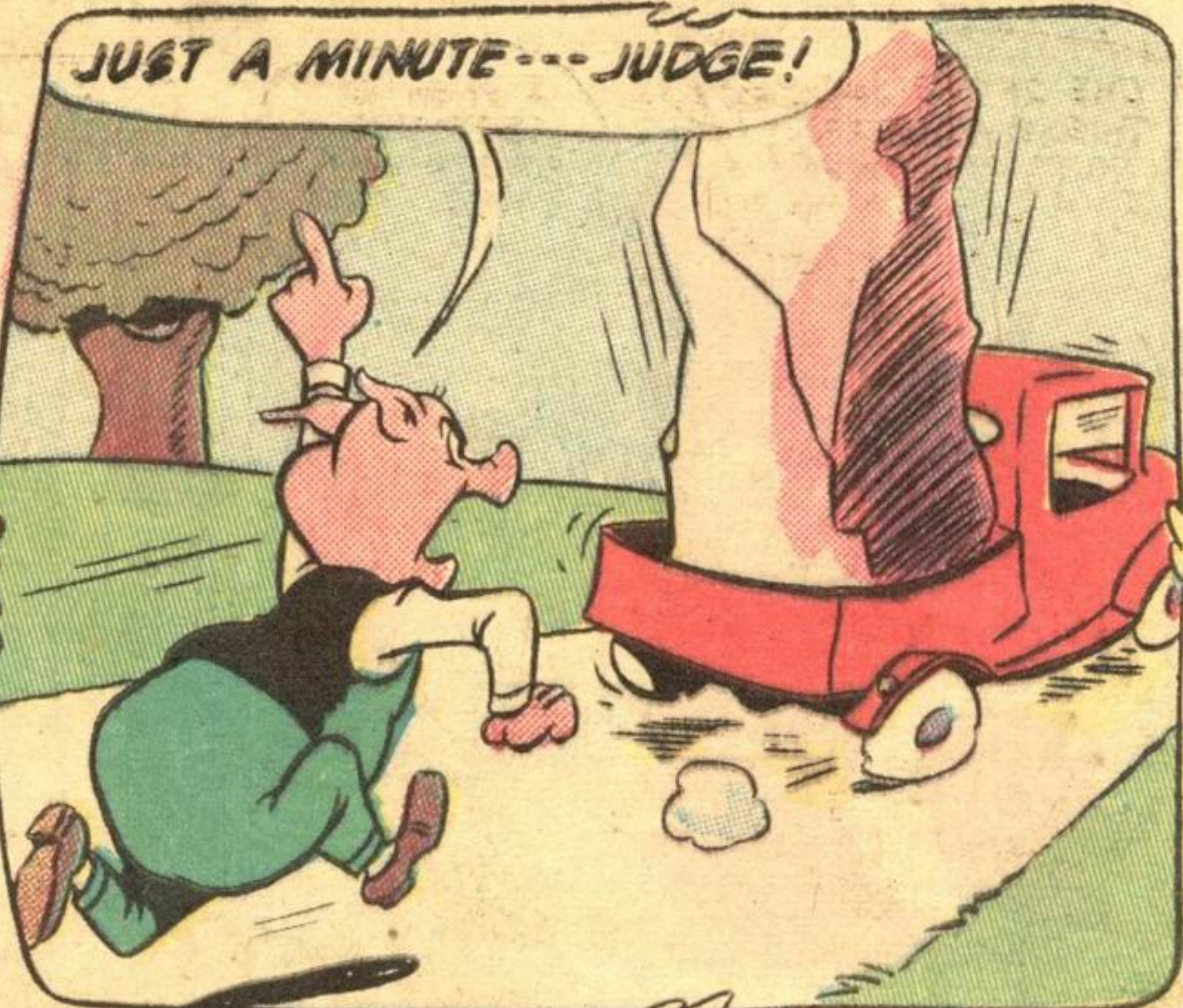




SAY! THAT LONG NOSE, AND SNEER  
WHEN HE ASKED FOR THE MONEY!-- BY  
GOSH, THERE'S ONLY **ONE** PERSON  
I KNOW THAT ACTS AND LOOKS  
LIKE THAT!



JUST A MINUTE--- JUDGE!

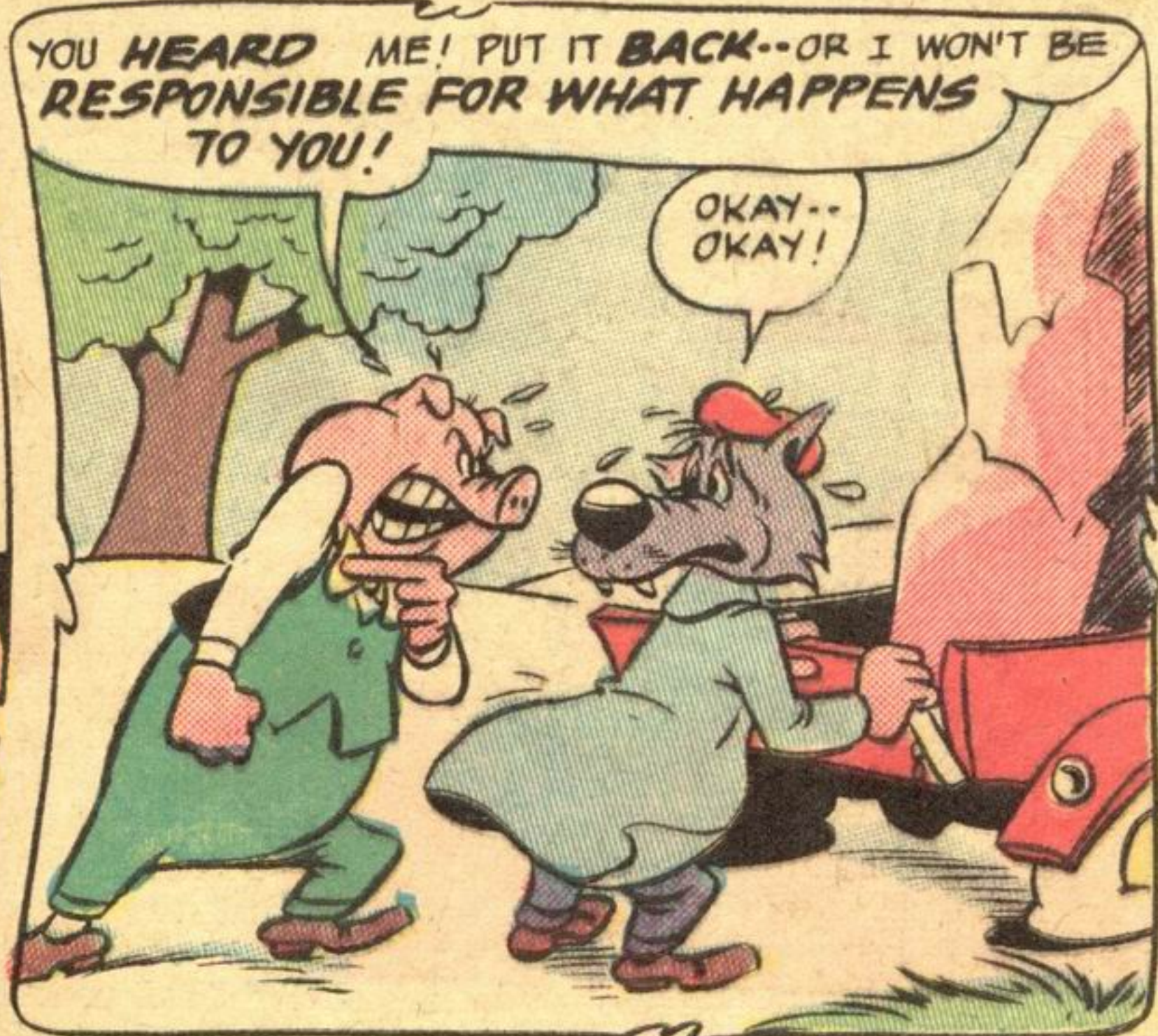


I THOUGHT  
SO!



YOU HEARD ME! PUT IT **BACK**--OR I WON'T BE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS  
TO YOU!

OKAY--  
OKAY!



SO...

IF HE THINKS I'M GIVING UP--  
HE'S **WRONG**! I'VE GOT TO  
FIND A WAY TO **STOP**  
THAT NOISE!

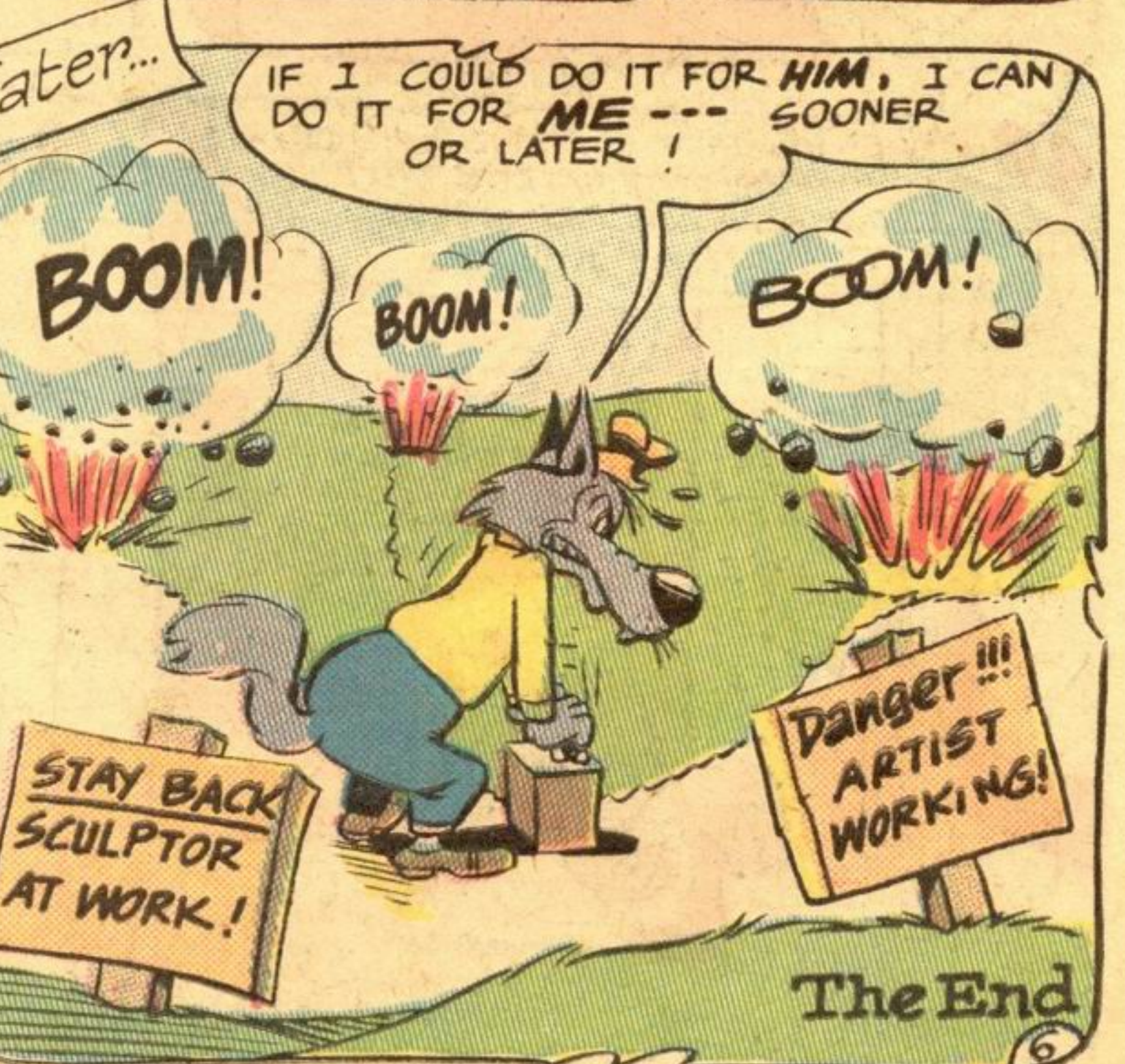
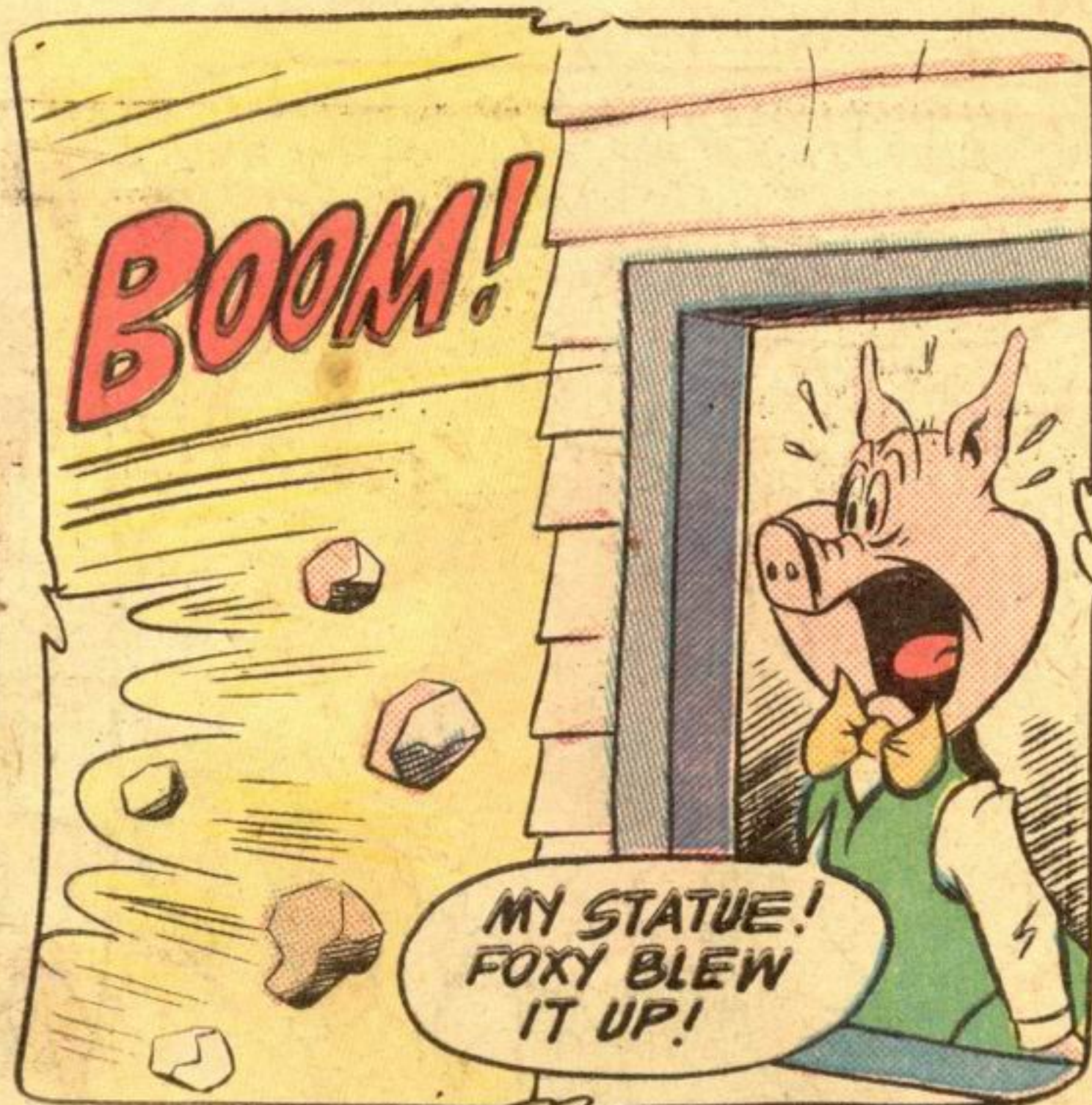
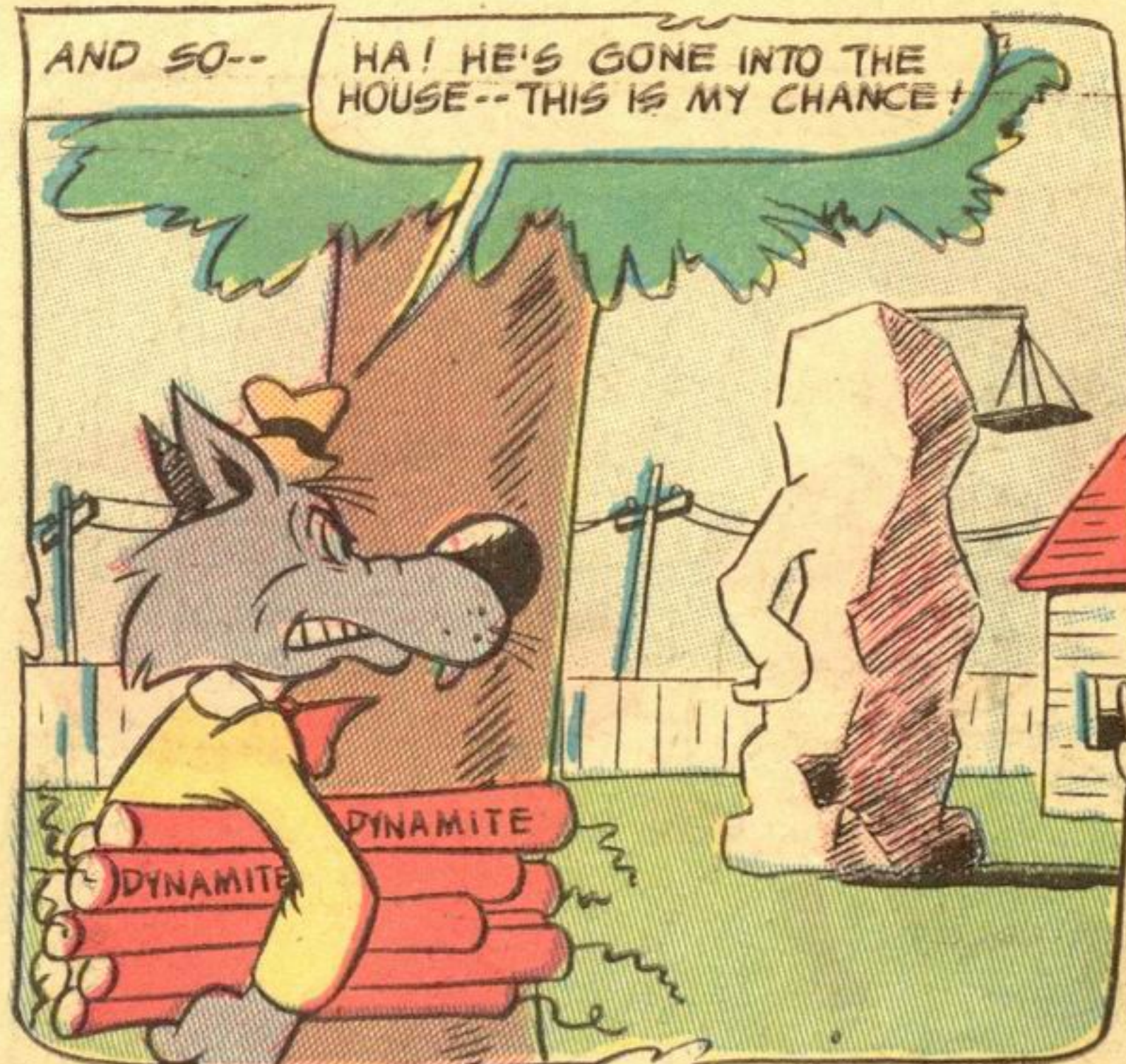
BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!



YEOWEEE!!! THIS TIME I'VE GOT IT!  
THIS'LL BE THE END! **FINIS! THE END!**

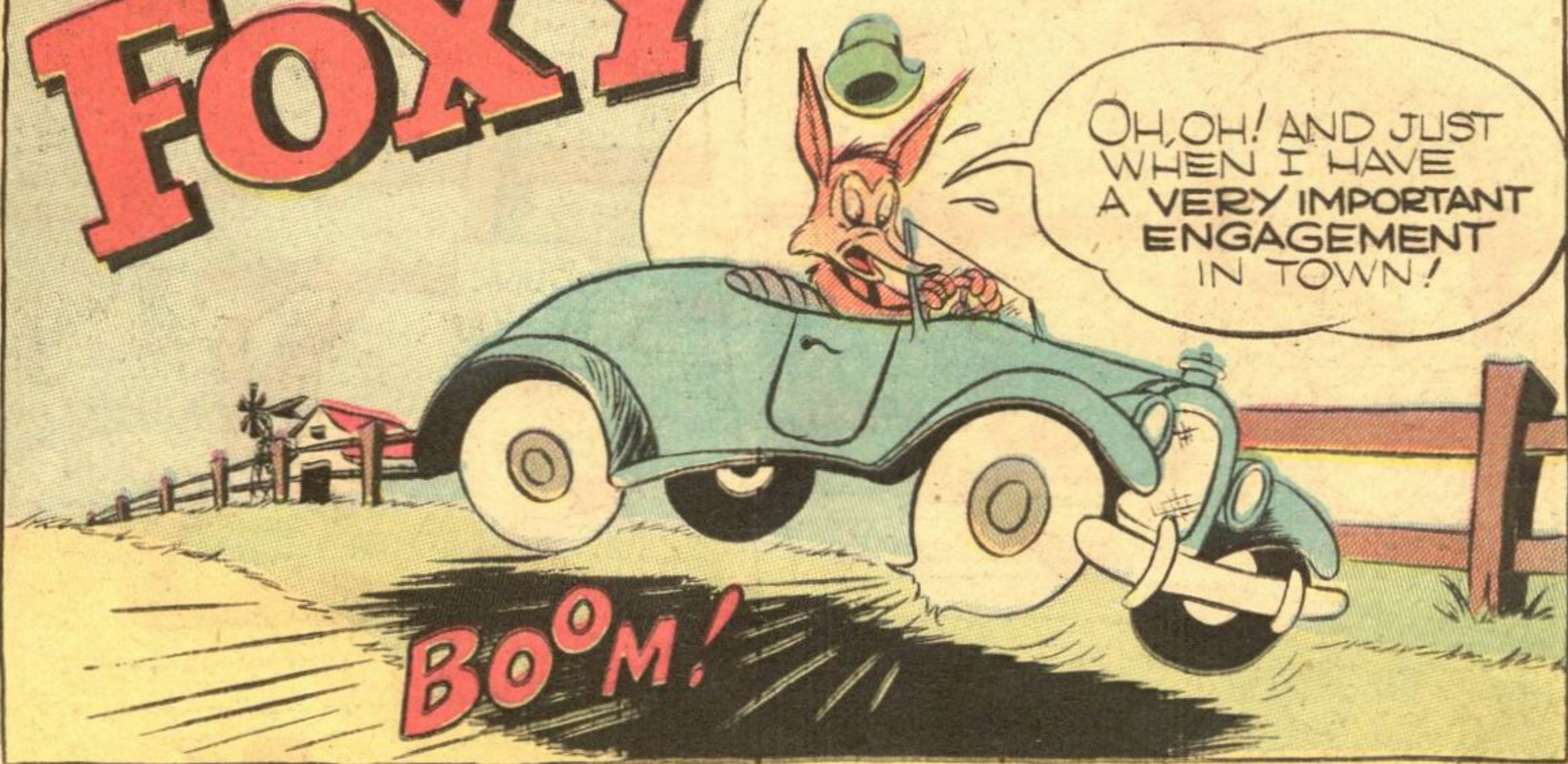




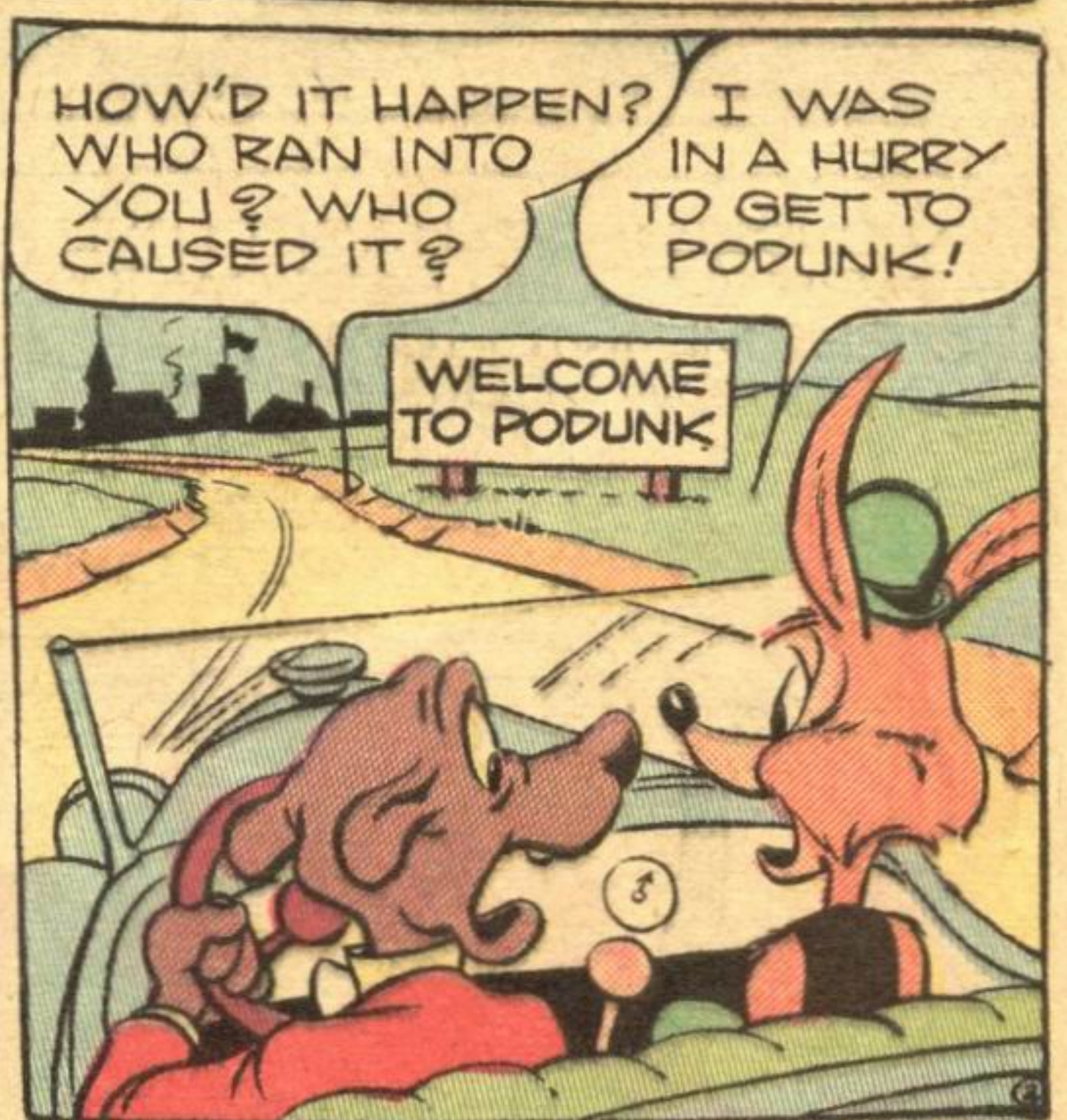
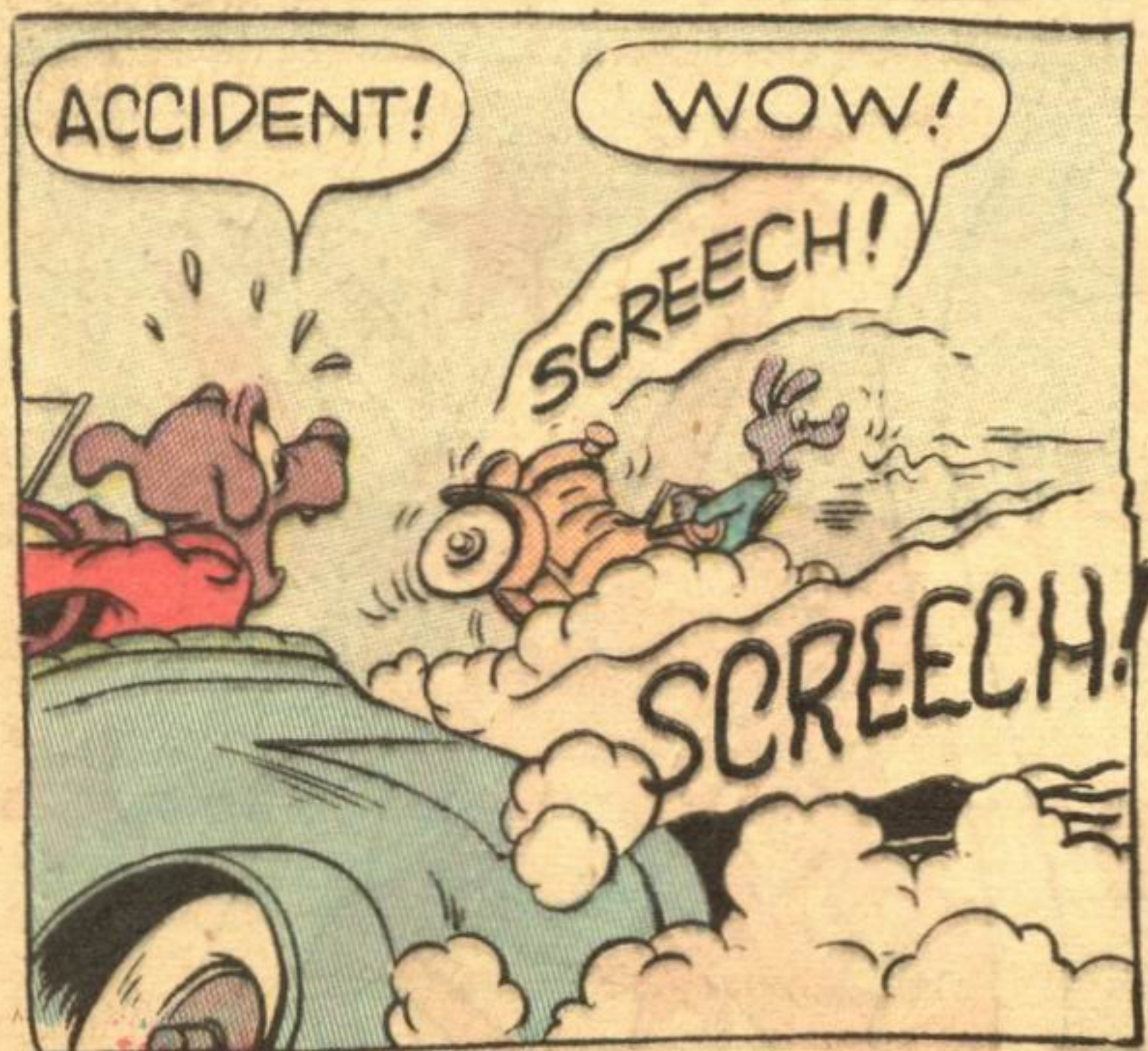
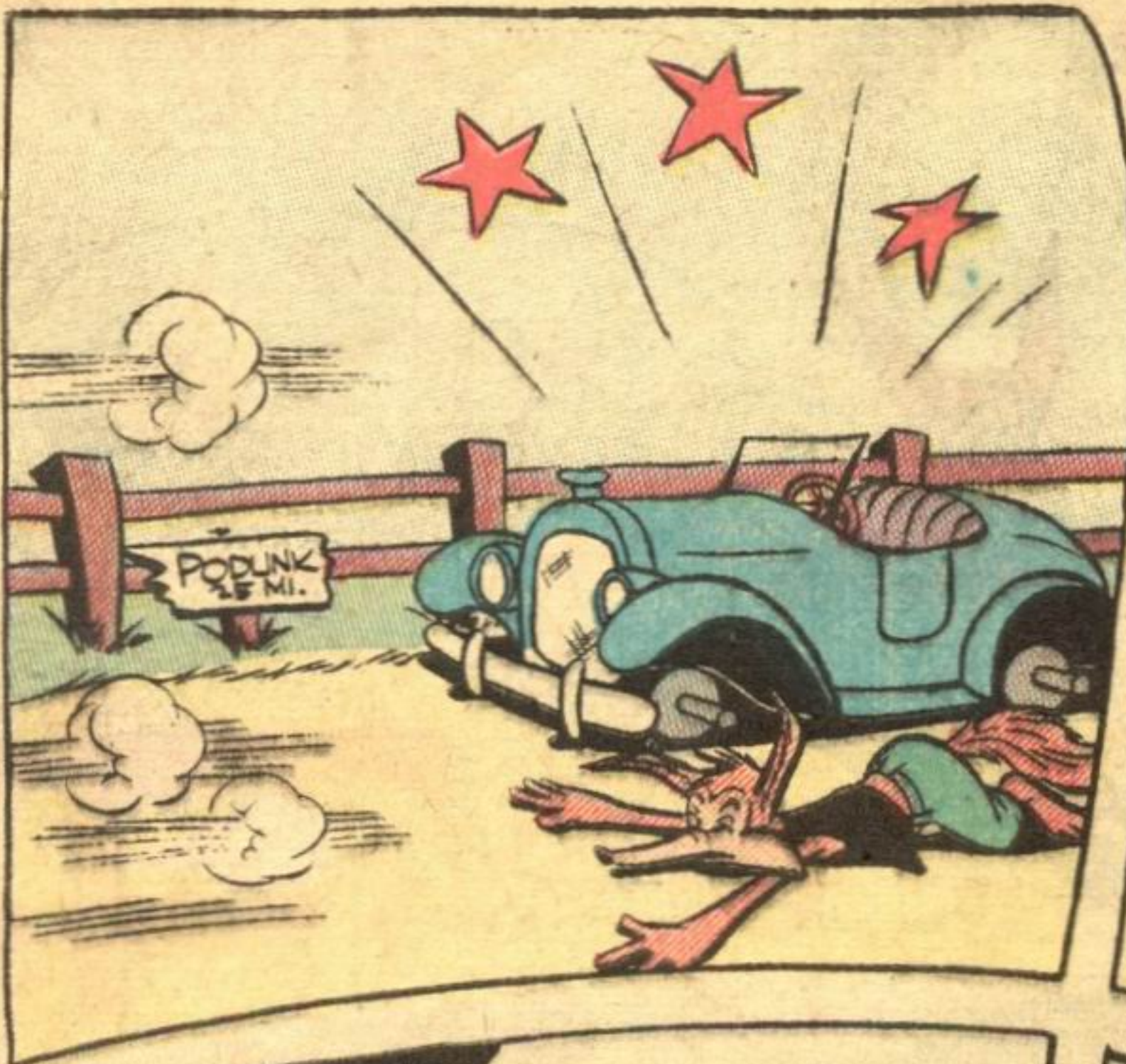




# FOXY









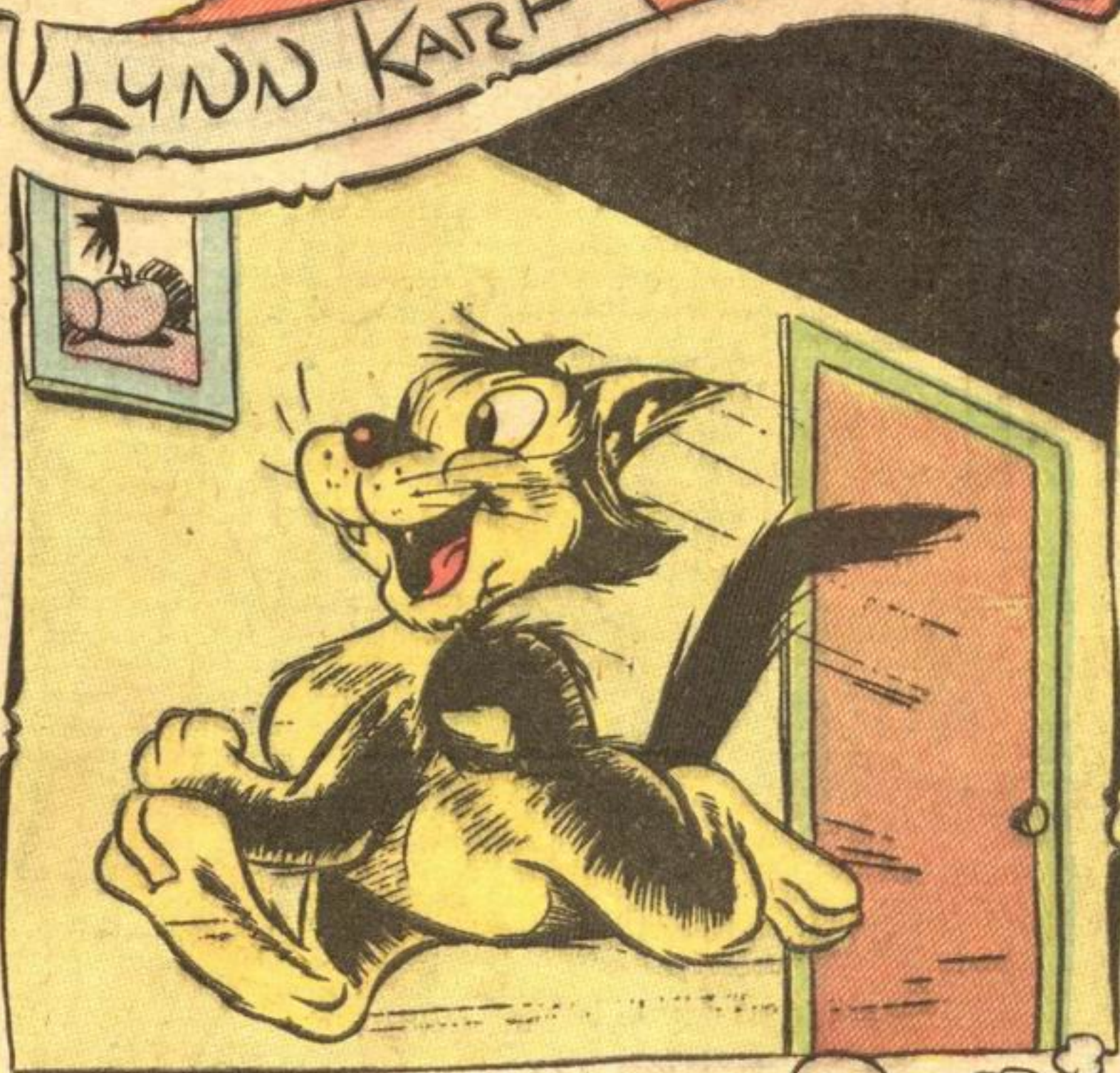
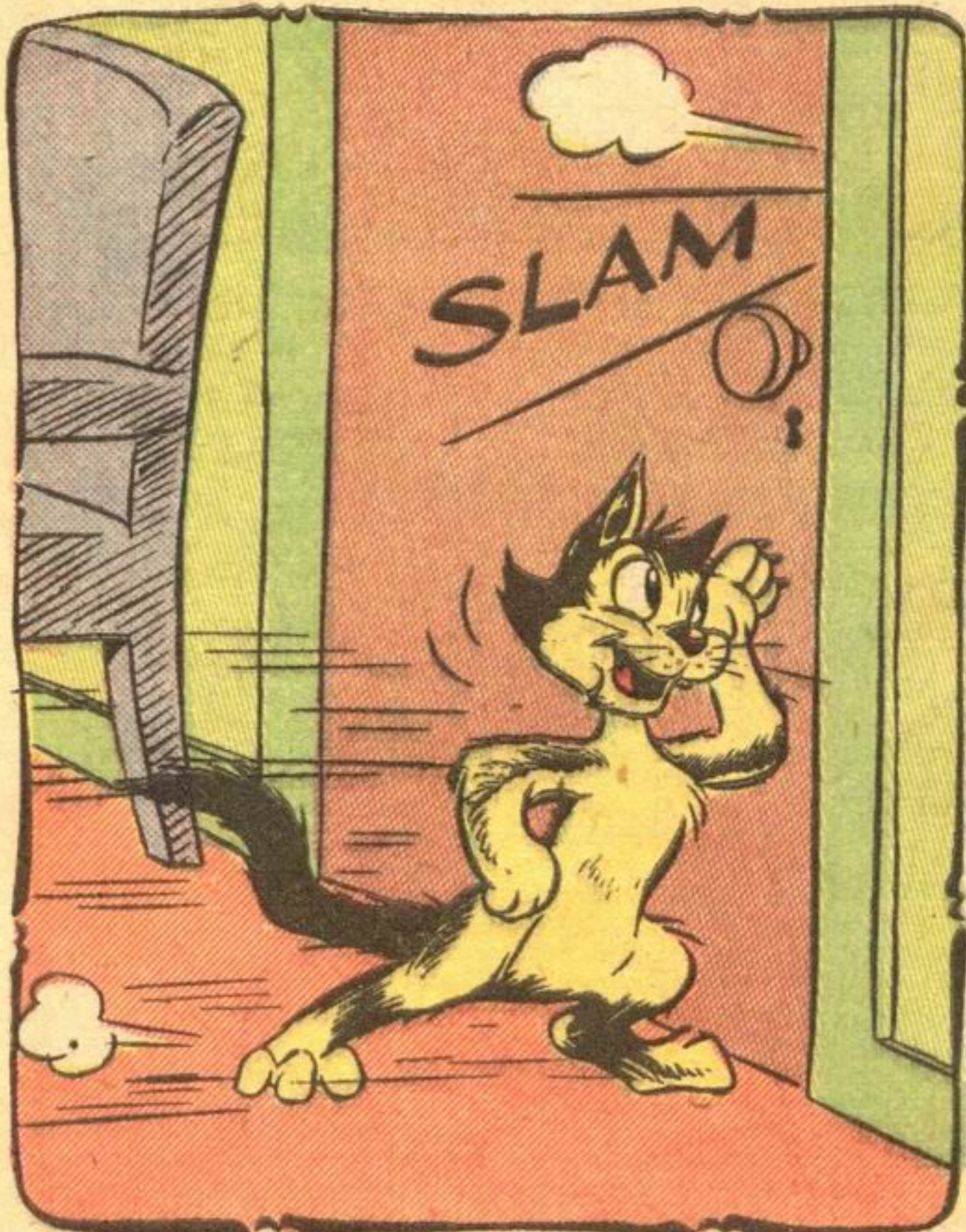
# SPUD

NOW LISTEN TO ME!  
I'M GOING DOWN TOWN,  
AND I DON'T WANT YOU  
BRINGING YOUR ROWDY  
FRIENDS IN HERE OR  
RAIDING THE ICE BOX!



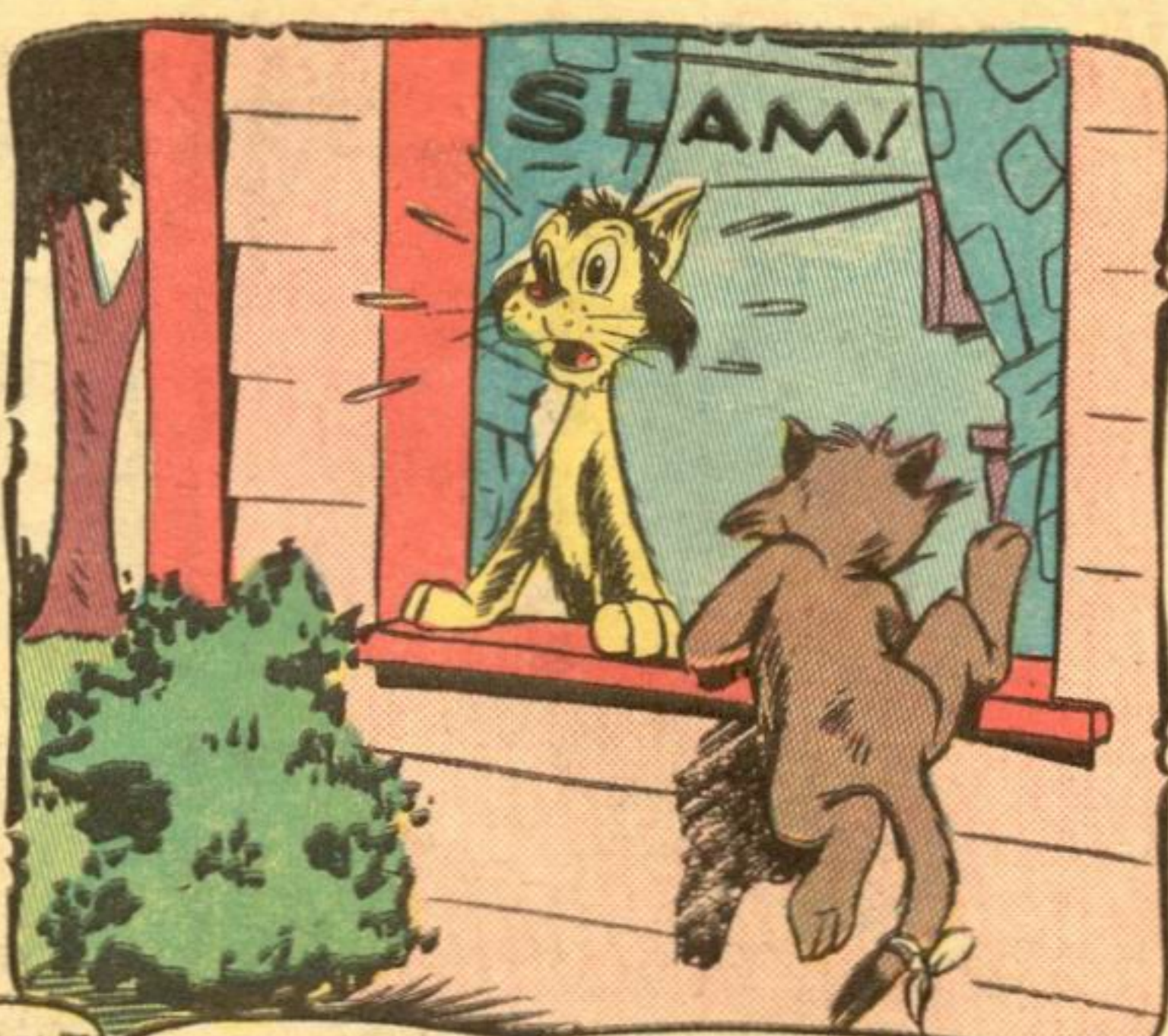
LYNN KARP

SLAM

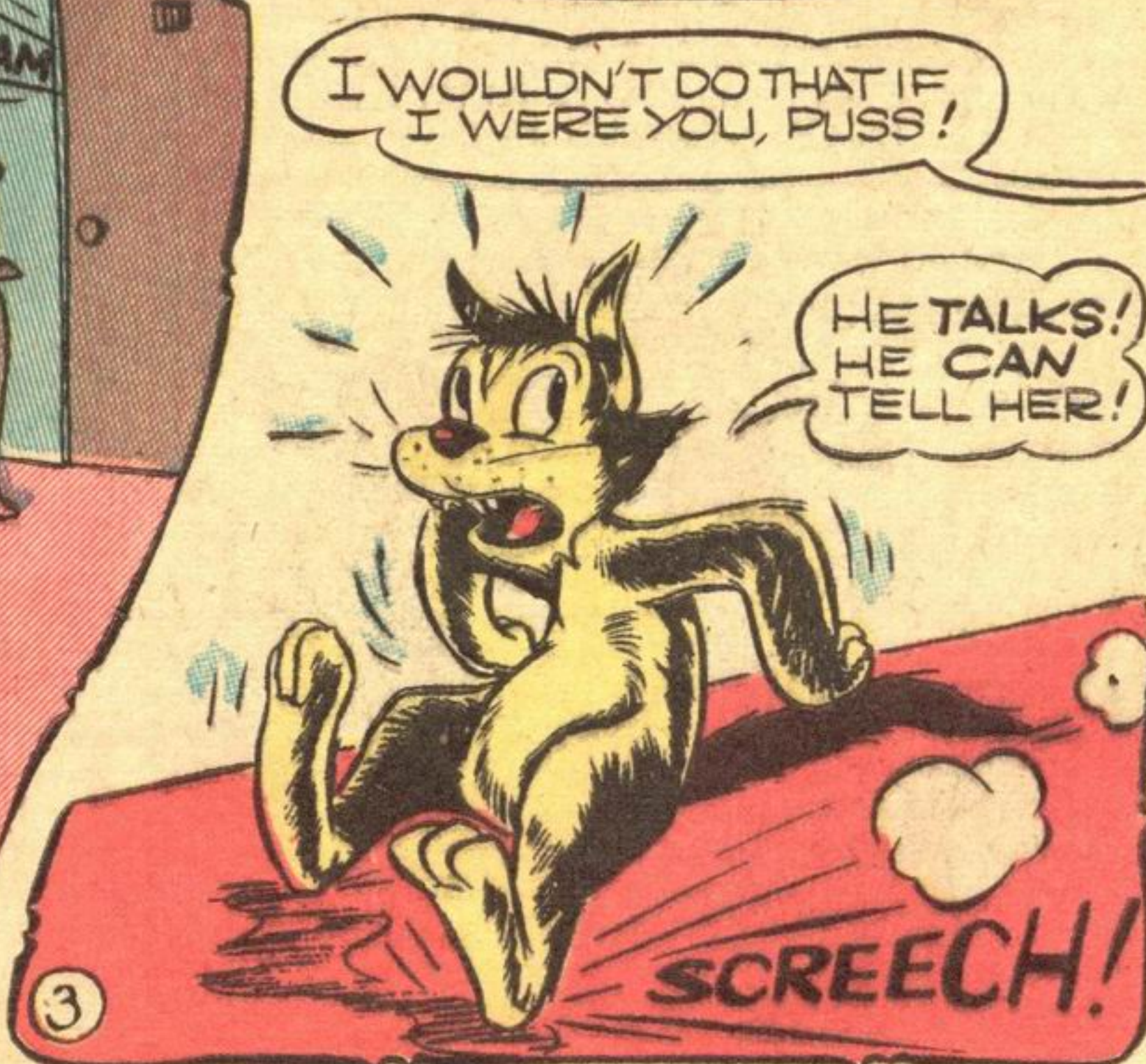
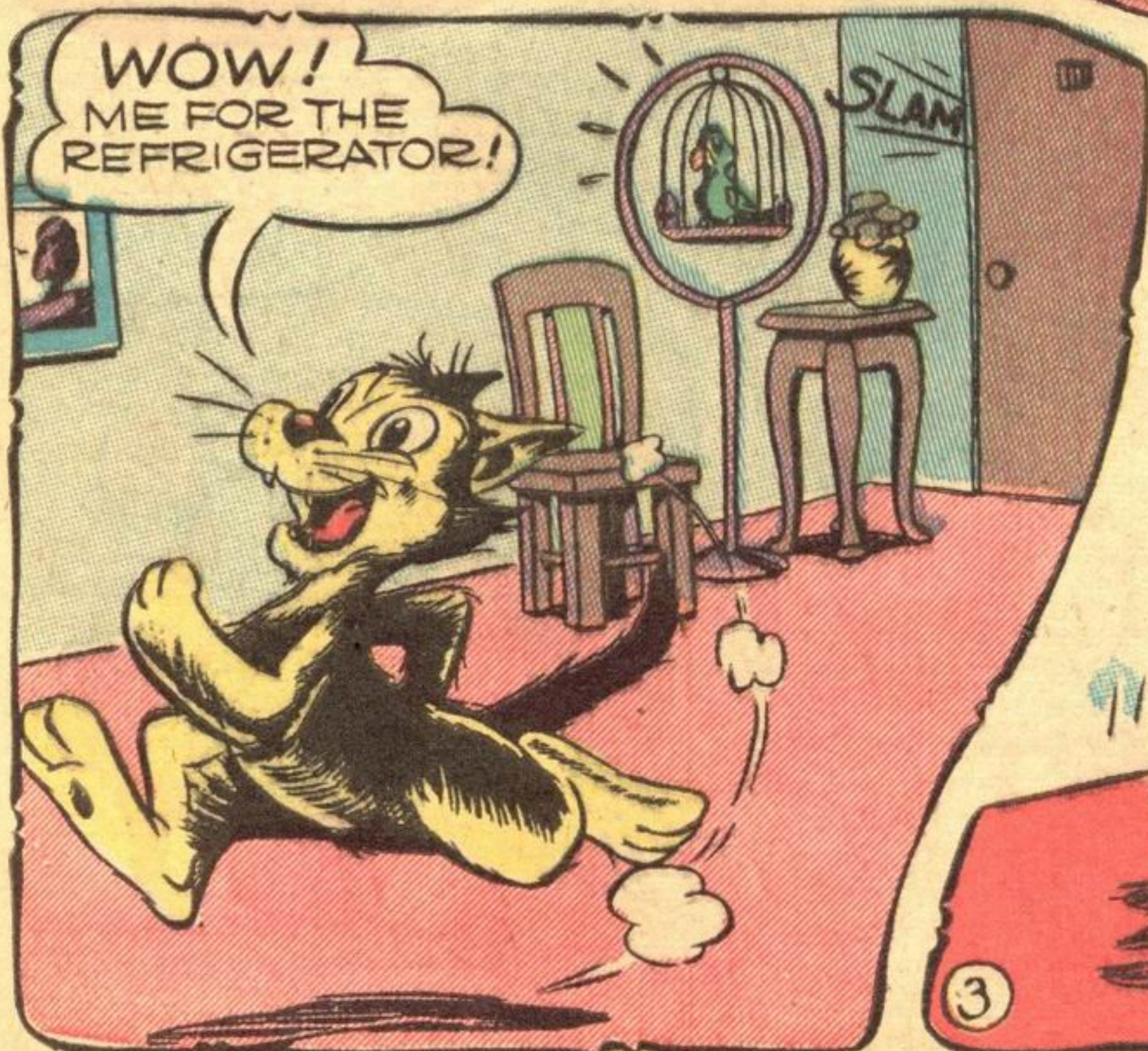
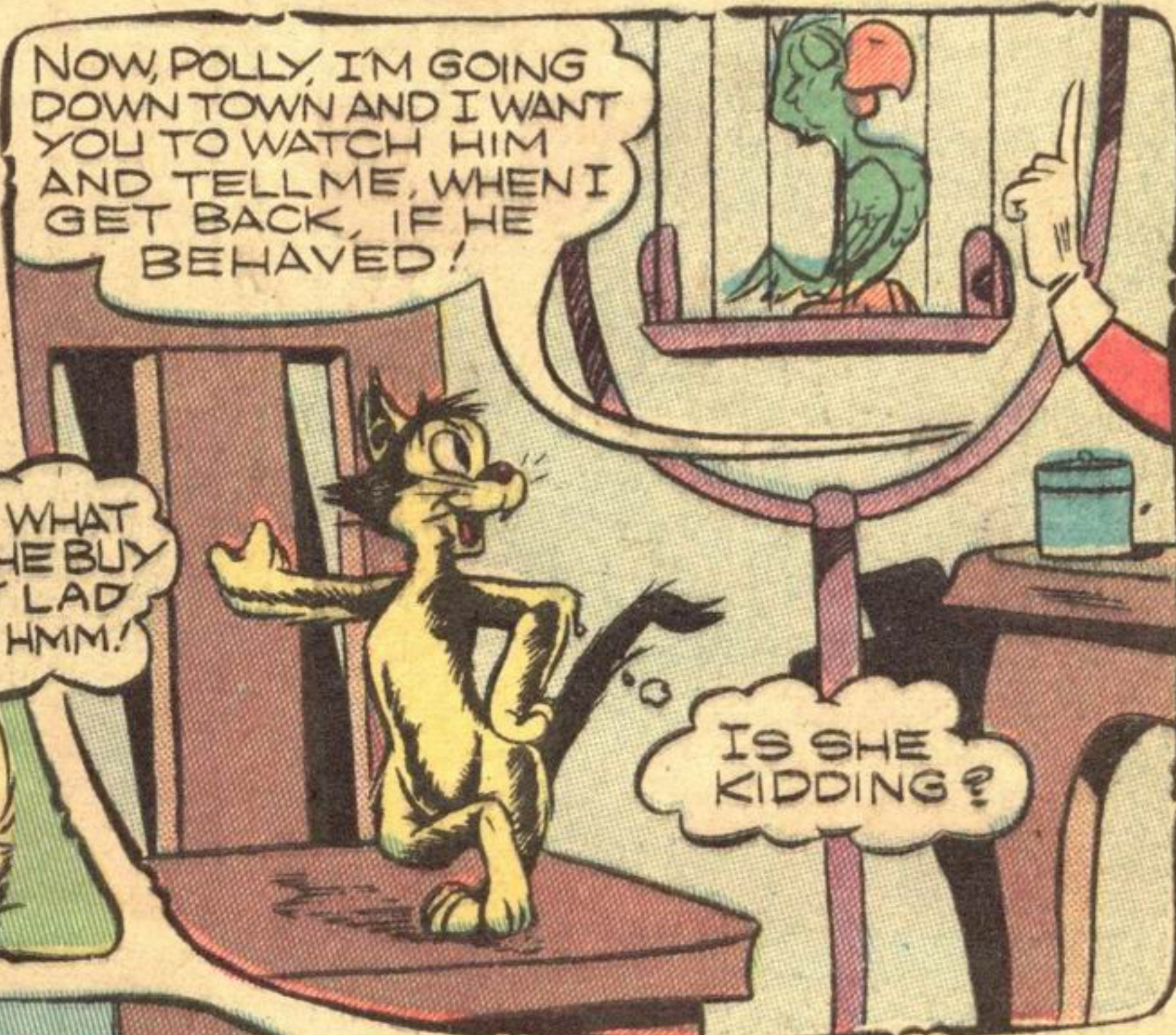
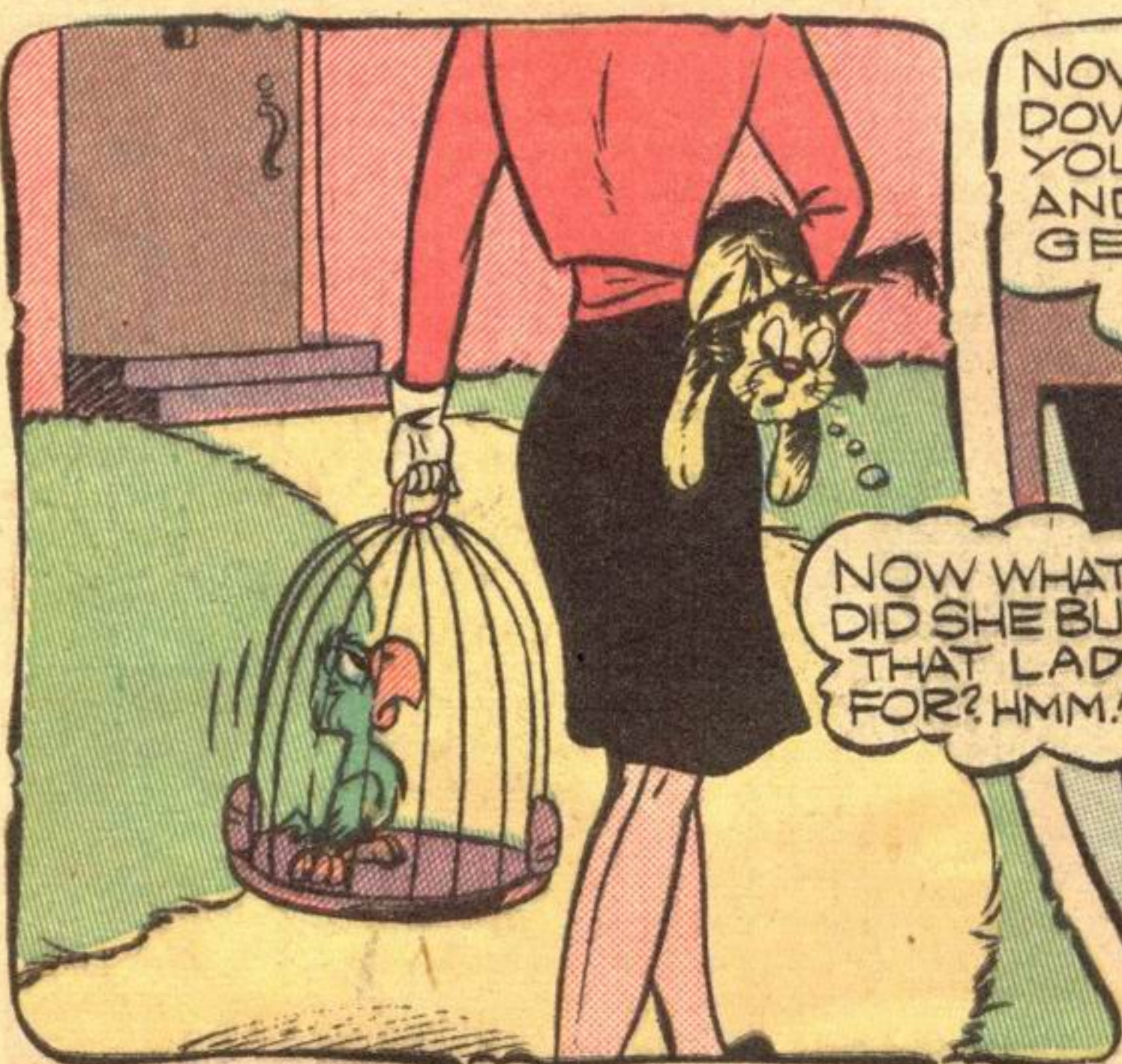
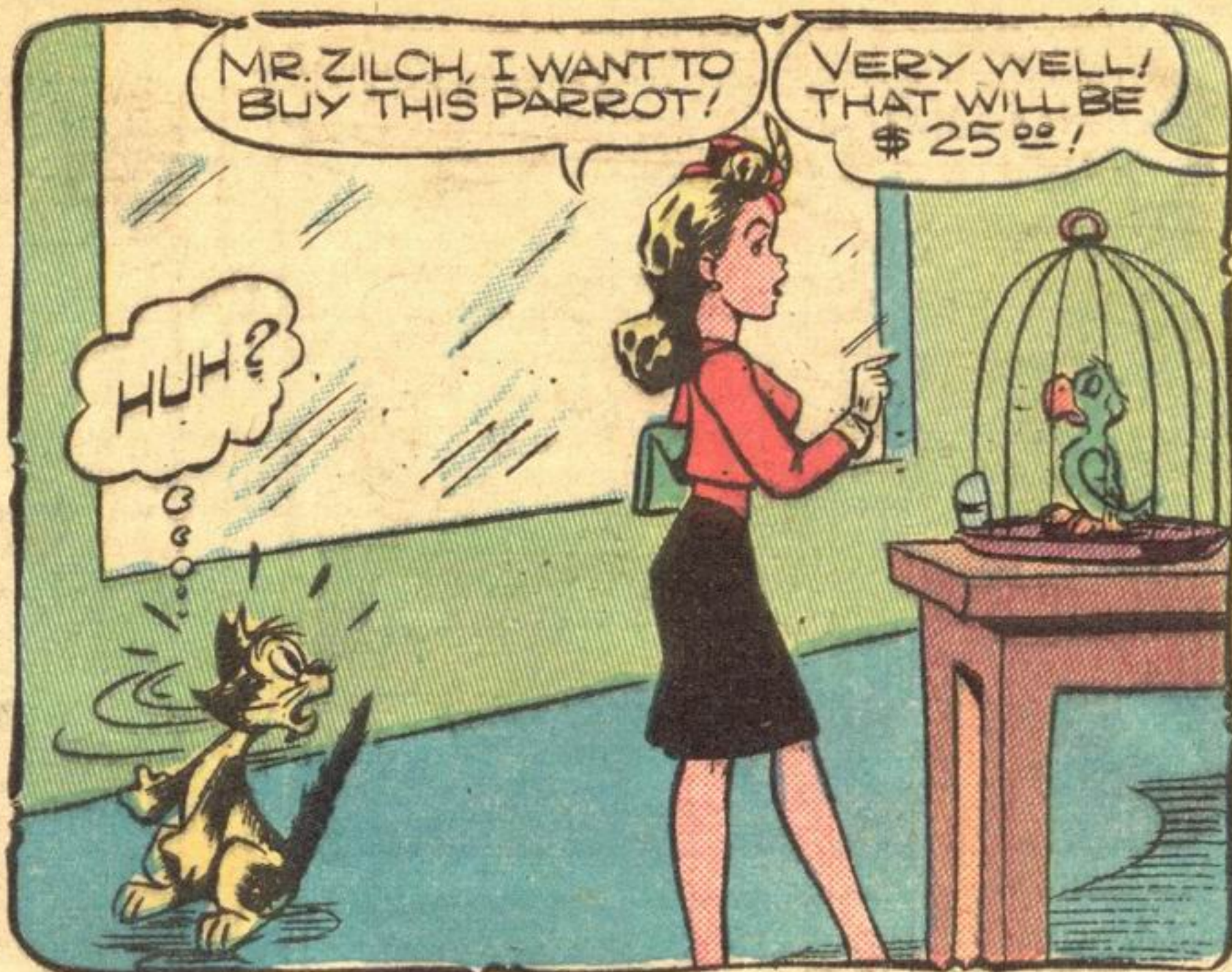


Z-Z Z-ZIP!



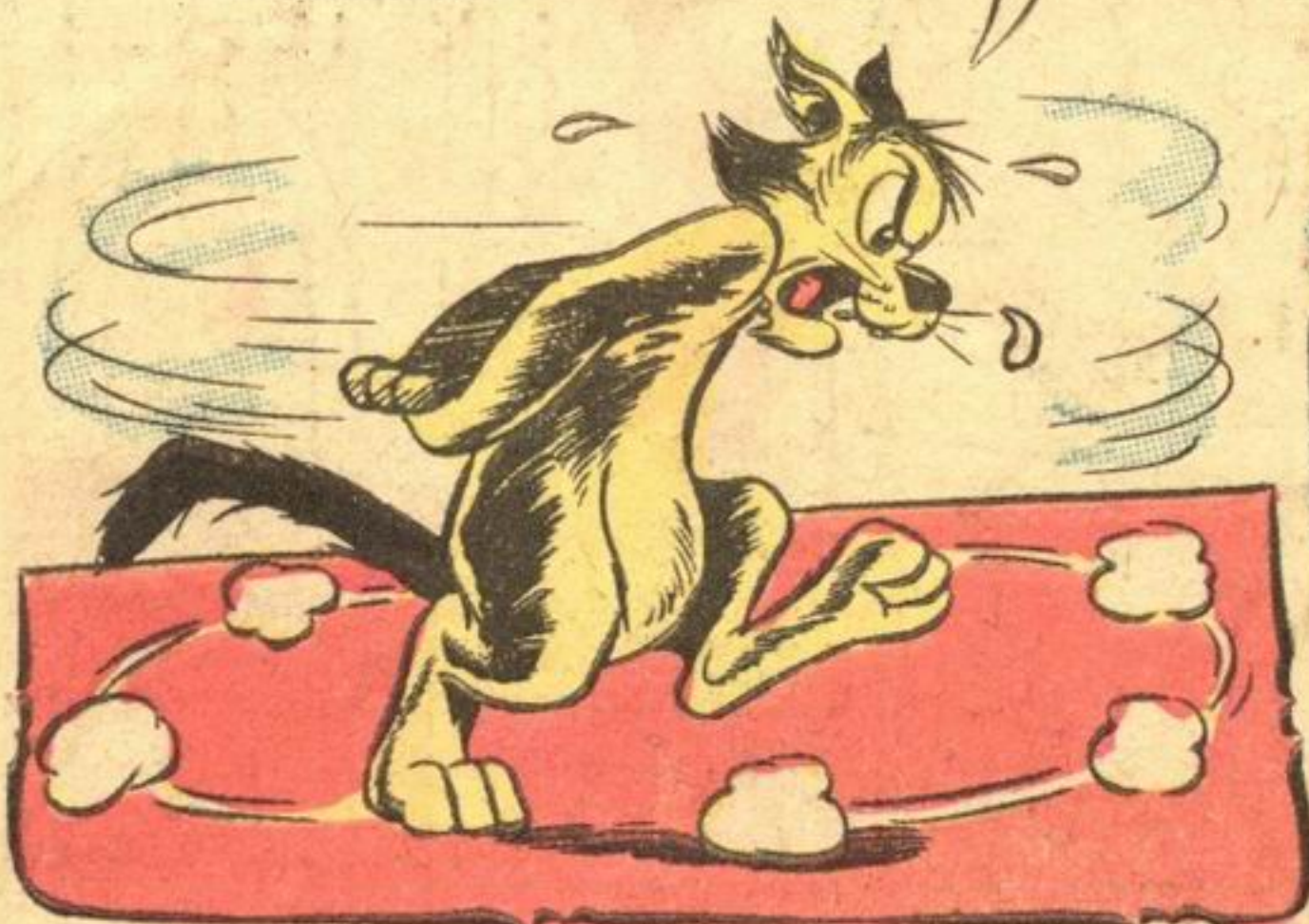








THAT SETTLES IT! I'VE GOT TO  
FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF SHUTTIN'  
HIM UP! HM! I KNOW!



LOOK, MAC, HOW ABOUT  
JOINING ME IN A  
SNACK? AFTER ALL,  
YOU LIKE TO EAT,  
TOO!

SURE, WHY  
NOT? BUT  
YOU'LL HAVE  
TO LET ME  
OUT!



MORE CHEESE?  
BOLOGNA?

OH, NO!  
NO, THANKS!  
I'VE HAD  
PLENTY!



WELL, THEN I THINK  
I'LL HAVE A BITE!

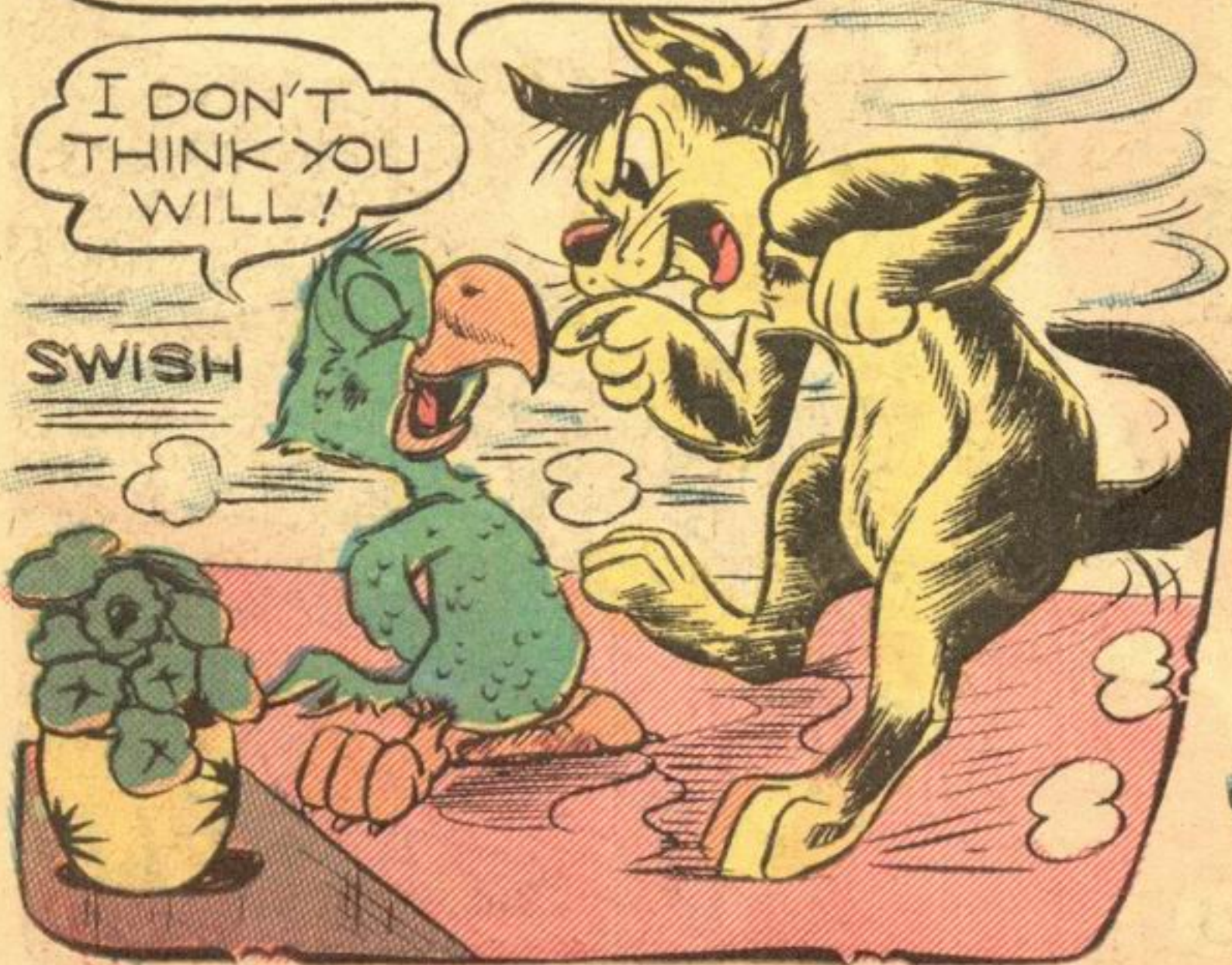
I WOULDN'T IF  
I WERE YOU,  
PUSS!



OH, NO? I THOUGHT YOU'D PULL  
THAT, BUT I OUT-SMARTED YOU!  
YOU ATE TOO! SO YOU CAN'T  
TALK, OR I'LL DO A LITTLE  
SPILLING MYSELF!

I DON'T  
THINK YOU  
WILL!

SWISH



SINCE WHEN  
CAN A CAT  
TALK TO A  
HUMAN?





I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO EAT WITHOUT THIS LAD KNOWING IT! HM! AH!

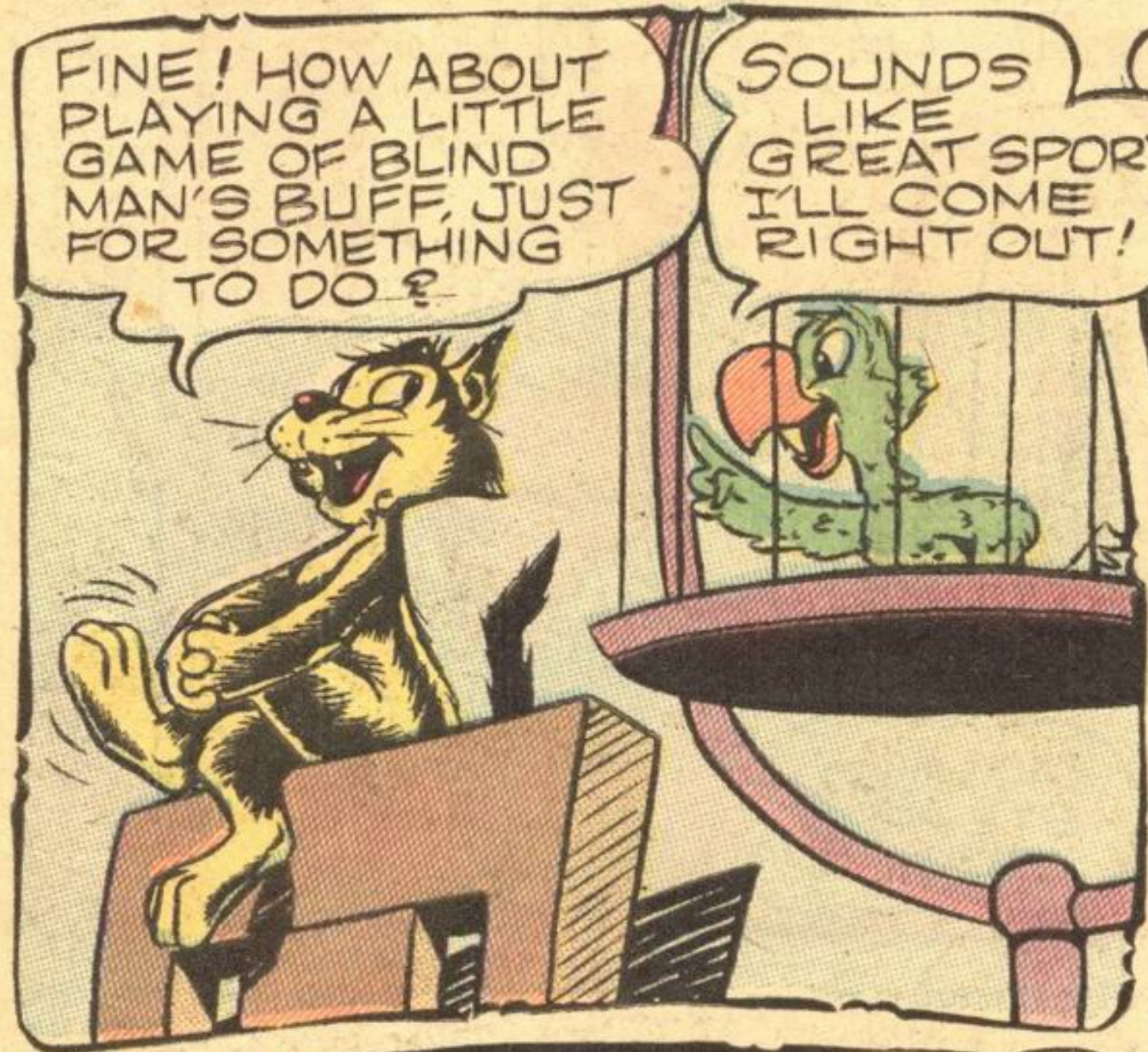


YOU KNOW—YOU'RE NOT A BAD CHAP! PRETTY SMART, IN FACT! HOW ABOUT BEING PALS?

I'D BE HAPPY TO BE YOUR FRIEND!



FINE! HOW ABOUT PLAYING A LITTLE GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF, JUST FOR SOMETHING TO DO?



SOUNDS LIKE GREAT SPORT! I'LL COME RIGHT OUT!

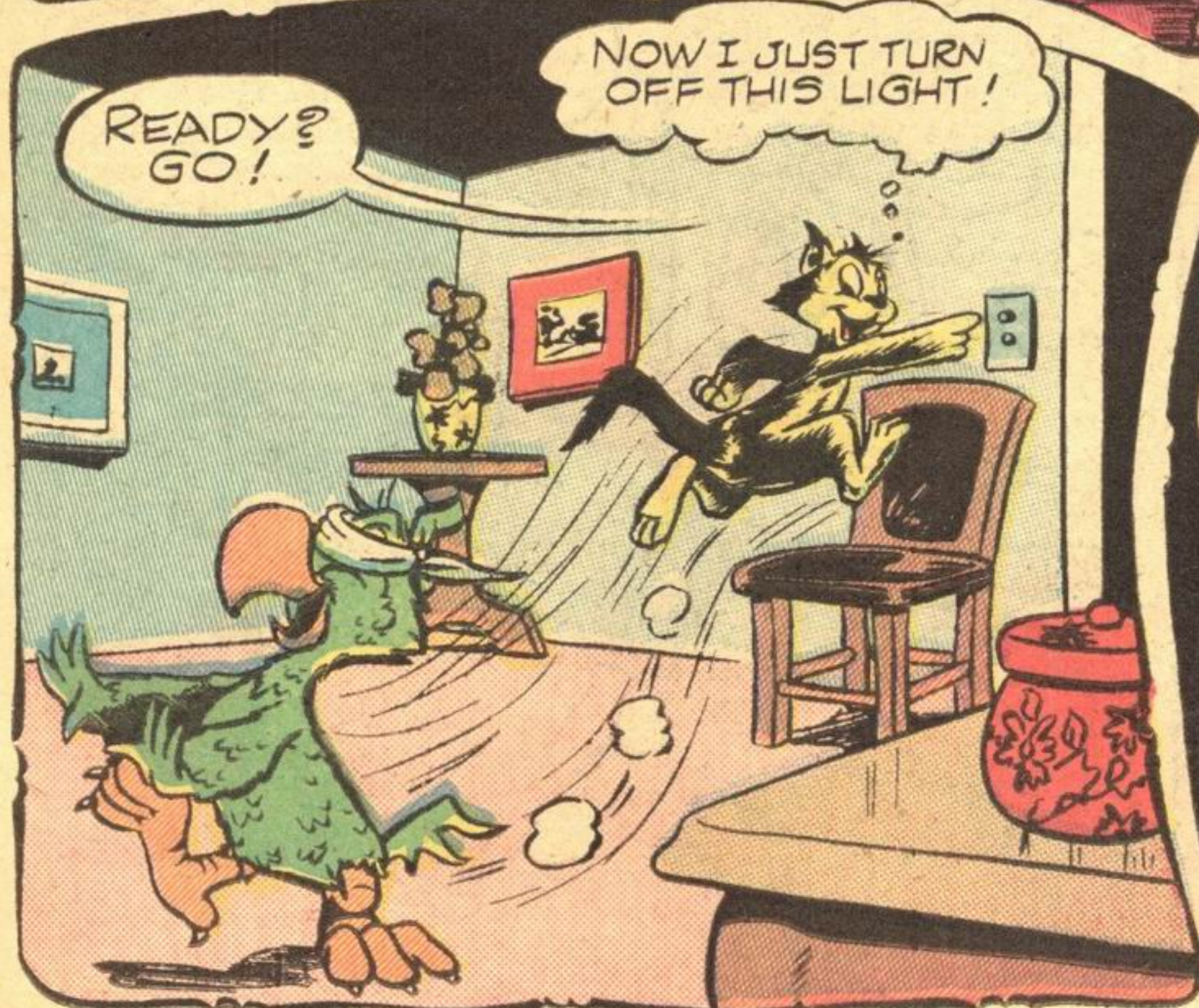
NOW I BLINDFOLD YOU LIKE THIS, AND THEN YOU FEEL AROUND! WHEN YOU CATCH ME, I'M 'IT! GOT IT?

YUP!



READY? GO!

NOW I JUST TURN OFF THIS LIGHT!

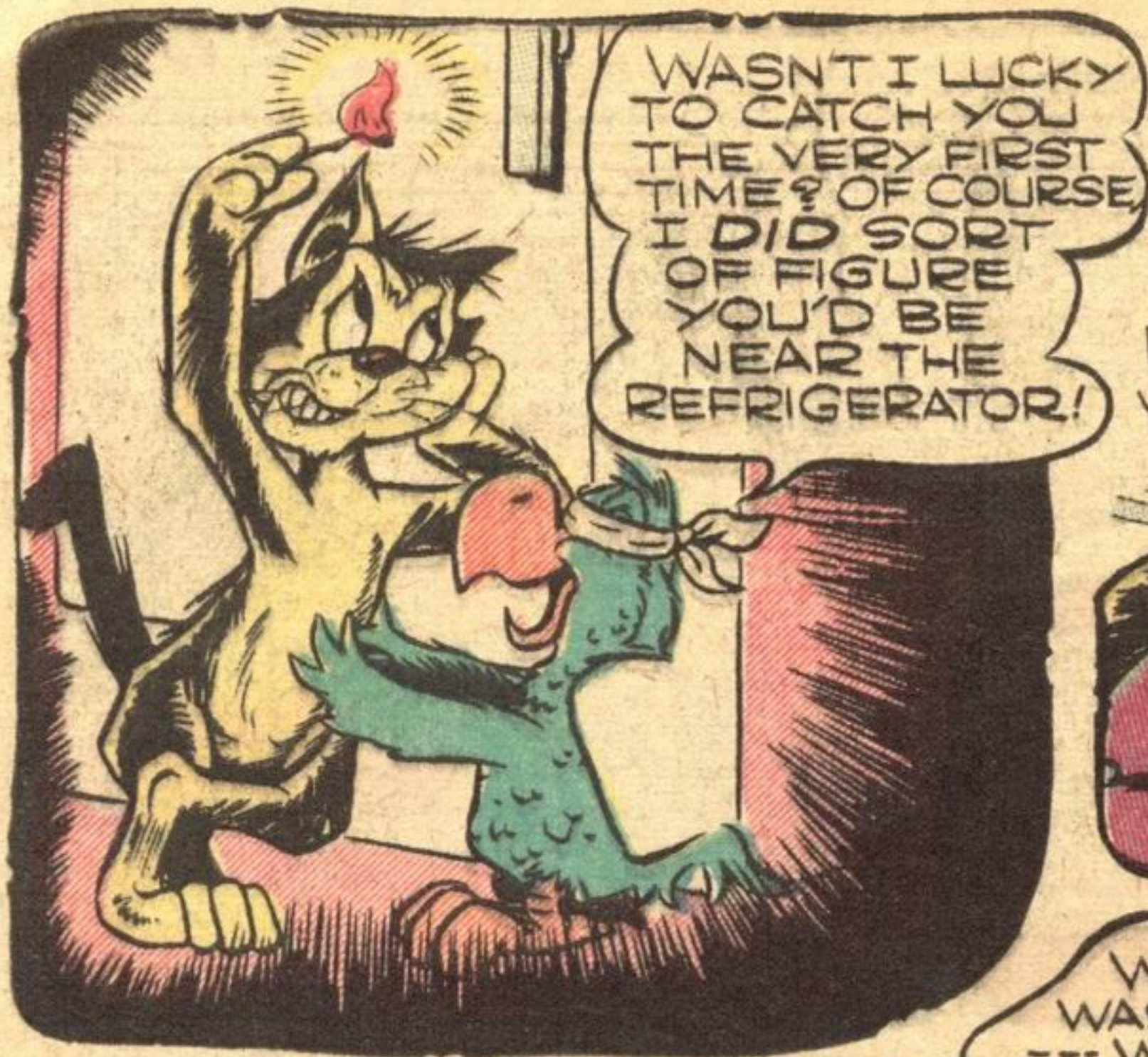


YOU'RE IT!

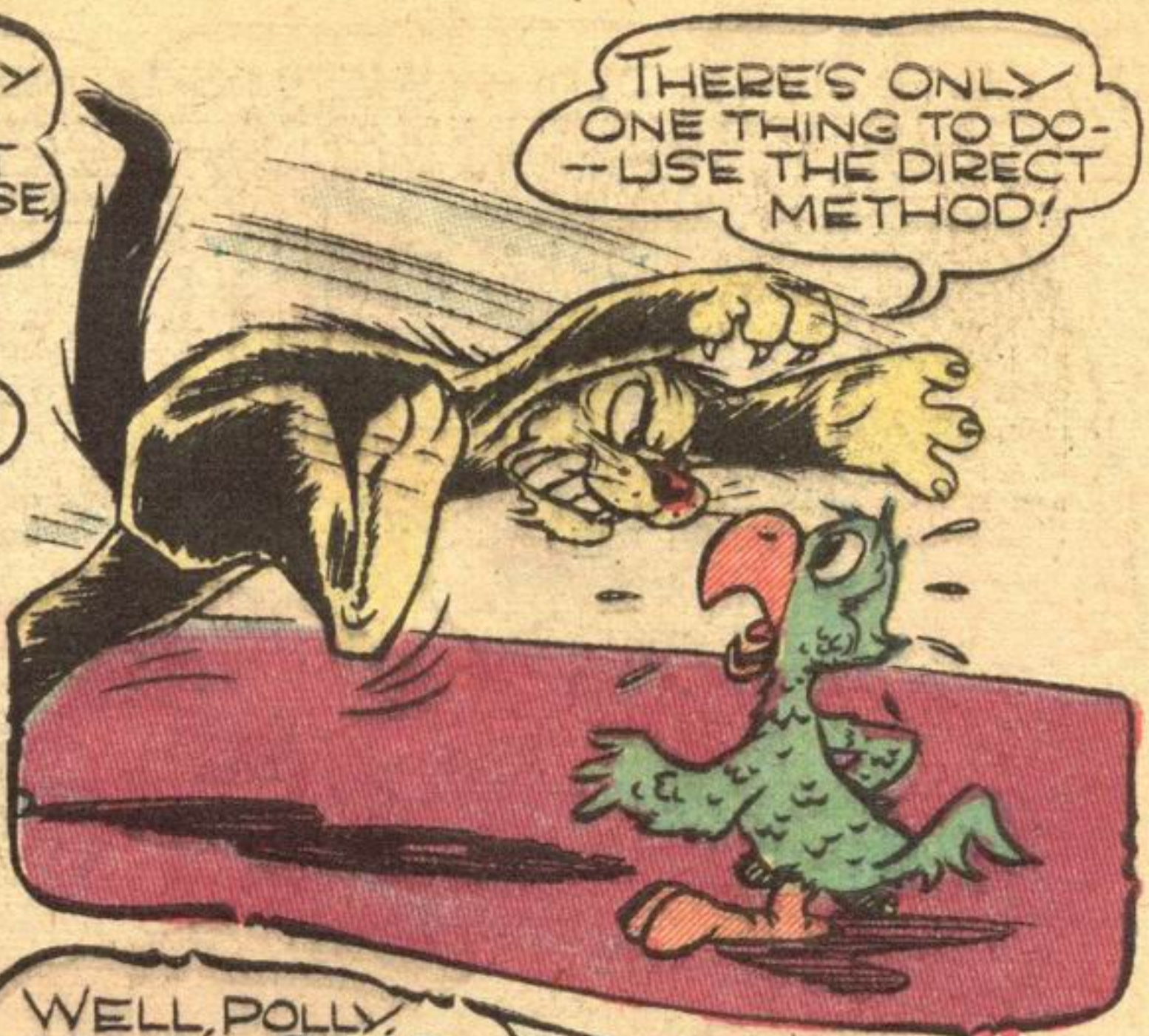
HUH?







WASN'T I LUCKY  
TO CATCH YOU  
THE VERY FIRST  
TIME? OF COURSE,  
I DID SORT  
OF FIGURE  
YOU'D BE  
NEAR THE  
REFRIGERATOR!



THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING TO DO--  
USE THE DIRECT  
METHOD!



LATER



WELL, POLLY,  
WAS HE A GOOD-  
--- WHY, WHERE  
IS HE?

HE JUST  
STEPPED  
OUTSIDE!



SPUD! HERE, SPUD!  
WHERE CAN HE BE?

HE'S OVER  
HERE,  
MISS PERT!

HE CAME RUNNING  
IN HERE A WHILE  
AGO AND LOCKED  
HIMSELF IN THE  
CAGE! SUCH A  
CAT!

2301  
BED  
SHOP



SPUD! LET GO! A  
WHILE AGO! YOU DIDN'T  
WANT TO STAY HERE!  
WHAT'S GOTTEN  
INTO YOU?





# BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A NEW BODY

**W**OULD you believe it? I "Dynamic Tension" is the easy, was once a skinny 97-pound NATURAL method that you can weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

#### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

#### ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in Confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told on this page!

practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

#### "Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



## FREE BOOK

Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J**

**115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# LOOK

## AT THESE

# 4 WONDER

# 4 BARGAINS

### 1 ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

**REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!**  
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!

BOY, WHAT FUN!

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

**ALL FOR ONLY \$298**  
3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

### 3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!

**READY FOR ACTION**  
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS IT UP!

IT'S ONLY **\$298**

### 2 THE FAMOUS TUNE KING ACCORDION



**PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS**  
NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC!  
NOW, NO PRACTICING OR EXERCISE NEEDED!

- PRECISION-MADE PIANO KEYBOARD
- LIFETIME VINYLITE BELLOWS
- STURDY SHOULDER STRAP
- PLASTIC CASE

AND A **FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK**  
THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!

A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

### 4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!

I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

**THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS**  
SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

and **FREE** **FREE** A **WAVE-A-DOLL** HAIR KIT



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